fornia
nal
gy

184233

THE

BEAUTIES OF MELODY;

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST POPULAR

AIRS, DUETS, GLEES, &c.

OF THE

MOST ESTEEMED AUTHORS, ANCIENT AND MODERN:

COMPRISING

THOSE OF ARNE, HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, WINTER, WEBER, BISHOP, &c.

ALSO A

SELECTION OF THE BEST AND MOST APPROVED

IRISH MELODIES;

WITH

APPROPRIATE WORDS, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THEM:

THE

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS ENTIRELY NEW,

AND COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK.

INTERSPERSED WITH MANY OF THE BEAUTIFUL

SCOTCH MELODIES,

SINGING AT THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

ARRANGED FOR THE VOICE,

WITH

AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, &c.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

OBSERVATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS ON MUSIC, PARTICULARLY

VOCAL AND ACCOMPANIMENT.

THE WHOLE COMPILED, COMPOSED, SELECTED, AND ARRANGED, BY

W. H. PLUMSTEAD,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY

DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

PRICE 7s. 6d. BOARDS

TO

JOHN BRAHAM, Esq.

AS

THE FIRST SINGER OF THE DAY,

WHOSE POWERS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF MANY YEARS,

AND STILL REMAIN UNRIVALLED,

AND TO WHOM

MANY OF THE PIECES IN THE PRESENT COLLECTION

OWE THEIR POPULARITY,

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/beautiesofmelody00plumiala

OBSERVATIONS

ON

MUSIC,

PARTICULARLY VOCAL AND ACCOMPANIMENT.

Music has always ranked high among the Sciences, but has attained an eminence in the present day, far above any other. As nations have been civilized, so has music been cultivated. Always making a great impression on the feelings, either by raising sublime inspirations, or exciting strong and animating sensations, it was used in the early ages, as well for religious, as political purposes; but now it is more subserviant to our domestic habits, forming at once a delightful and innocent recreation. Yet it is still capable of rousing the energies of the soul, both in adoration to the Diety, and in exciting and allaying the most varied passions. The one may be exemplified in the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and many others: who, for instance, can hear the sublime Oratorios of "The Messiah," "The Creation," and "The Requiem," and not feel elevated by the solemn harmonious sounds, uttered with the most beautiful sentiments? The other, our national airs will testify; and, indeed, the original melodies of any country, (particularly those of Scotland and Ireland), produce the utmost enthusiasm on the hearers;—they will either melt the heart to pity and love, or inspire it with the noblest sensations. "The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," and even "the squeaking bagpipes," are instruments capable of rousing the most supine. Who can behold the march of a

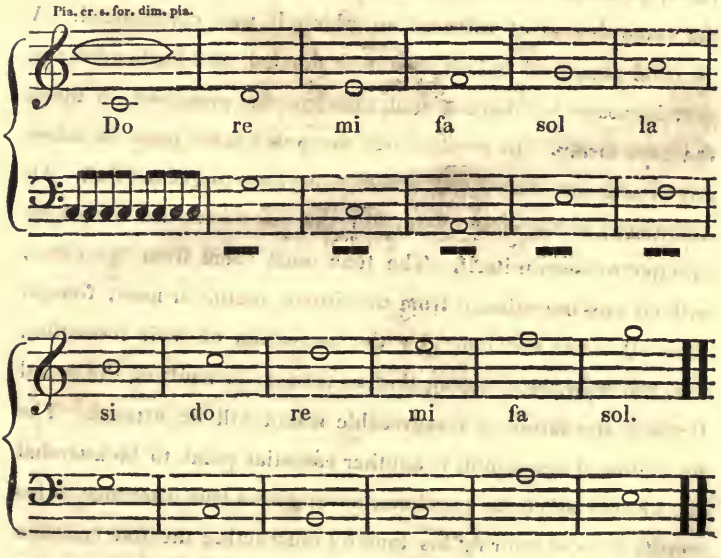
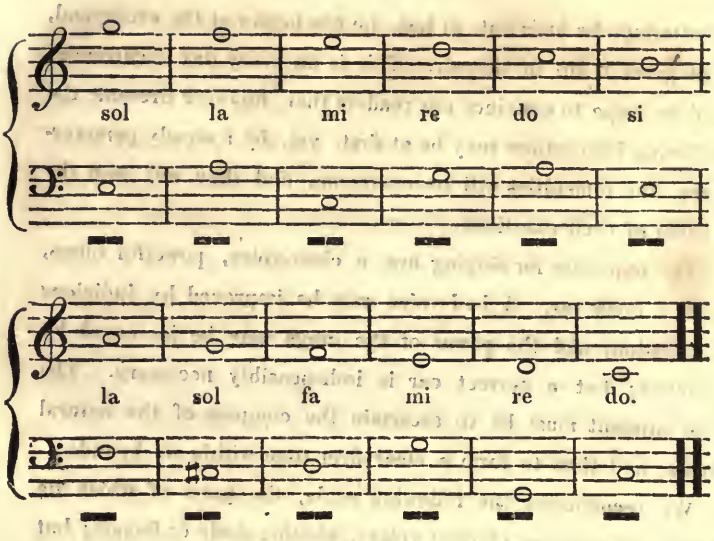
regiment, and hear its martial music, without feeling his blood thrill within him, and all his faculties alive to its invigorating sounds?

But it is in the domestic circle that music gives the greatest pleasure, and where we derive the most advantage from it. It connects families, by affording within themselves a charming source of amusement for leisure hours, which otherwise, perhaps, in the one sex, might be spent in pernicious pursuits: and, were it merely on this consideration, music ought to be introduced, for whenever social enjoyment can be found at home, it will not be sought elsewhere.

To attain a proficiency in any science, a firm foundation ought to be formed; and as none require it more than music, it is necessary to understand its principles before we can expect to profit by our exertions; these can only be developed by slow and almost imperceptible degrees; for whoever imagines to make a progress by a short cut, will find himself miserably deceived; it is by labour, patience, and perseverance alone, that we can gain the end; and by attacking the difficulties at the onset, the path, as we proceed, becomes clear and pleasant. In no one pursuit does a master toil under so many disadvantages, as a teacher of music, who is obliged to connive at what he knows can be of no solid advantage to his pupil. By an injudicious anxiety on the part of the scholar's friends to hear a song, when it is understood he is receiving instruction, induces him to be impatient, till he is enabled to gratify them; and the time that ought to have been devoted to the cultivation of the voice, and improvement in the science, is taken up in practising a song, that he may exhibit his astonishing powers, when, perhaps, the preparatory rudiments have not been learned. Having commenced song singing, the pupil finds it irksome to return to the "mere nonsense," as it is called, of *do*, *re*; and after possessing a sort of half-and-half

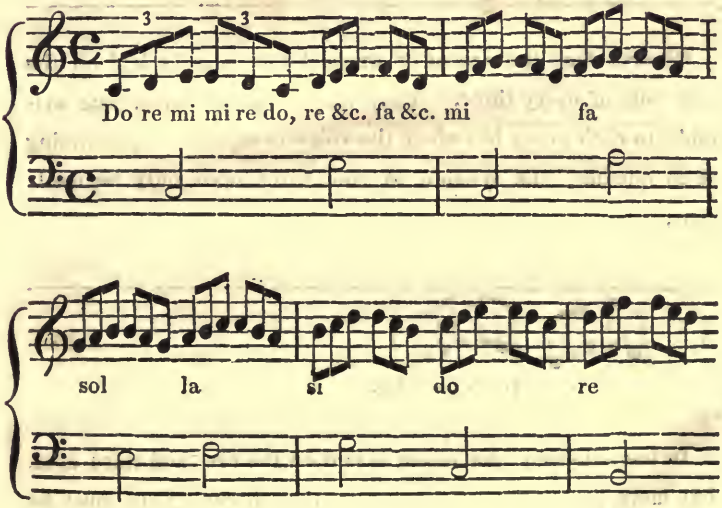
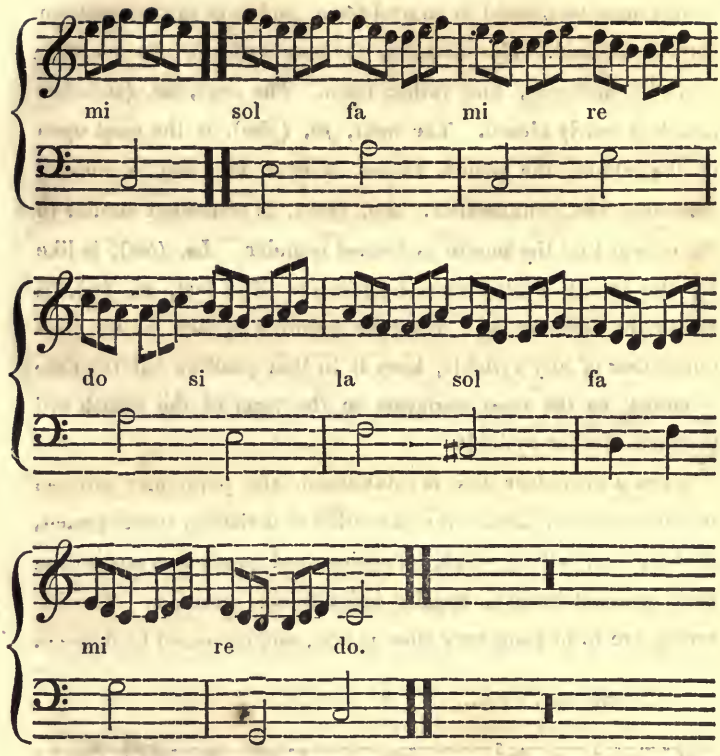
smattering, he finds out, at last, he has begun at the wrong end, and gives it up in despair. This is an every-day occurrence; and we hope to convince our readers that, however tiresome the following instructions may be at first, yet, by a steady perseverance, the difficulties will be overcome, and they will reap the benefit of their exertions.

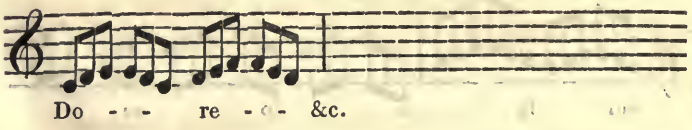
The requisites for singing are, a clear voice, powerful lungs, and a good ear. A bad voice may be improved by judicious cultivation, and the power of the lungs may be increased by practice; but a correct ear is indispensibly necessary. The first attempt must be to ascertain the compass of the natural voice, and then to form a clear firm tone within its bounds.

We recommend the following scale, the notes of which lie within the compass of most voices, whether male or female; but should it be found too high for some, practice only as far as it can be sung with ease.

The manner of singing this is, to sound the beginning of each note very soft, gradually increasing it to the full power of the voice, (without straining it), and then equally decreasing it to the same degree of softness on which it was commenced. A plentiful supply of breath should be inhaled, and husbanded up, that it escape by degrees, and sufficient be preserved to finish the note firmly. In swelling out the notes, care must be taken not to sing too sharp; and in decreasing, not to get too flat. An instrument is the best guide, till the voice becomes inured by practice to sustain itself. The tone must come from the chest, without any impediment from the throat, teeth, or nose; though they all assist the tone, by the perfection of their formation, yet, by improperly closing the two former, or emitting the sound through the latter, a disagreeable sound will be uttered. The formation of the mouth is another essential point to be attended to, without which the pupil can never give a true utterance to his words, besides injuring his tone by obstructing the free emission of it from the lungs. In sounding the first syllable, *do* the

mouth must be opened in an oval form, and kept in that position till it is finished. The next, *re*, (pronounced *ra*), the mouth is formed lengthwise, and rather open. The next, *mi*, (*me*), the mouth is nearly closed. The next, *fa*, (*faa*), is the most open of the whole, the mouth to be as open as possible without distorting the countenance. *Sol*, (*sole*), is somewhat similar to *do*, except that the mouth is formed rounder. *La*, (*laa*), is like *fa*, the mouth a little more lengthwise. The last, *si*, (*se*), is nearly the same as *mi*. When the mouth is opened for the pronunciation of any syllable, keep it in that position till the note is ended, as the least variation in the form of the mouth will produce another syllable.

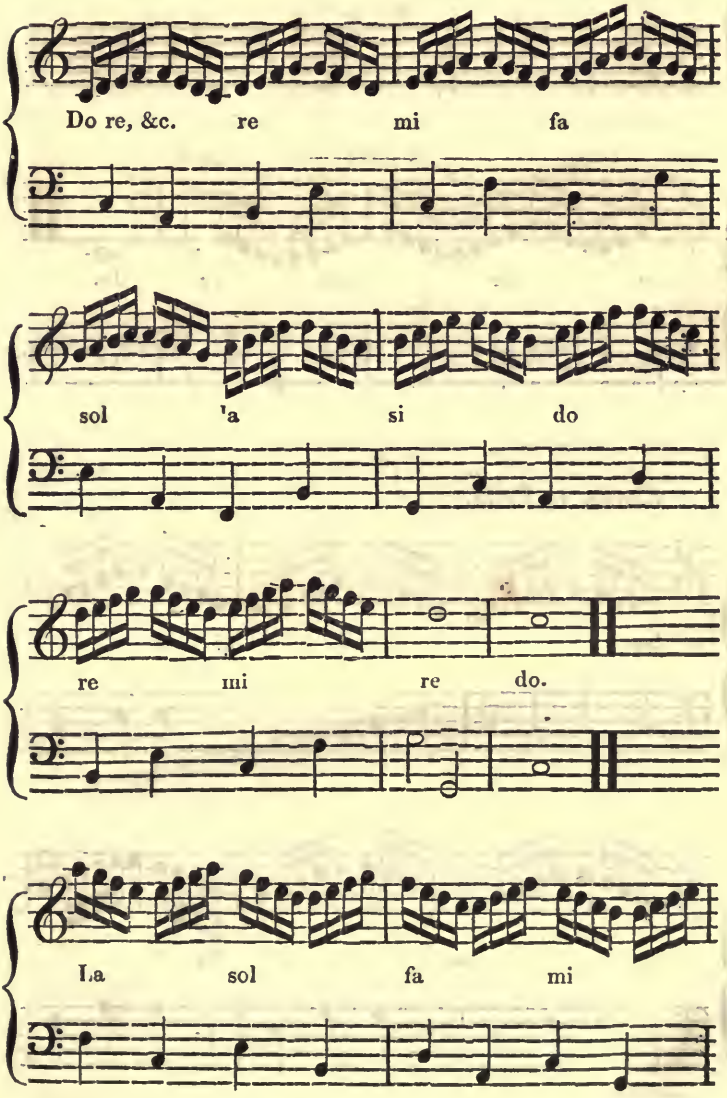
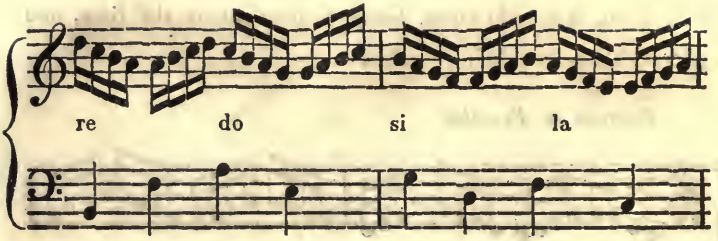
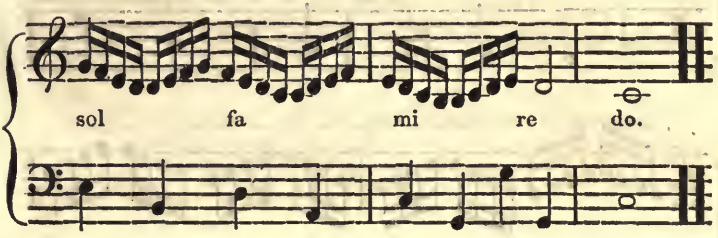
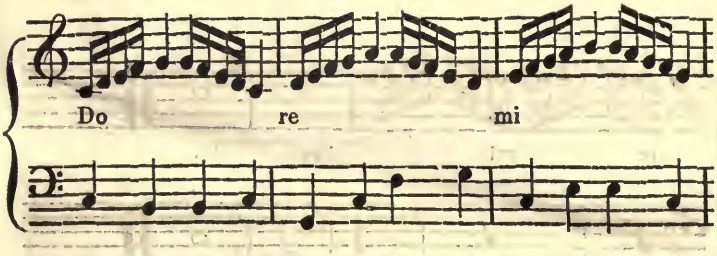
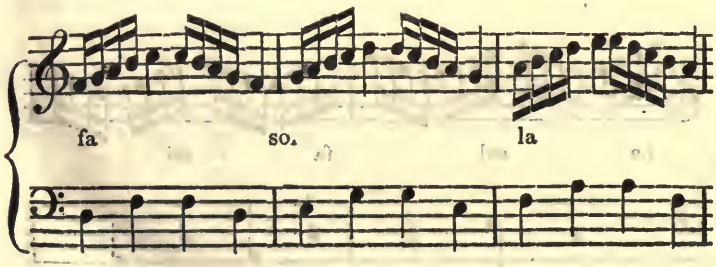
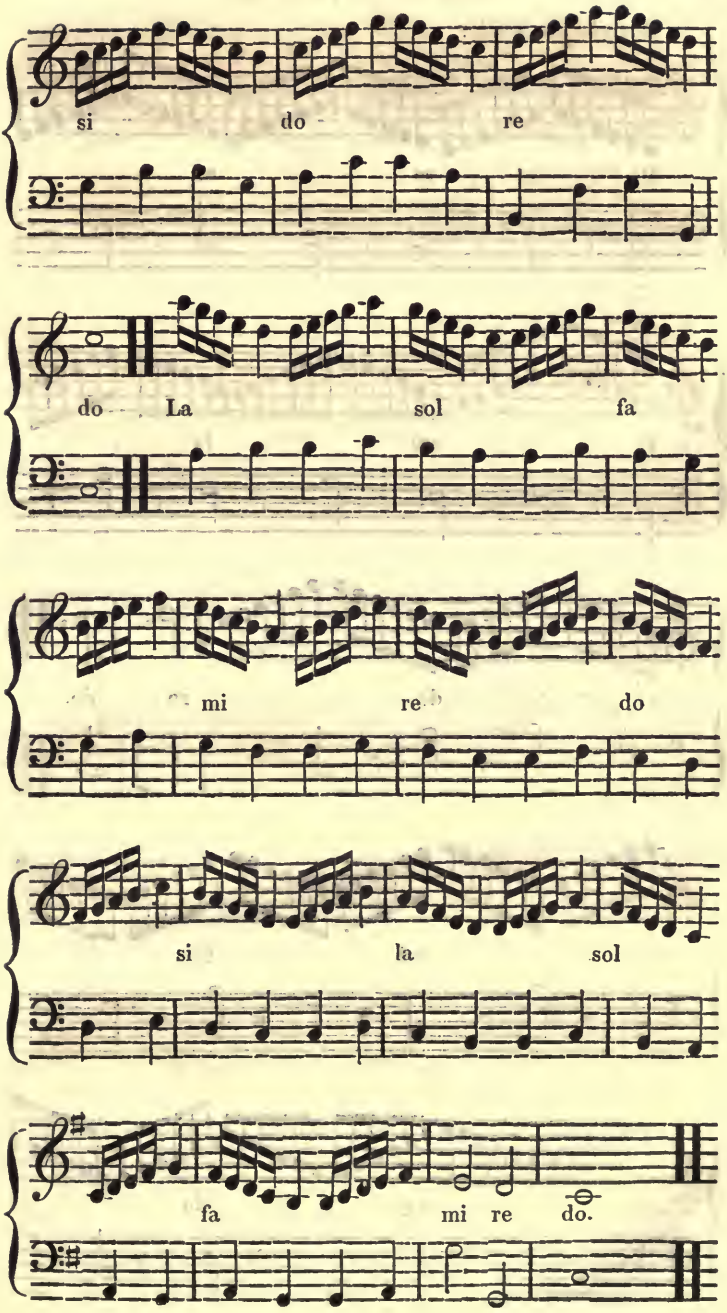
When a firm clear tone is established, the pupil may proceed to cultivate his voice for the execution of divisions, turns, graces, shakes, &c.; all of which, precision and neatness constituting their greatest beauty, require indefatigable practice. The following are to be sung very slow at first, and increased by degrees.

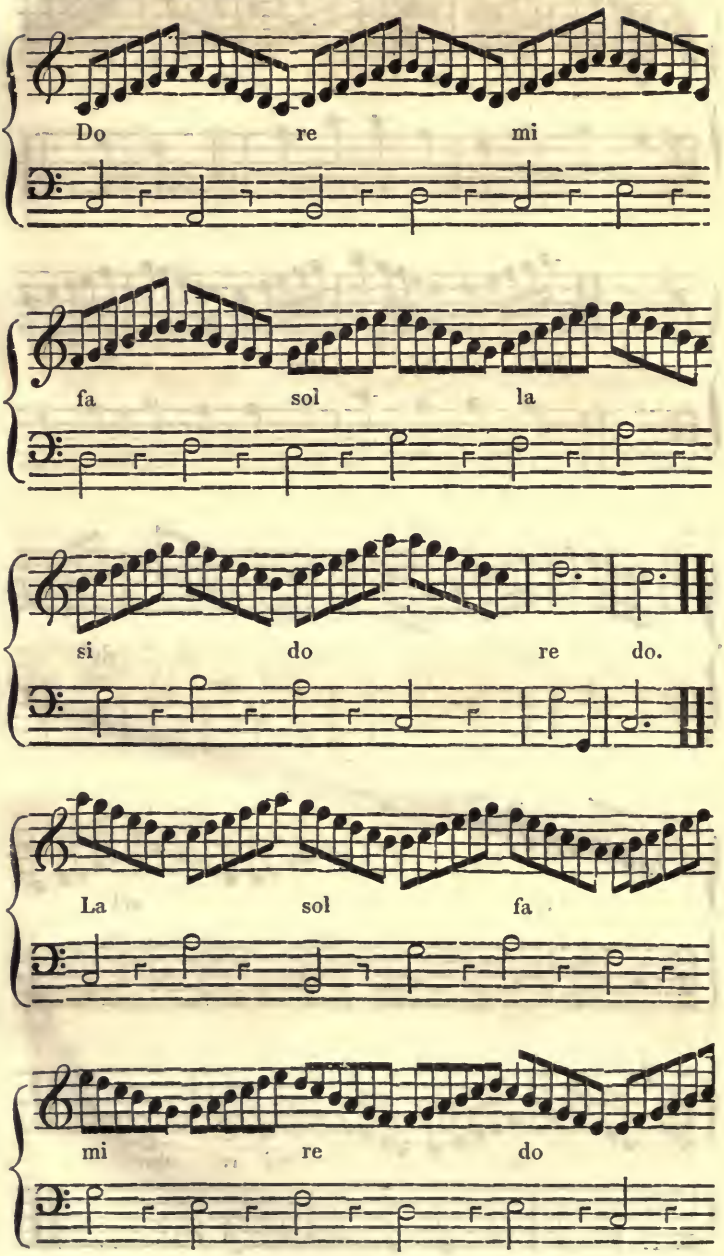
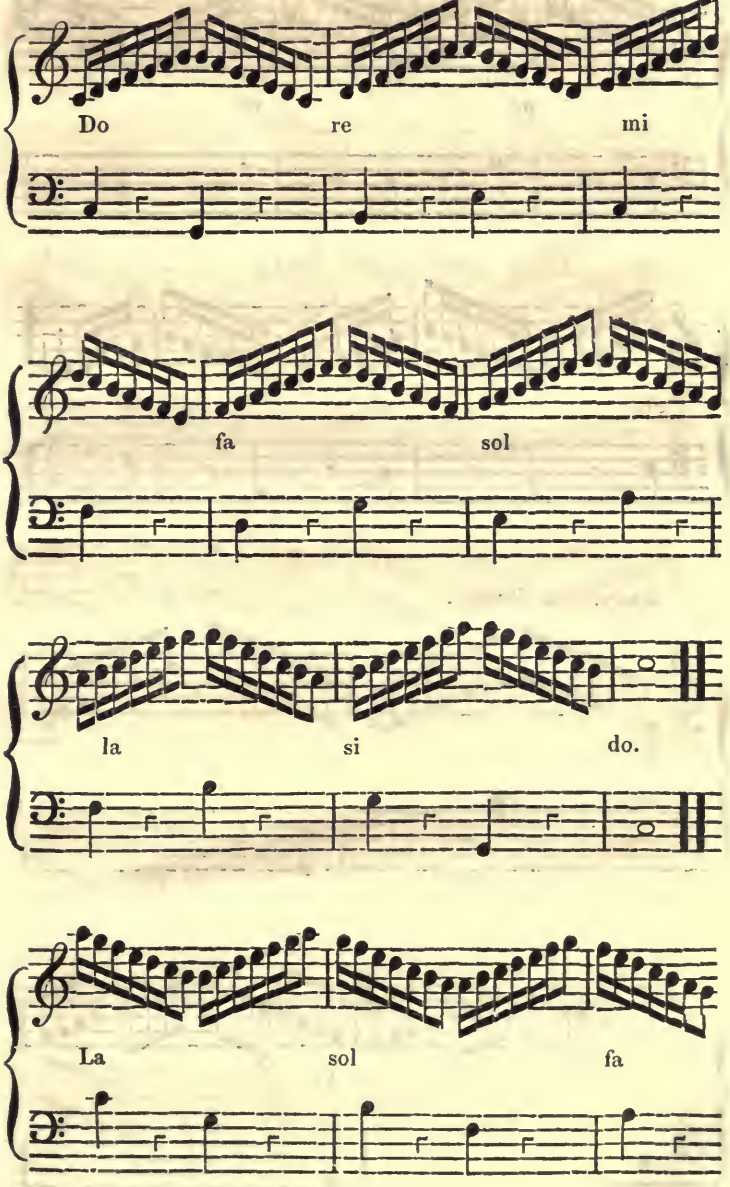
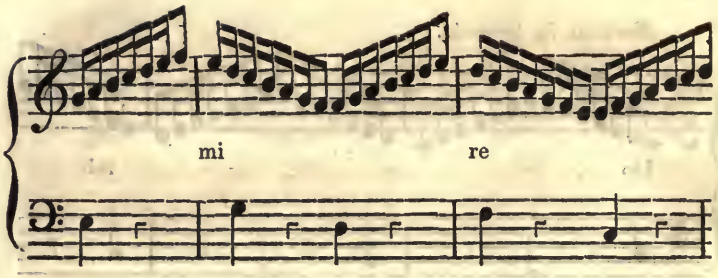
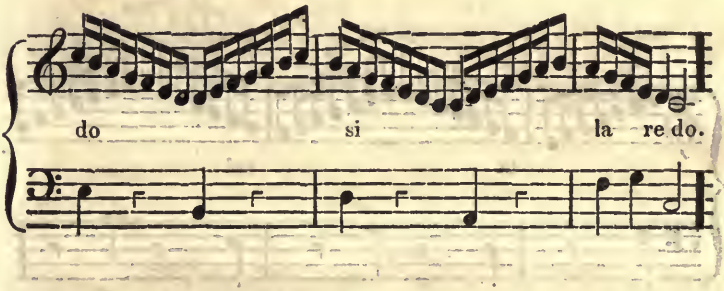
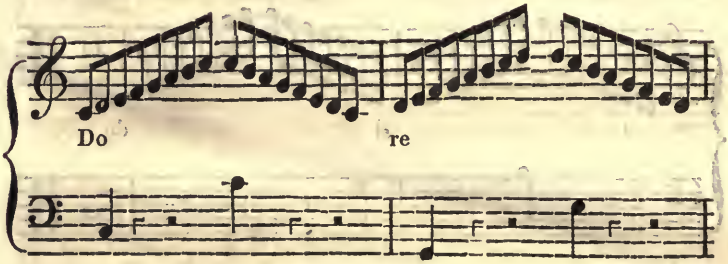
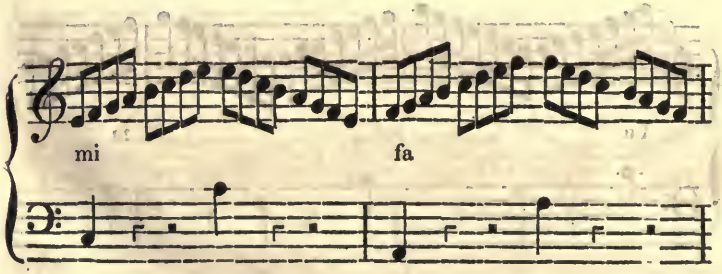
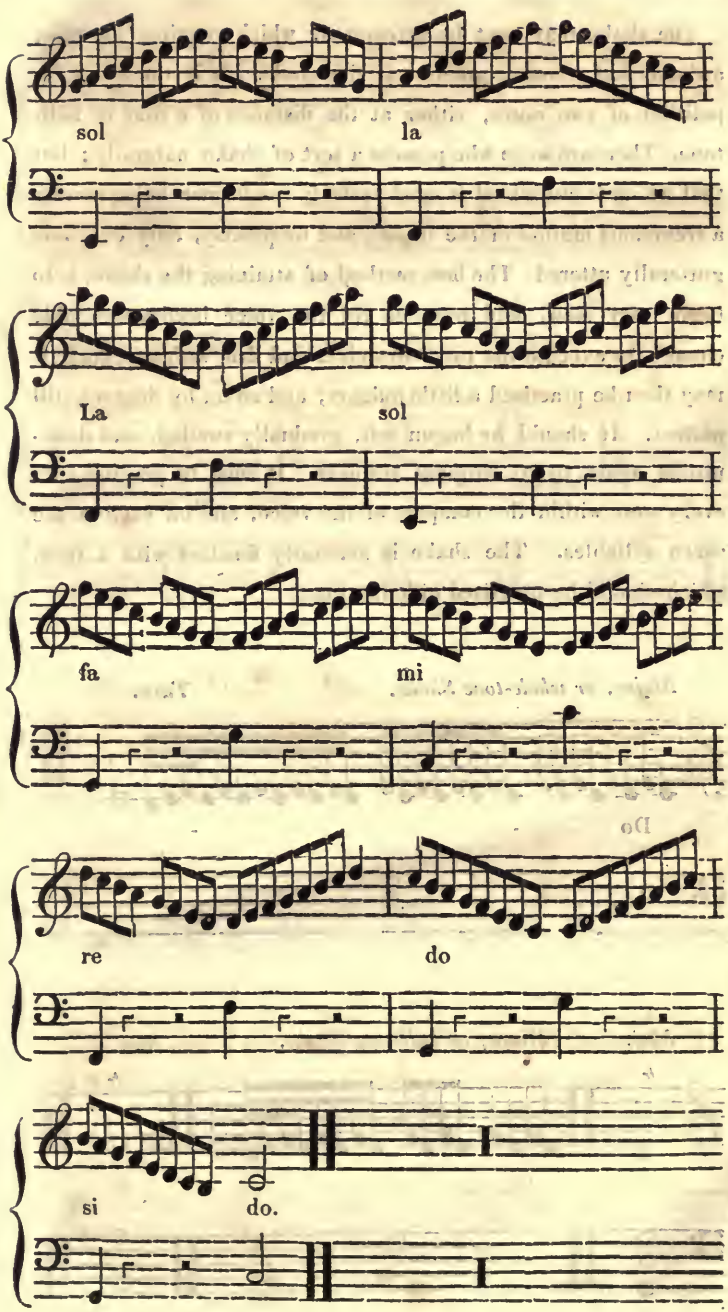
Exercise on Thirds.

Observe that the accent or stress of the voice is laid on the first note of every three. They may sing as above, one syllable to each note; but when the voice is capable of performing them quicker, one syllable to each three need only be used; thus,

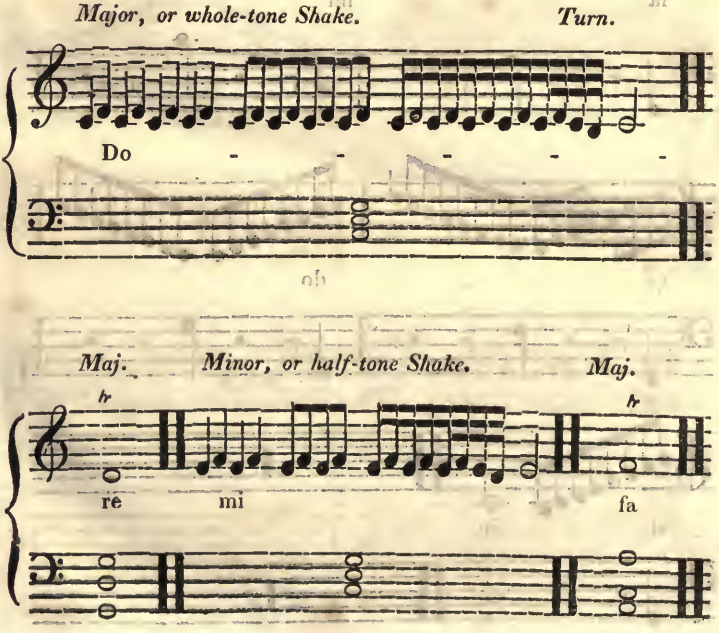
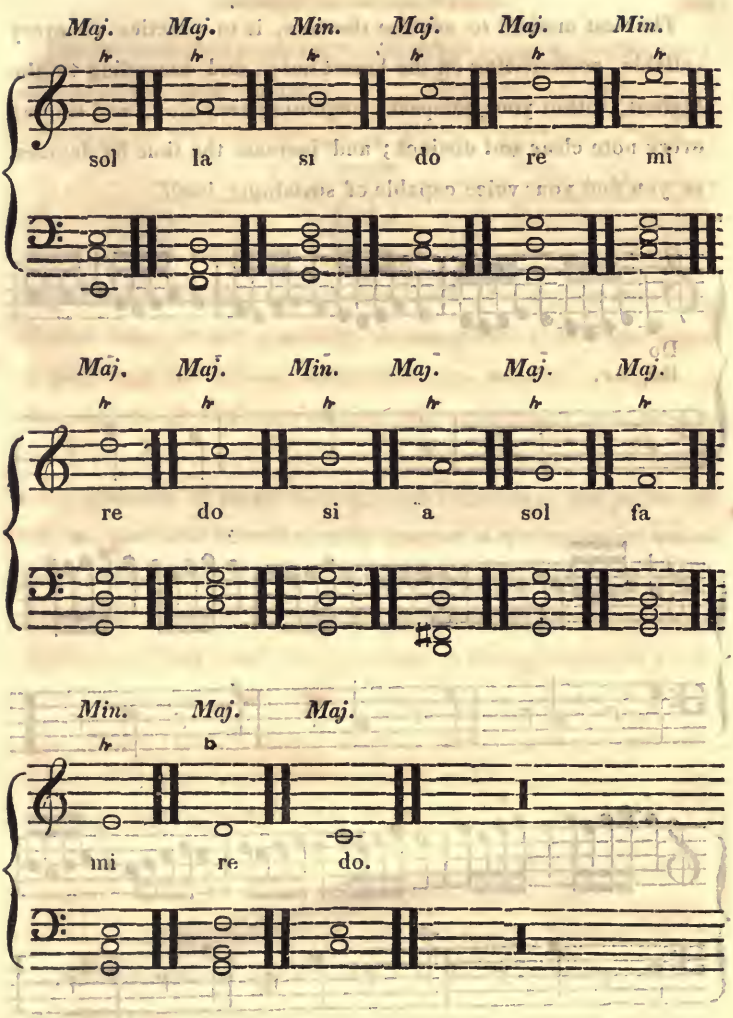


In the following, the accent is laid on the first and third note, but more particularly on the first; though each note must be

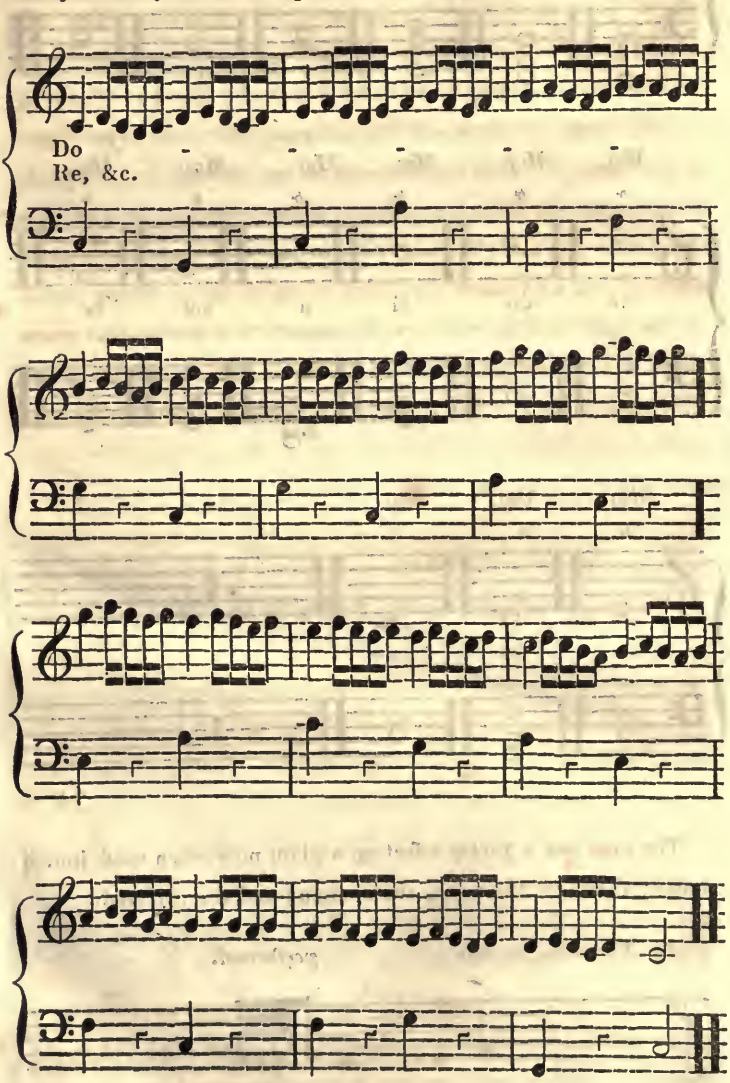
sung even, the slight stress being to denominate the time, and prevent them from being equivocal.

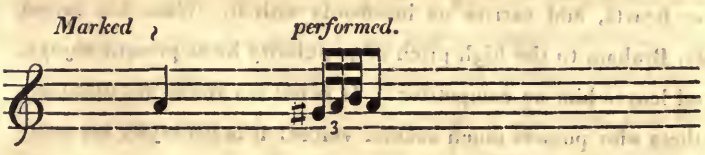
Exercise in Fourths.

Exercise in Fifths.

si do re
do La sol fa
mi re do
si la sol
fa mi re do.

Exercise in Sixths.

Exercise in Sevenths.

Exercise in Octaves.

sol
la
La
sol
fa
mi
re
do
si
do.

The shake may next be attempted, which requires the most arduous and constant practice of the whole. It is the quick repetition of two notes, either at the distance of a tone or half-tone. There are some who possess a sort of shake naturally; but that which is cultivated is most perfect; the former being merely a tremulous motion in the throat, and frequently, only one note gutterally uttered. The best method of attaining the shake, is to begin very slow, and practice till the voice becomes flexible enough to execute the two notes clear and firm without effort; it may then be practised a little quicker; and so on by degrees, till perfect. It should be begun soft, gradually swelled, and deminished again to its original softness. It must be practised on every note within the compass of the voice, and on each of the seven syllables. The shake is generally finished with a turn, which should be practised with it: thus,

The turn has a pretty effect on a plain note when used judiciously: there are two sorts, the common and the inverted.

The Common, marked. *performed.*

The best method to acquire the turn, is to practice on every syllable, commencing on the lowest note, and ascending to the highest, within your compass; beginning very slow, and singing every note clear and distinct; and increase the time by degrees, as you find your voice capable of sustaining itself.

The inverted turn precedes the principal note, by commencing a half-tone below it: thus,



There are a variety of exercises for improving the flexibility of the voice, which can only be imparted by an experienced master, and no written instructions can convey the mode of executing them; but a few general observations may be of service. Great attention must be paid to taking breath; for unless a sufficient quantity is inspired, and kept in reserve, the notes will become weak and faltering; and, instead of a clear succession of notes, a confused jumble of unmeaning sounds will be heard. Never take breath in the middle of a word, or where the sense is closely connected; but after a comma, or the beginning of a line, after a dotted note, or rest, the breath may be taken with propriety. Every exercise should be sung slow at first, and gradually increased, till the voice becomes so inured to the passages, that it is impossible to fail.

STYLE

Is next under consideration. To command a good style, the pupil must possess sound sense, a just descrimination, and an attentive observation of the best singers of the age. It is the style of our great singers, that gives them, in a measure, the superiority over the mass of those who remain at a considerable distance from them in popularity. Let a person possess ever so fine a voice, or ever so brilliant execution, if he has not feeling and taste, he will ever remain but in second-rate estimation to one who has an indifferent voice, with the power of expressing the various feelings, and entering into all the pathos or energy of

his subject;—the one sings to the ear, the other, to the heart;—the one is a mere organ-pipe; the other is a soul which enters our hearts, and carries us insensibly with it. What has raised Mr. Braham to the high pitch of popularity he at present enjoys, and leaves him no competitor? It is not his voice, for there are others who possess much sweeter voices: it is his style, his energy, his discrimination. The songs which he excels in, are only outlines, which, in the hands of others, are mere sounds, possessing little to please or admire in them; but, filled up by his exquisite taste and judgment, they become finished productions. Yet we recommend not a downright imitation of Mr. Braham, though there are few who do not imitate him; but a person possessing genius may take an example without following it so closely, that every one may perceive the resemblance. Imitators generally copy the peculiarities, not the excellence, of the original, and thereby betray themselves. A man may build a fabric on a certain structure, but may so alter and arrange it, that it may pass, without strict examination, for a design of his own. So ought a good singer found his style on the best basis, but so cover it with judgment, that it may appear the emanation of his own ius.

Few instructions can be given on style; it must be the result of observation, guided by sound sense, adhering strictly to the nature of the melody, and the subject of the words; giving each their proper expression, and unaffectedly uttering both, that they may be understood and felt.

While on this part, we shall include a few hints on the use of ornament. It has become the fashion to attach to any melody, however simple, a number of notes unconnected with it, which are called graces; but, in many instances, they may be termed, *dis*-graces. It is the indiscriminate use of these, that the novice ought to avoid. There are many who, possessing flexible voices,

seek every opportunity of showing off, by running through the whole scale at almost every other bar, and by disjointing the melody and the words, destroy both. Even an apogiatura too often introduced, mars the melody; but judiciously put in, adds greatly to the effect. When the words and melody allow it, a short cadence may be made; but always in character with the air. Nothing is more ridiculous than a bravura run in a subject requiring pathos and feeling; yet how often do we hear it; and sometimes very slovenly executed. There are some who, having a few runs at command, use them indiscriminately at every part wherever their voices will execute them, and frequently the same graces, as they are termed, will be heard half-a-dozen times in the course of a song. This shows, at least, a poor imagination and a scanty store, when they are applied on every occasion; not to mention how they tire the ears of the audience. Another fault singers fall into, is, that of using a favourite note in the voice, which, whenever an opportunity occurs, they will hold out twice the length the time will admit, and keep one in suspense on an unimportant word, such as, and—to—the—for, &c., thereby delaying some immediate part of the subject, that one has forgot what is was about. The voice should be so practised, that they may all become favourite notes; all clear, equal, and distinct; all of the same quality; blended one with the other, like the tones of a fine instrument; all equally under command. The weakest part of the voice should be practised most, to make it as flexible as the other: at the same time, be careful of straining it by over exertion; let it be done by degrees; by a little and often; and, with patience and perseverance, you will bring all your notes equally good, and under your command.

We cannot conclude this part better than by giving the following extract, from a work entitled, " The Art of Improving the Voice and Ear:—"

"It is an extremely false taste to overload every performance with a profusion of ornament. When a piece has intrinsic merit, or when a singer has a fine voice, ornament, if profuse, has more chance to injure than to add to its effect. It is not to be denied, however, that ornament, when judiciously placed, is indispensable to a singer, and will require great care and practice in the acquisition. The following passage from the life of Rossini, by Count Stendthall, strongly illustrates the ideas of this great master upon the point.

"'On Rossini's arrival at Milan, in 1814, when he was in his twenty-second year, to compose the "Aureliano in Palmira," he became acquainted with Velluti, who was to sing in his opera. Velluti, then in the flower of his youth and talents, and one of the handsomest men of his time, had no small share of vanity, and was fond of displaying and abusing the powers of voice with which nature had gifted him. Before Rossini had an opportunity of hearing this great singer, he had written a *cavatina* for the character he was to perform. At the first rehearsal, Velluti began to sing, and Rossini was struck with admiration. At the second rehearsal, Velluti began to show his powers of gracing; Rossini found the effect produced just and admirable, and highly applauded the performance. At the third, the simplicity of the *cantilena* was entirely lost amidst the profusion of the ornaments. At last the great day of the performance arrived. The *cavatina*, and the whole character sustained by Velluti, was received with rapture: but Rossini scarcely knew what Velluti was singing—it was no longer the music he had composed; yet still the song of Velluti was full of beauties, and succeeded with the public to admiration. The pride of the young composer was not a little wounded. This opera fell, and it was the *soprano* alone who had any success. The ardent mind of Rossini at once perceived all the advantages that might be taken of such an event. Not

a single suggestion was lost upon him. It was by a lucky chance, we may suppose him to have said to himself, that Velluti discovered he had a taste of his own; but who will say that in the next theatre for which I compose, I may not find some other singer, who, with as great a flexibility of voice, and an equal rage for ornament, may so spoil my music, as not only to render it contemptible to myself, but tiresome to the public? The danger to which my poor music is exposed, is still more imminent when I reflect upon the great number of different schools for song that exist in Italy. The theatres are filled with performers, who have learned music from some poor provincial professor. This mode of singing violin concertos and variations without end, tends to destroy not only the talent of the singer, but also to vitiate the taste of the public. Every singer will make a point of imitating Velluti, without calculating upon the relative compass of his voice. We shall see no more simple *cantilenas*. They would appear cold and tasteless. Every thing is about to undergo a change, even to the nature of the voice. Once accustomed to embellish, to overload the *cantilena* with high-wrought ornaments, and to stifle the works of the composer, they will soon discover that they have lost the habit of sustaining the voice and expanding the tones, and consequently the power of executing *largo* movements. I must therefore lose no time in changing the system I have followed hitherto. I am not myself ignorant of singing: all the world allows me a talent this way. My embellishments shall be in good taste; for I shall at once be able to discover where my singers are strong and where defective, and I will write nothing for them but what they can execute. My mind is made up. I will not leave them room for a single *appogiatura*. These ornaments, this method of charming the ear, shall form an integral part of my song, and shall all be written down in my score.'

"Such ought to be the practice of all composers: and no young singer ought ever to attempt a grace that is not set down for him, or which is not pointed out for him by a judicious master. The violation of this rule may procure a momentary applause from a mixed audience; but it will never ensure a lasting reputation, nor lead to establish first-rate excellence in simple execution."

ACCOMPANIMENT.

As the voice is the principal, the accompaniment must be subordinate to it, whether in full orchestra, or only the piano-forte: it is merely to assist and fill up; therefore it must follow the voice, and be subservient to it on all occasions. The great fault of accompaniests is, that of playing too loud, and overpowering the voice; they make that the most prominent which should be in the shade, to show to more advantage what is intended to be conspicuous. What a singular effect would a picture have, if the artist were to bring his dark colours forward, and leave the light in the back ground; and that which he intended as his principal figure, was to be enveloped in clouds, or overshadowed with trees? This fault mostly rests with amateurs, who, so that they can hear themselves play, never study the effect of the whole. In an orchestra, every eye should be turned to the leader, and the leader must keep his on the singer, and his ears open to all around him. Every *piano* must be observed, and every *forte* marked, that the effect may be produced which the author intended; it is the light and shade which render the whole beautiful. Many piano-forte accompaniests also fall into this error; and frequently to show themselves off, sadly discomfort and annoy the singer, by throwing in extraneous ornament. But this is a paltry ambition; because there are many opportunities for such a display, without overpowering and ruining the simplicity that an accompaniment ought to possess. We recollect a laugh-

able occurrence which took place at a concert, where both the singer and the piano-forte player seemed determined to contest who should make the most noise and show off. The former commenced early to make a grand display of his flexibility of voice; and the other, not be outdoné, followed with a tremendous run from the top to the bottom of the instrument: the one bellowed, the other thumped; till the audience expressed their approbation, by a loud roar of laughter; and the player and singer went to loggerheads, each accusing the other as the cause of it.

A judicious accompaniest will always play in a subdued tone, making a distinction wherever it will assist the singer, or add to the effect. In fact, a singer is entirely in the hands of the accompaniest; he can either make him feel confidence, or distress him by not entering into his ideas. There should always be an understanding between them; the singer should previously point out where he means to take liberties with the time, which may sometimes be done with effect; and where he means to throw in a grace or cadence, that the accompaniment may be accommodated to it.

The accompaniment of glees should possess the utmost delicacy; for their beauty lies in the blending together the voices. When there is no regular one written, merely chords should be struck sparingly, to keep the voices in tune, and mark the change of key where it occurs.

In accompanying concerted pieces, that is, pieces in several parts, the eye and ear must be continually on the alert, and strict time adhered to; but should any of the voices fail, or any indecision arise, it is the duty of the accompaniest to direct the attention of the party, at a loss, by playing a little stronger, taking up the passage on the instrument, and marking the time in such a manner that it cannot be misunderstood.

These few hints, it is hoped, may prove useful to young practitioners; but both experience and practice are necessary to attain readiness and ease, whether as a singer or a player. No pursuit can be gained without some labour, and many imagine that music requires but little; yet there is none, perhaps, that needs so much study, perseverance, and experience, and none that repays us more in the enjoyment, than this delightful science.

W. H. P.

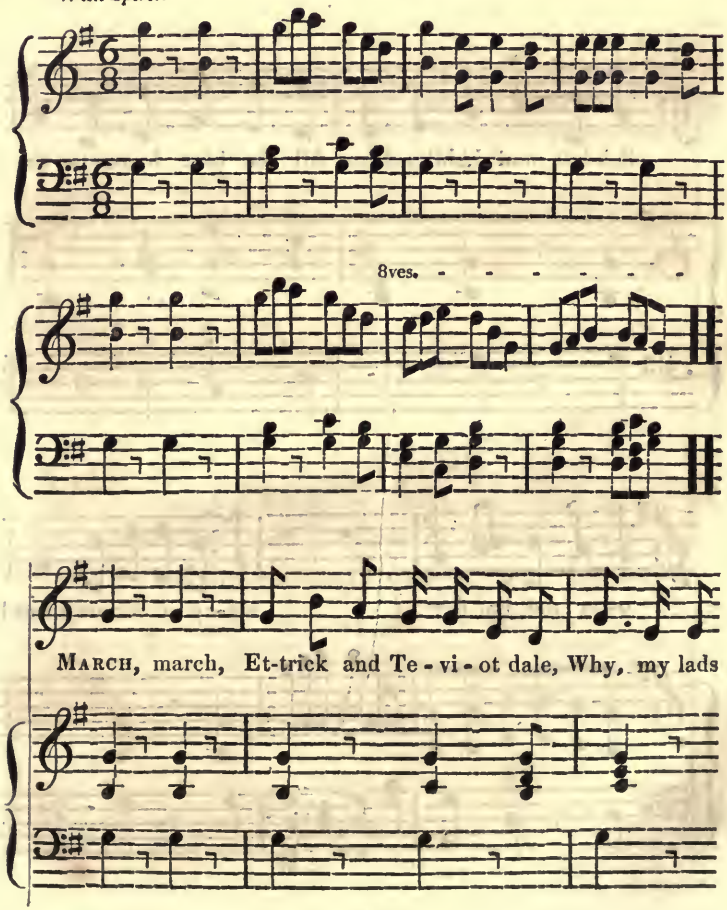
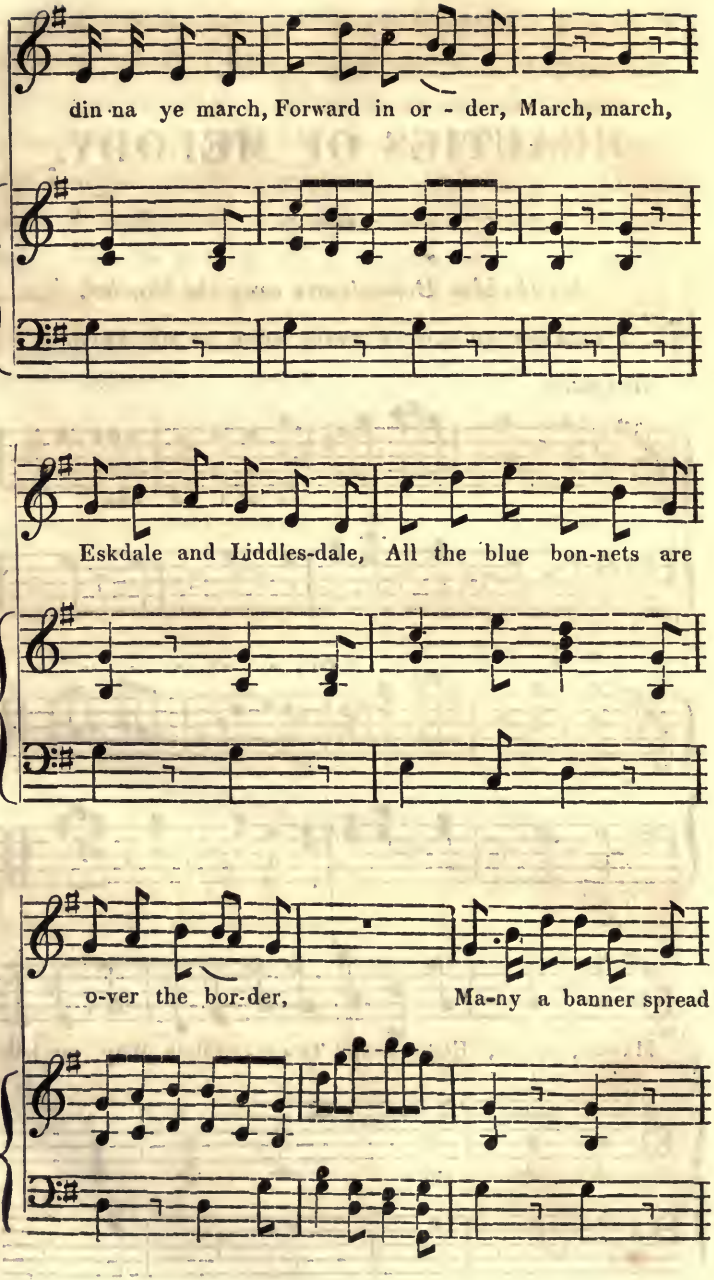
52, JUDD-STREET,
BRUNSWICK-SQUARE.

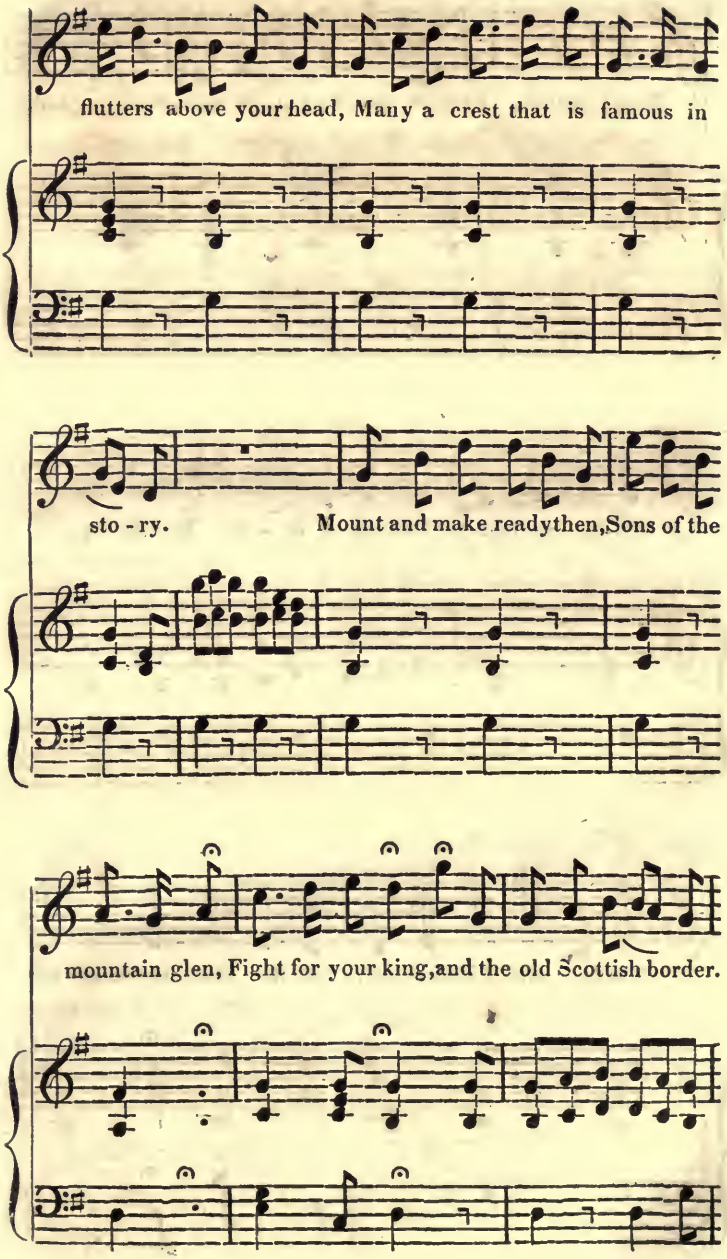
THE

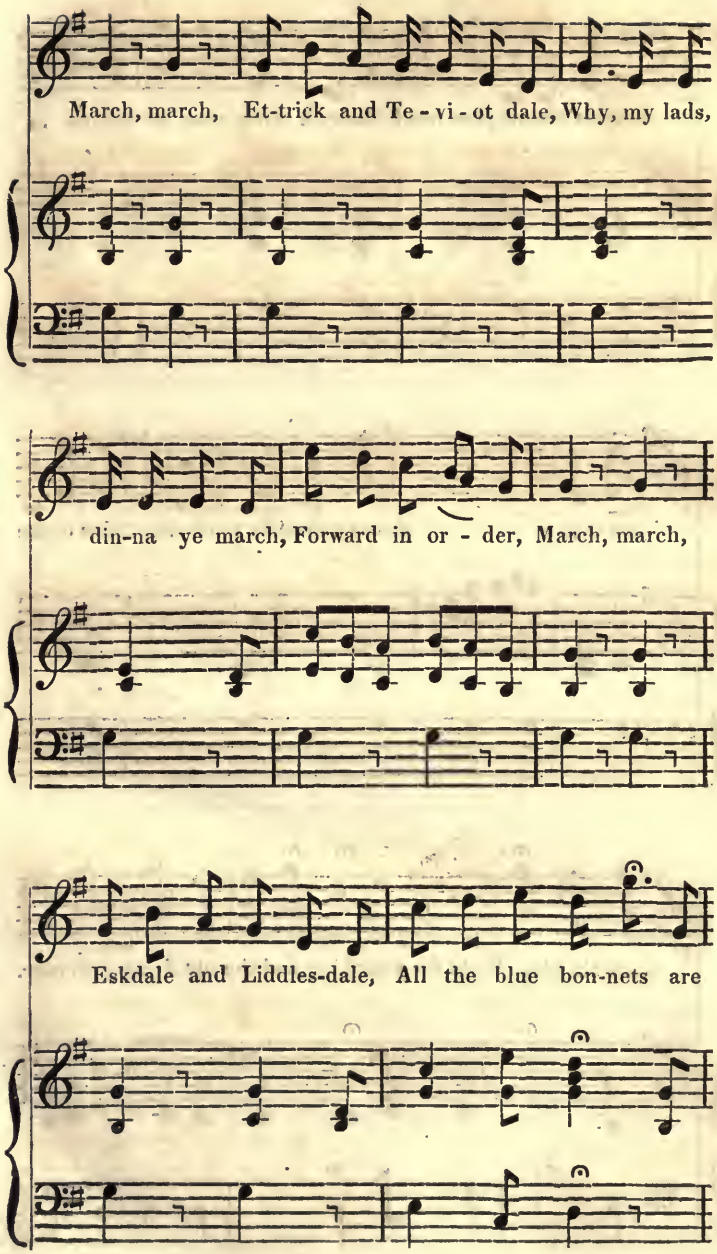
BEAUTIES OF MELODY.

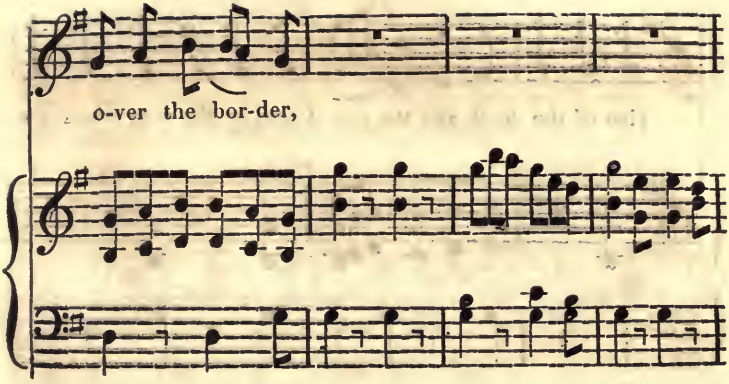
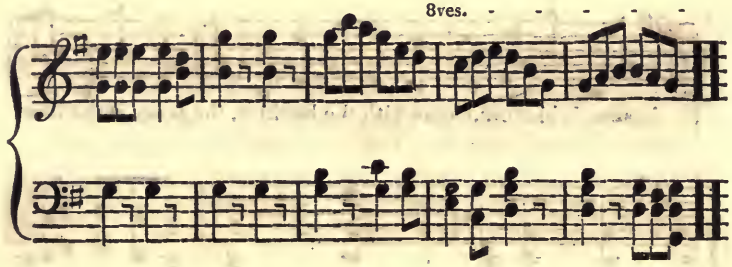
All the blue Bonnets are over the Border.

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH SONG, SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM.

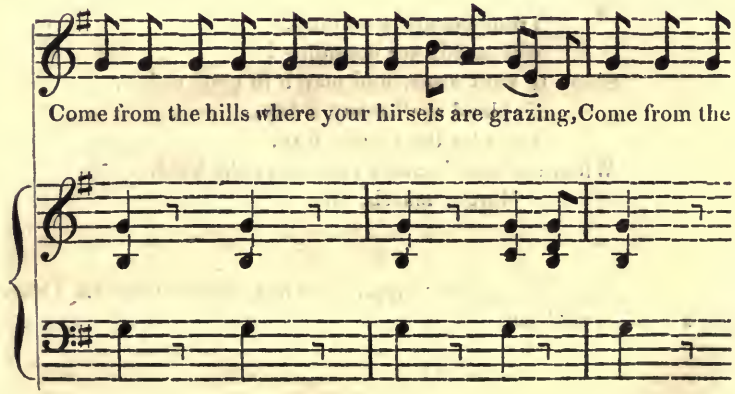
With Spirit.

din-na ye march, Forward in or - der, March, march,
Eskdale and Liddles-dale, All the blue bon-nets are
o-ver the bor-der, Ma-ny a banner spread

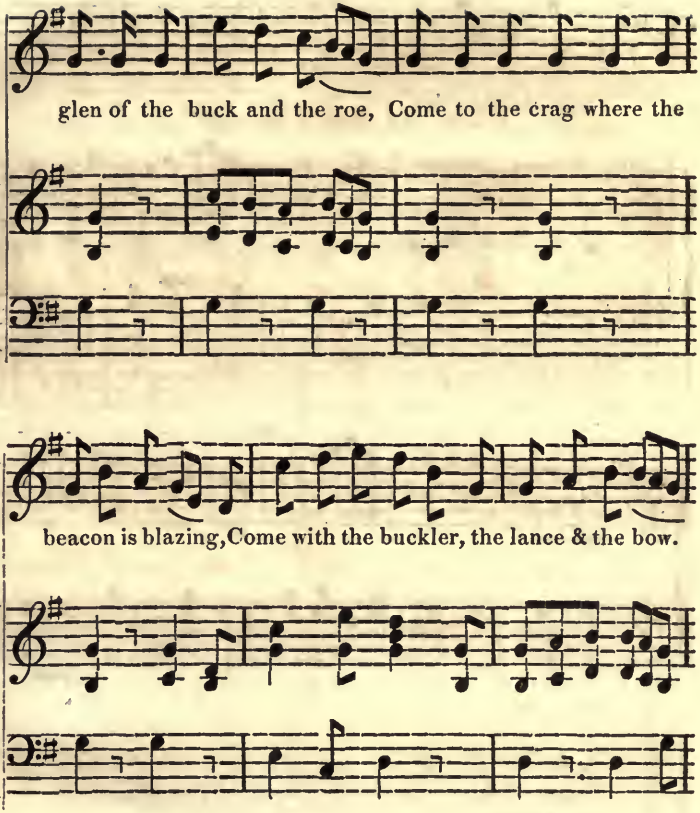

flutters above your head, Many a crest that is famous in
sto - ry. Mount and make ready then, Sons of the
mountain glen, Fight for your king, and the old Scottish border.


March, march, Et-trick and Te - vi - ot dale, Why, my lads,
din-na ye march, Forward in or - der, March, march,
Eskdale and Liddles-dale, All the blue bon-nets are


o-ver the bor-der,

8ves.

2nd. Verse.


Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing, Come from the

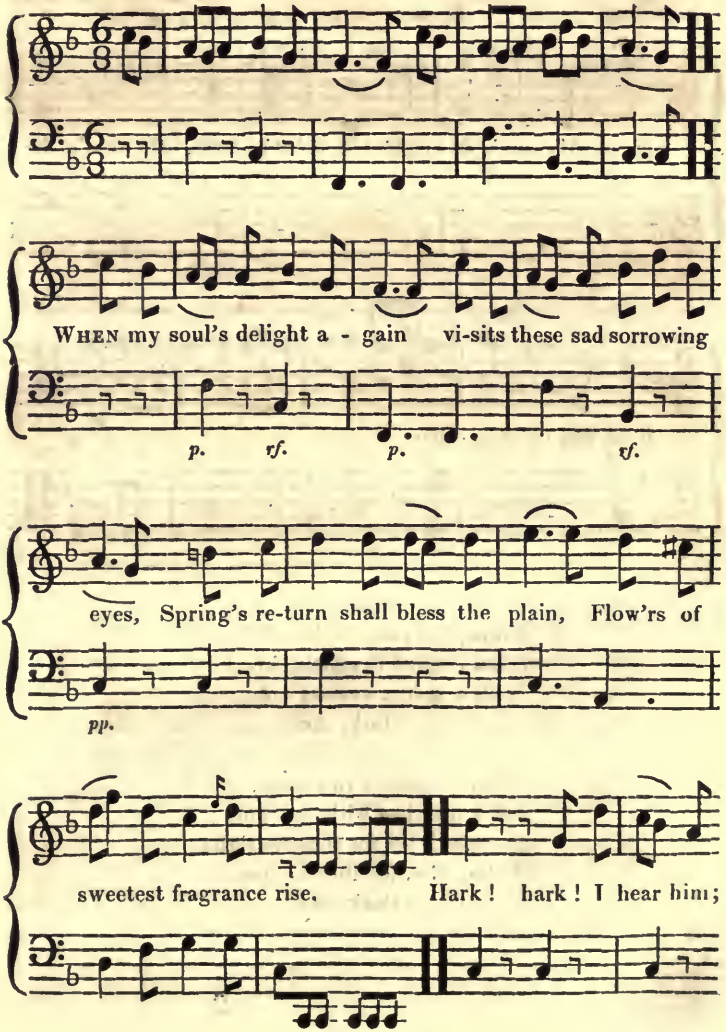
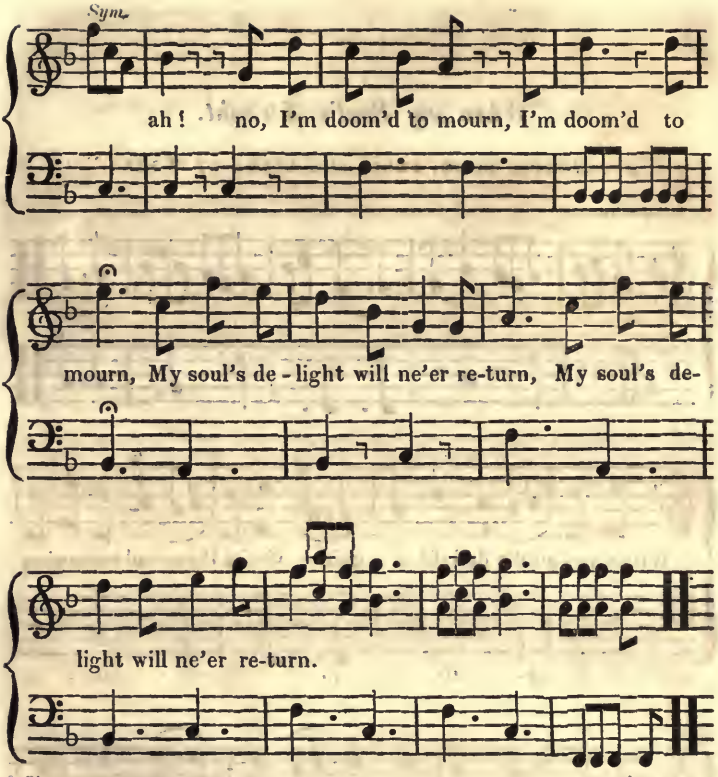


Trumpets are sounding,
War steeds are bounding!
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
England shall many a day,
Tell o'er the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.
March, march, &c.

The above words sing to the latter part of the tune of the first verse—viz. "Many a banner spread," &c.

When my Soul's Delight.

A FAVORITE SONG, FROM THE OPERA OF "NINA."

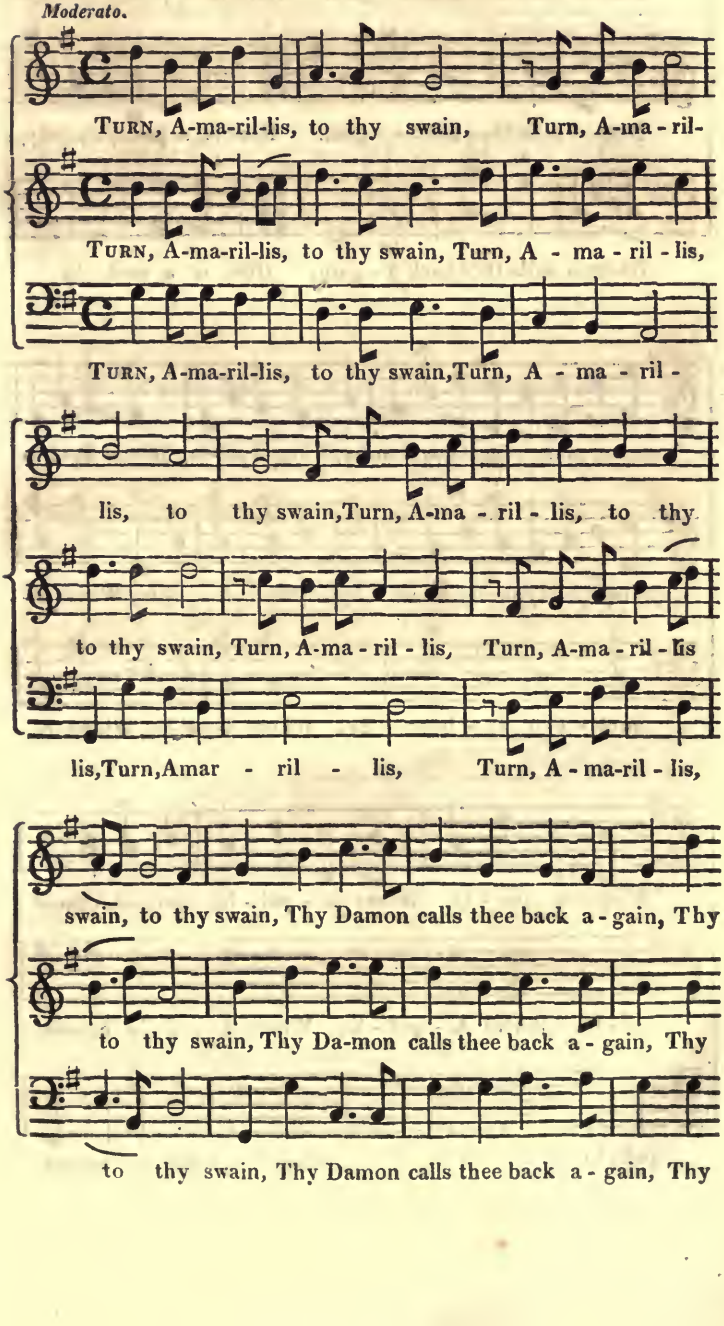
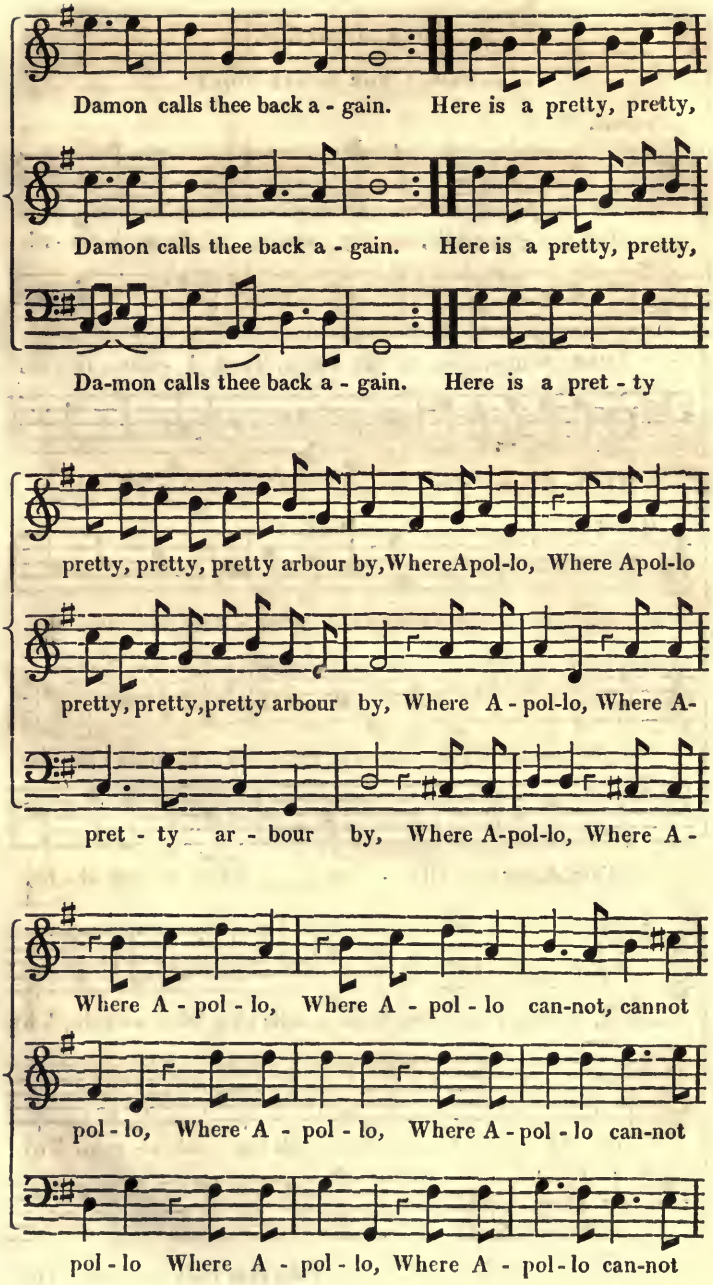
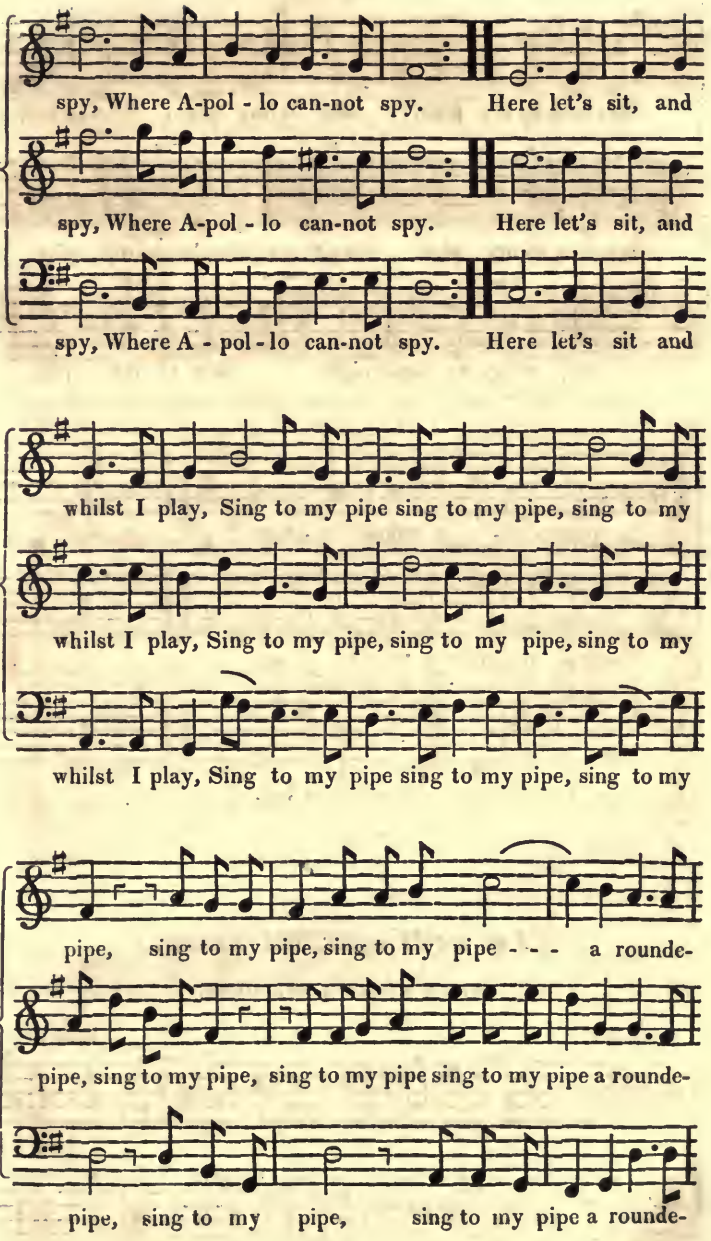
Larghetto.



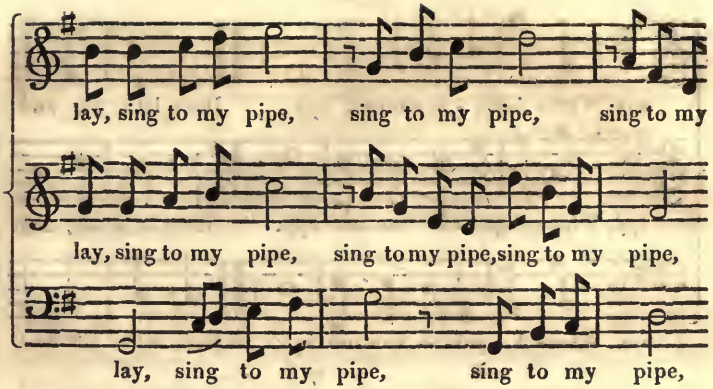
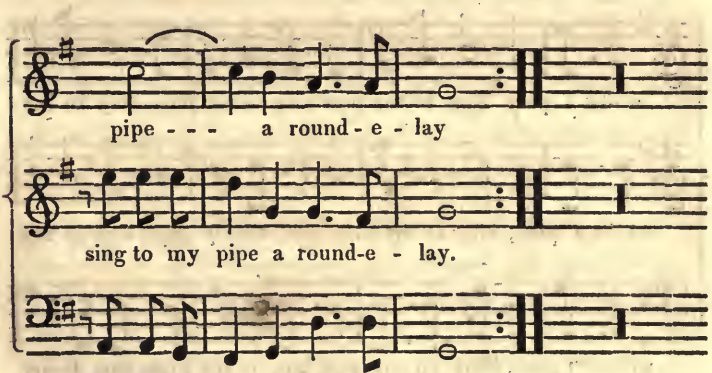
Tuneful songster of the grove,
Know, the voice of him I love,
Shall inspire thy little throat
With a softer, sweeter note.
Hark, &c.

Echo! stranger to repose,
Oft I tire thee with my woes;
See him! yet for thee he sighs,
Echo, yes, for thee he dies.
Hark, &c.

Turn Amarillis.

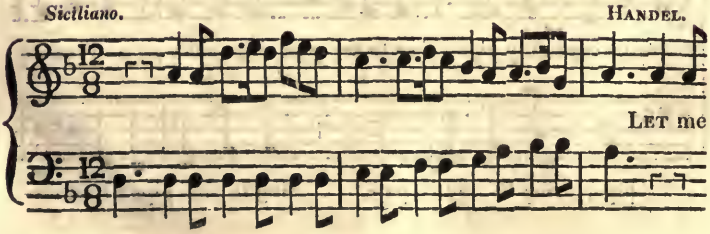
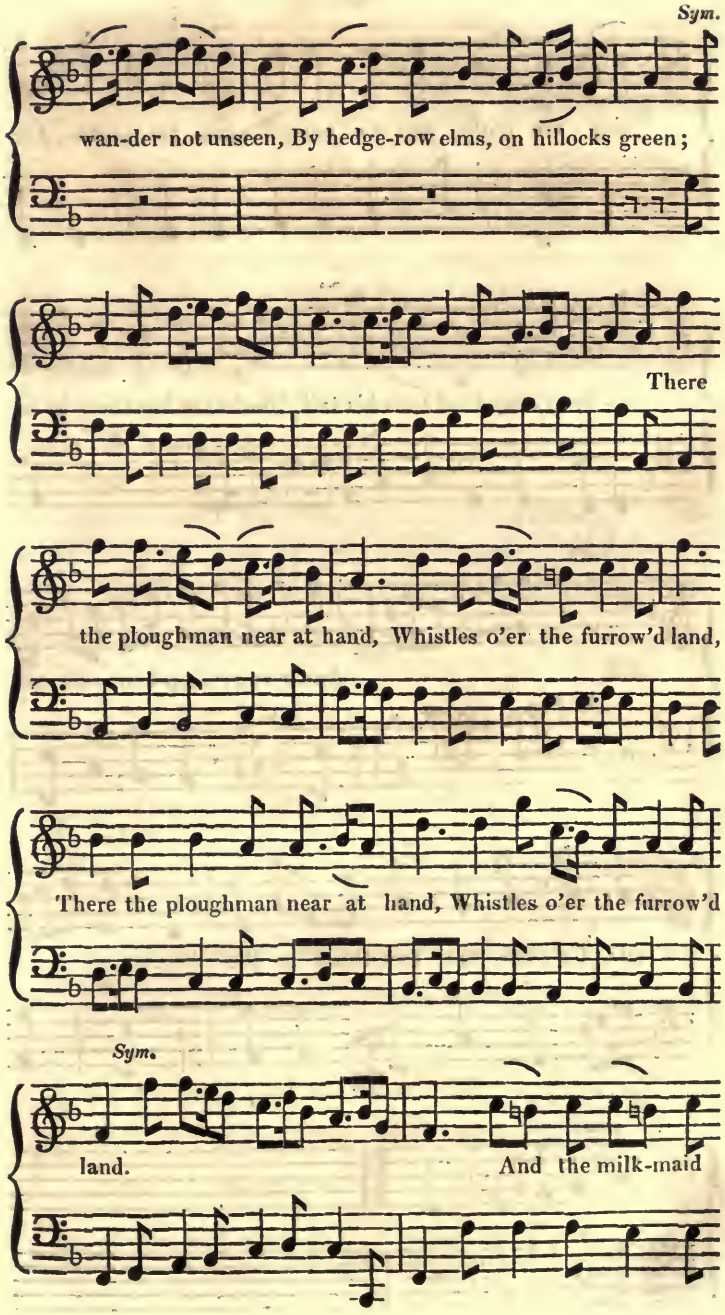
A MADRIGAL FOR THREE VOICES.

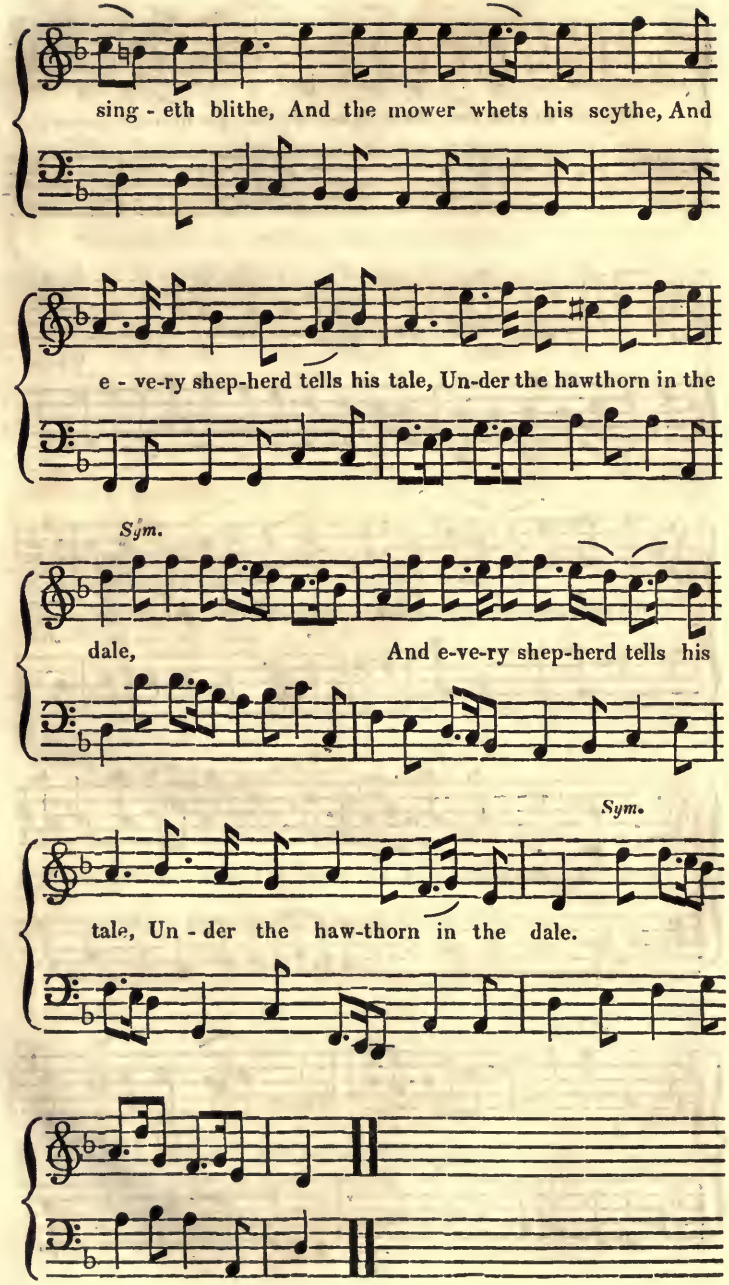
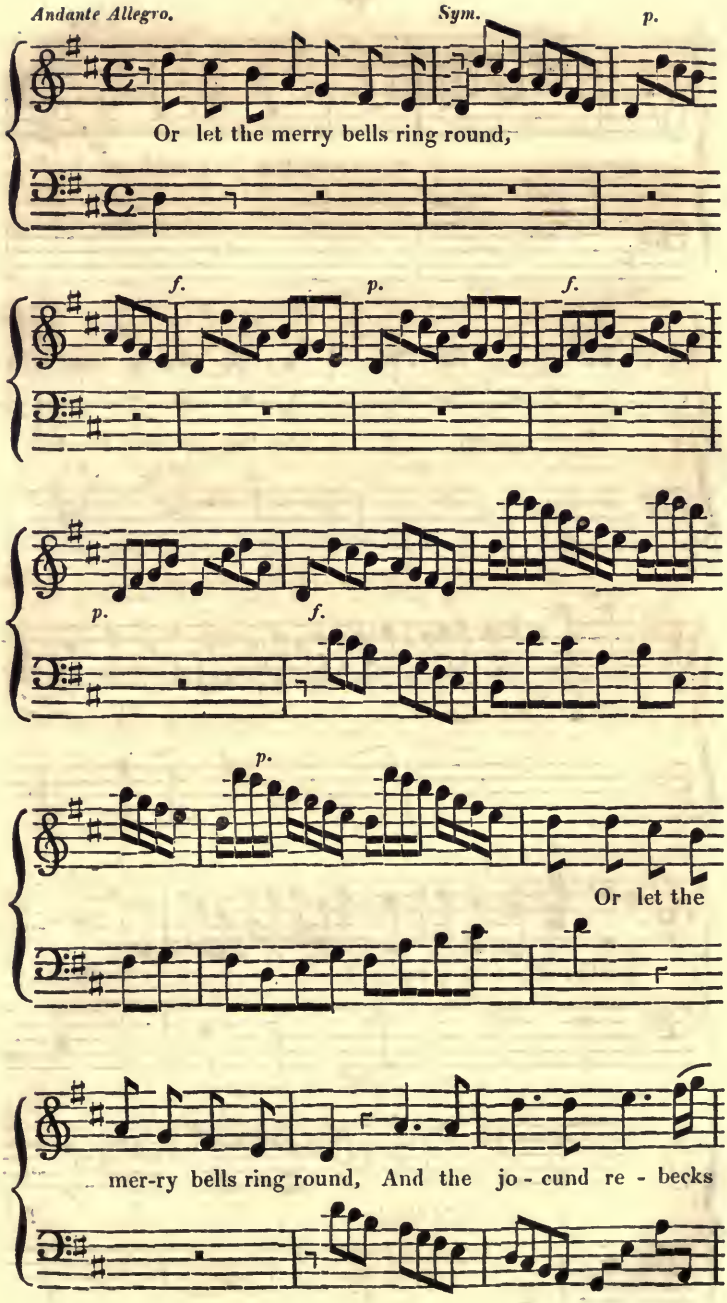
Moderato.


Damon calls thee back a - gain. Here is a pretty, pretty,
Damon calls thee back a - gain. Here is a pretty, pretty,
Da-mon calls thee back a - gain. Here is a pret - ty
pretty, pretty, pretty arbour by, Where Apol-lo, Where Apol-lo
pretty, pretty, pretty arbour by, Where A - pol-lo, Where A-
pret - ty ar - bour by, Where A-pol-lo, Where A -
Where A - pol - lo, Where A - pol - lo can-not, cannot
pol - lo, Where A - pol - lo, Where A - pol - lo can-not
pol - lo Where A - pol - lo, Where A - pol - lo can-not

spy, Where A-pol - lo can-not spy. Here let's sit, and
spy, Where A-pol - lo can-not spy. Here let's sit, and
spy, Where A - pol - lo can-not spy. Here let's sit and
whilst I play, Sing to my pipe sing to my pipe, sing to my
whilst I play, Sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my
whilst I play, Sing to my pipe sing to my pipe, sing to my
pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe - - - a rounde-
pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe sing to my pipe a rounde-
- - pipe, sing to my pipe, sing to my pipe a rounde-

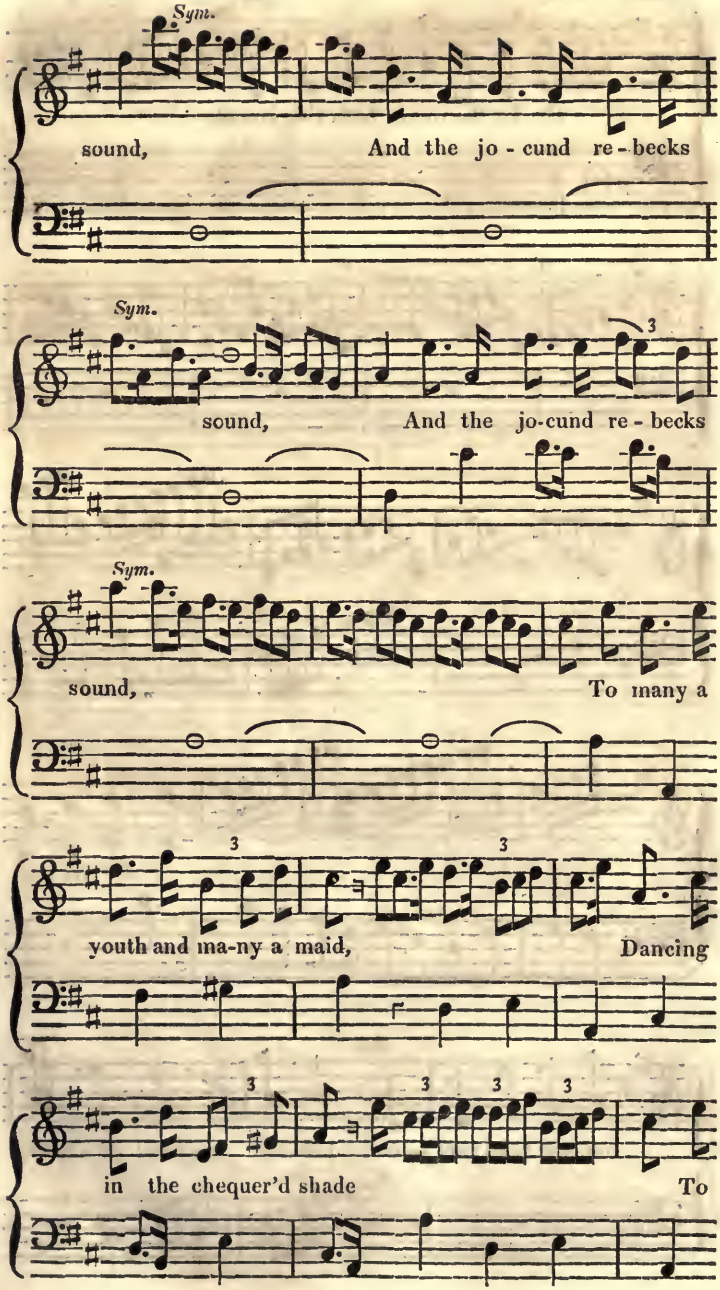
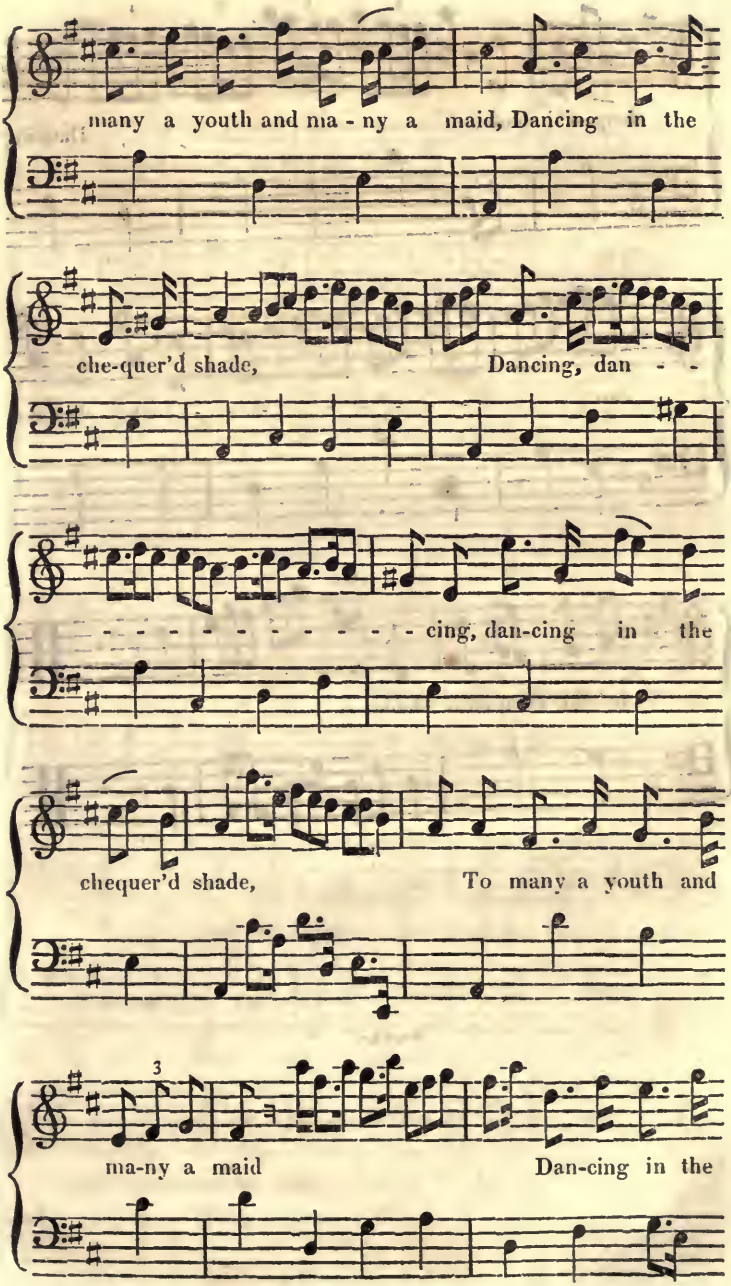
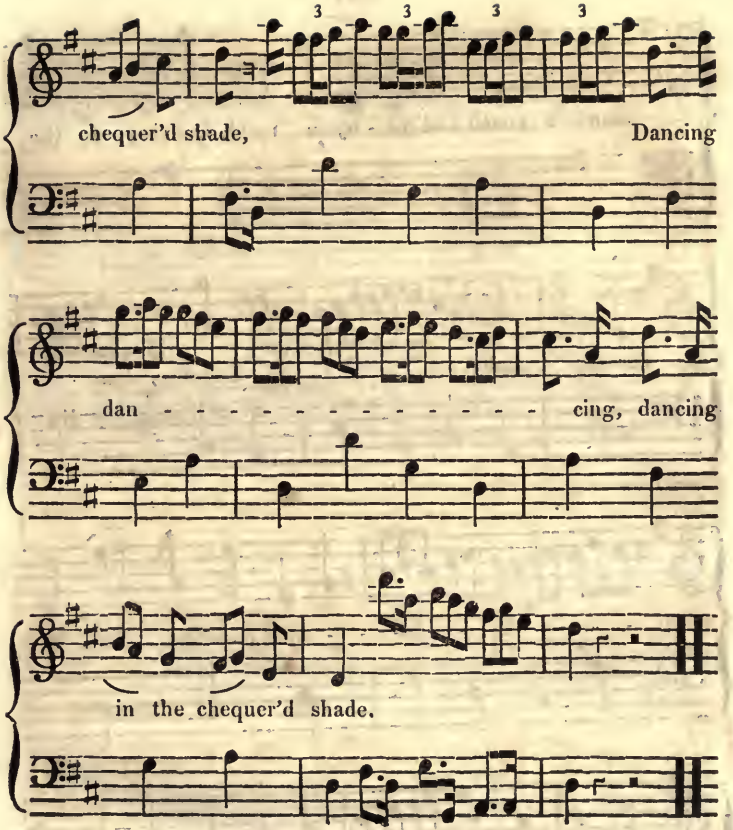


Let me Wander not unseen.

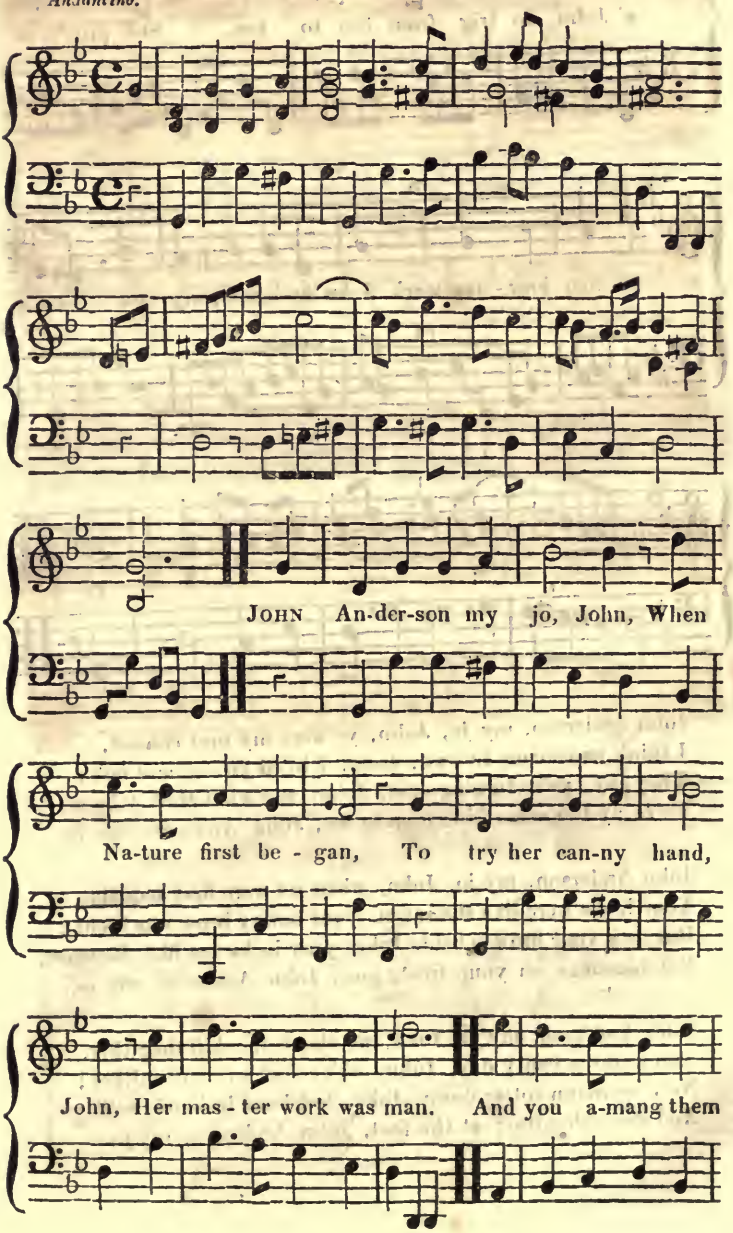
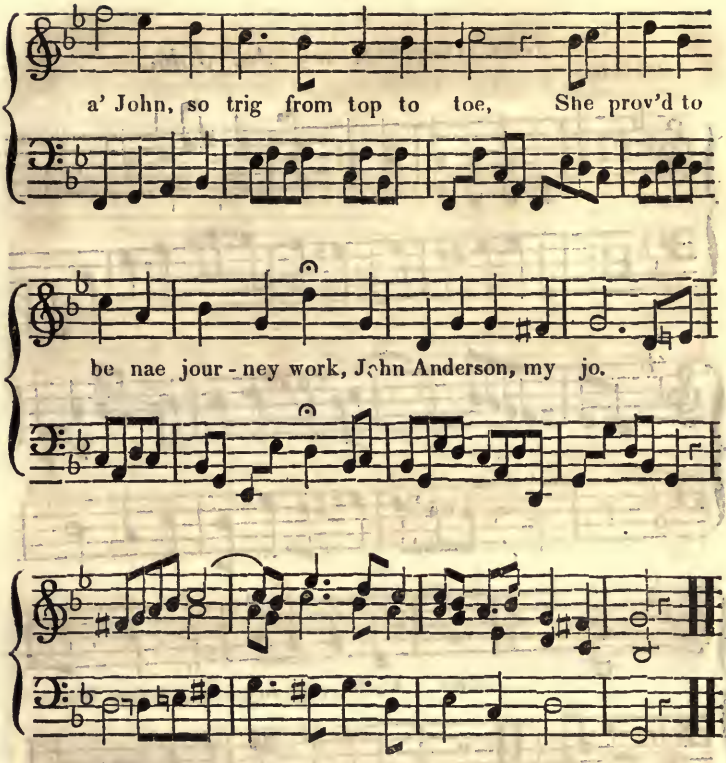
SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS.



Sym.
wan-der not unseen, By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green;
There
the ploughman near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
There the ploughman near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd
Sym.
land.
And the milk-maid

sing - eth blithe, And the mower whets his scythe, And
e - ve-ry shep-herd tells his tale, Un-der the hawthorn in the
Sym.
dale, And e-ve-ry shep-herd tells his
Sym.
tale, Un - der the haw-thorn in the dale.

Andante Allegro.
Sym.
p.
Or let the merry bells ring round,
f.
p.
f.
p.
f.
p.
Or let the
mer-ry bells ring round, And the jo - cund re - becks


Sym.
sound, And the jo - cund re - becks
Sym.
sound, And the jo-cund re - becks
Sym.
sound, To many a
youth and ma-ny a maid, Dancing
in the chequer'd shade To

many a youth and ma - ny a maid, Dancing in the
che-quer'd shade, Dancing, dan - -
- - - - - - - - - - cing, dan-cing in the
chequer'd shade, To many a youth and
3
ma-ny a maid Dan-cing in the

chequer'd shade, Dancing
dan - - - - - - - - - - - - - - cing, dancing
in the chequer'd shade.

John Anderson, my Jo, John.

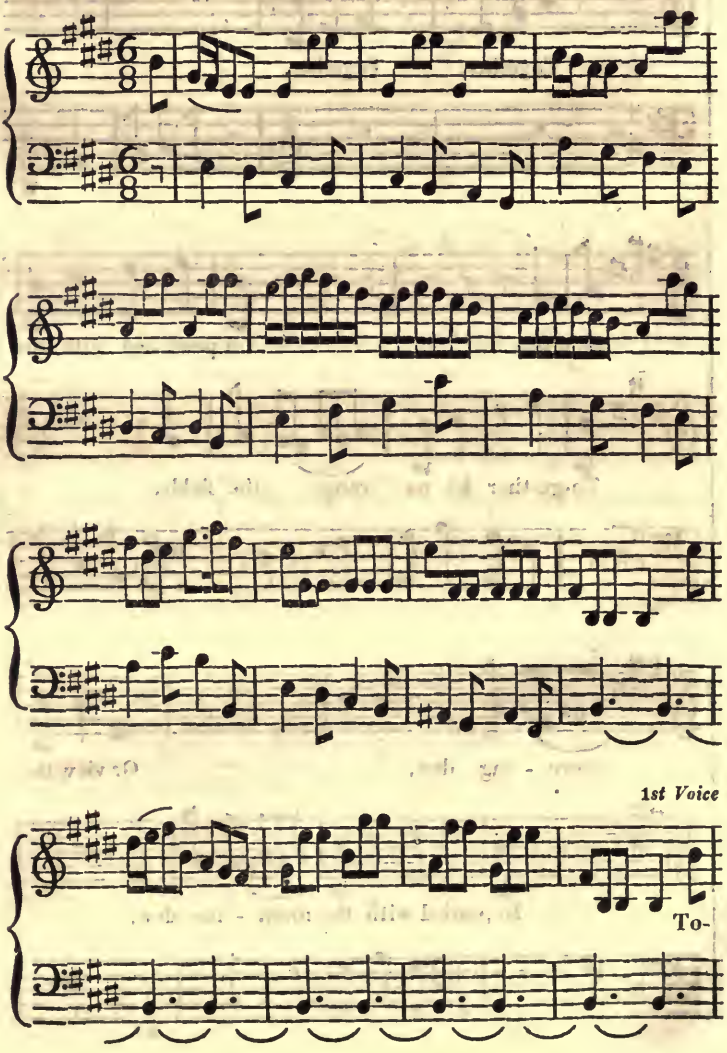
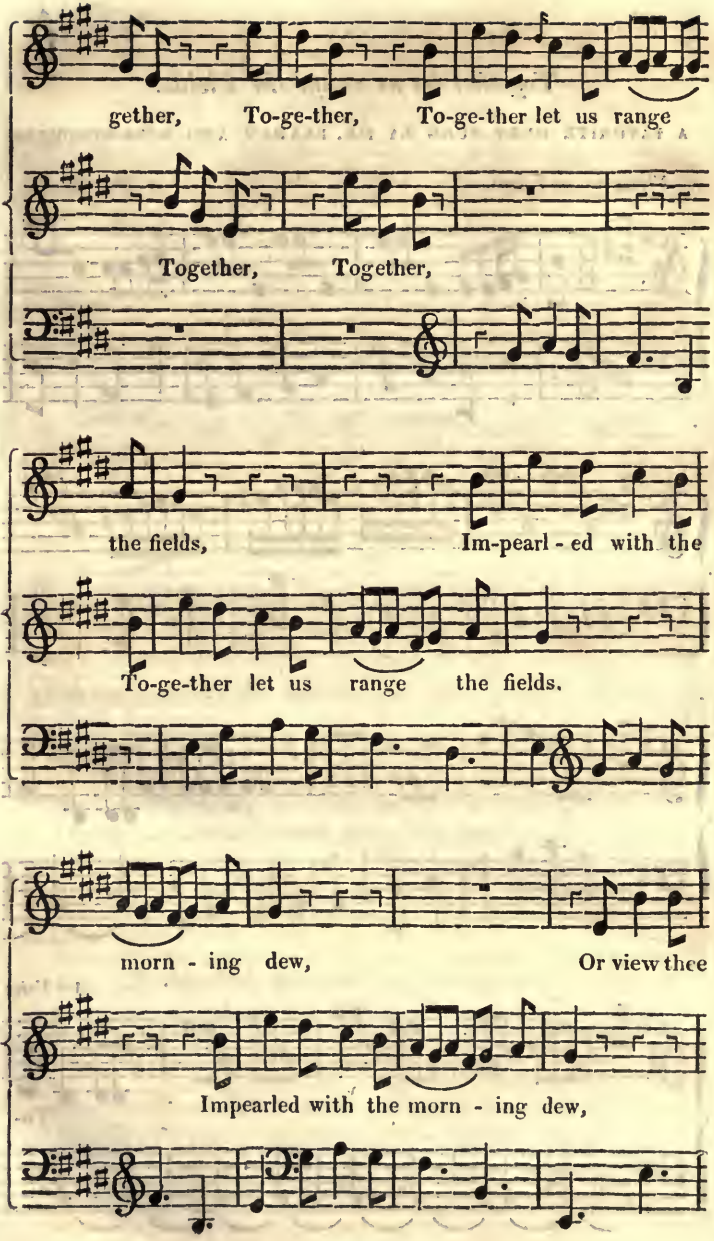
Andantino.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late;
They say, ye're turning auld, John, and what tho' it be so?
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my jo.

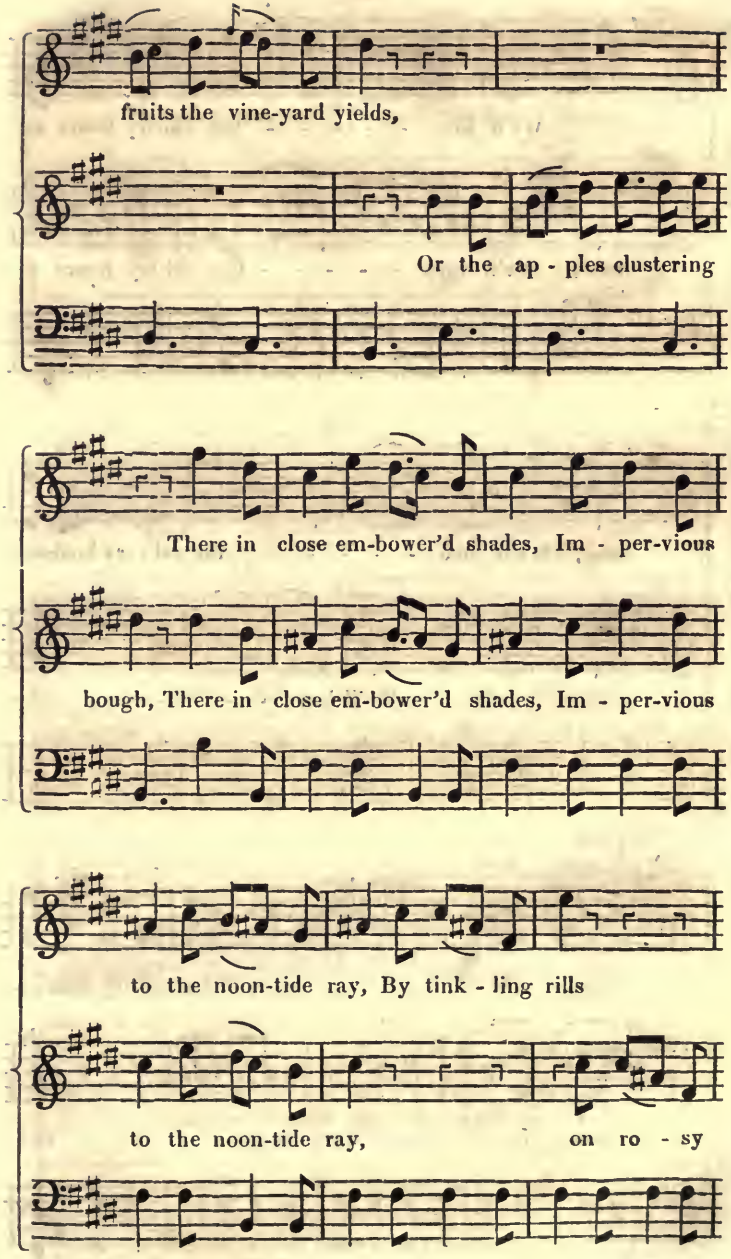
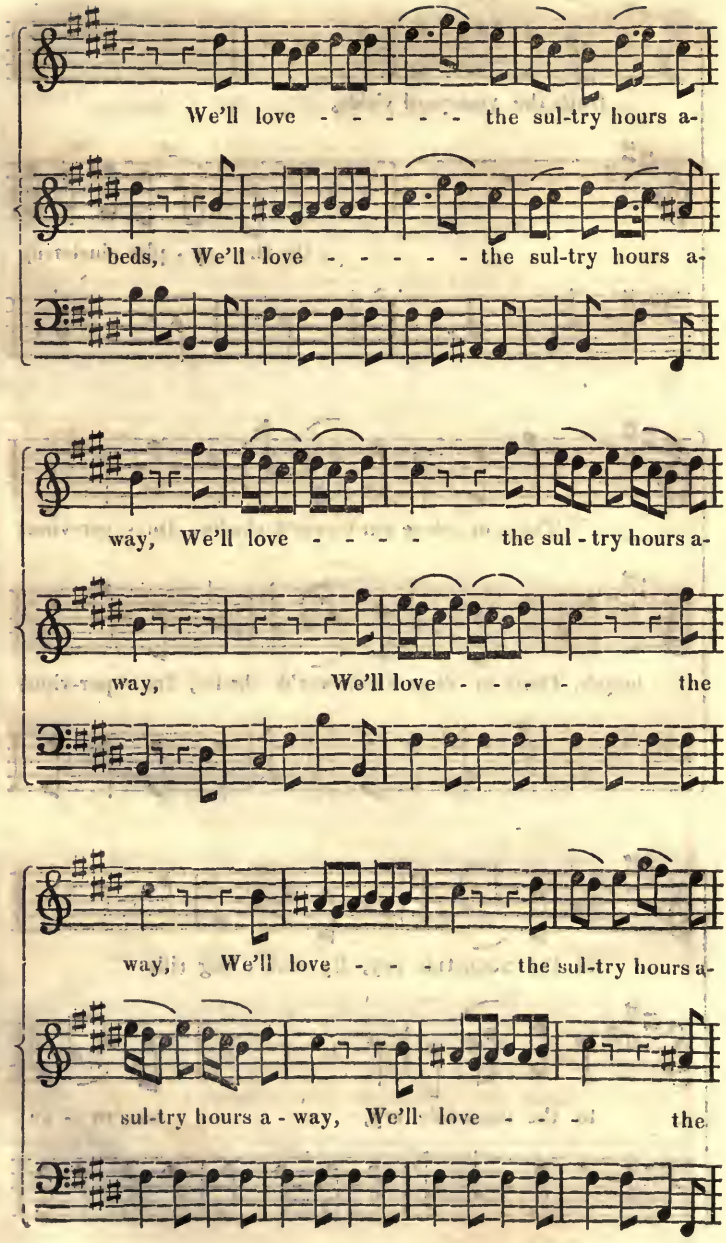
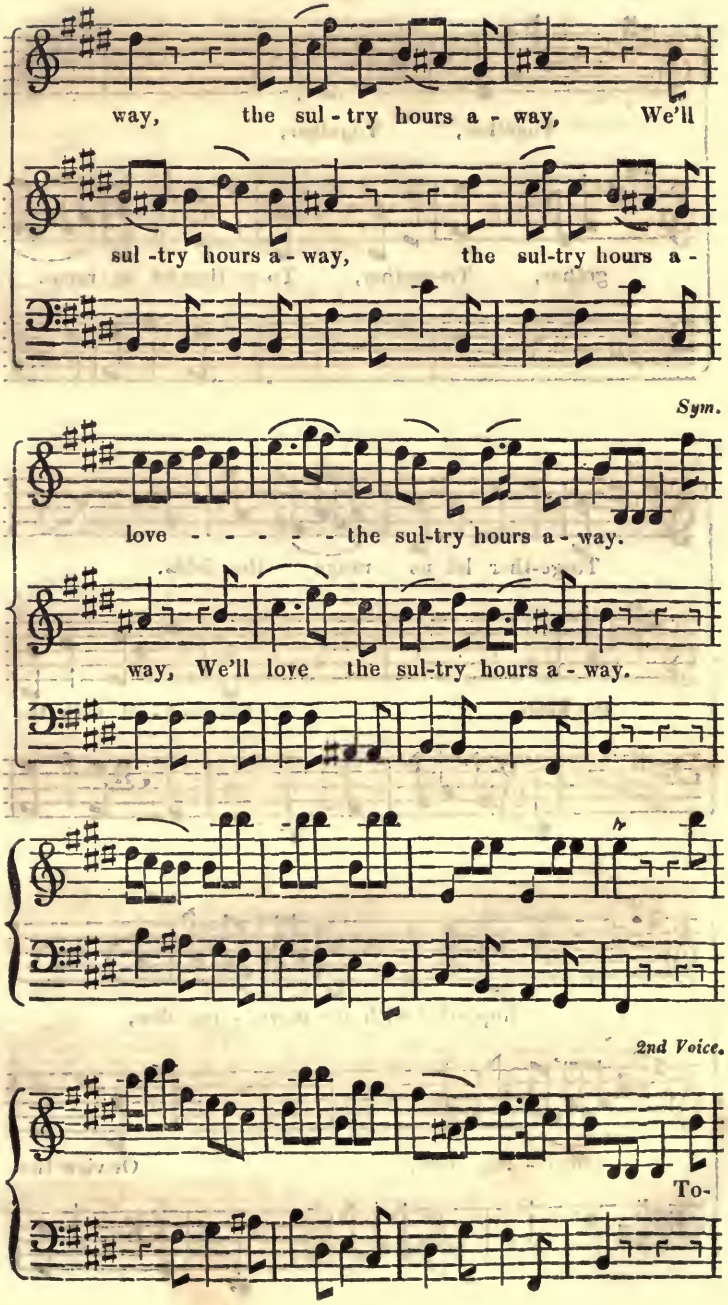
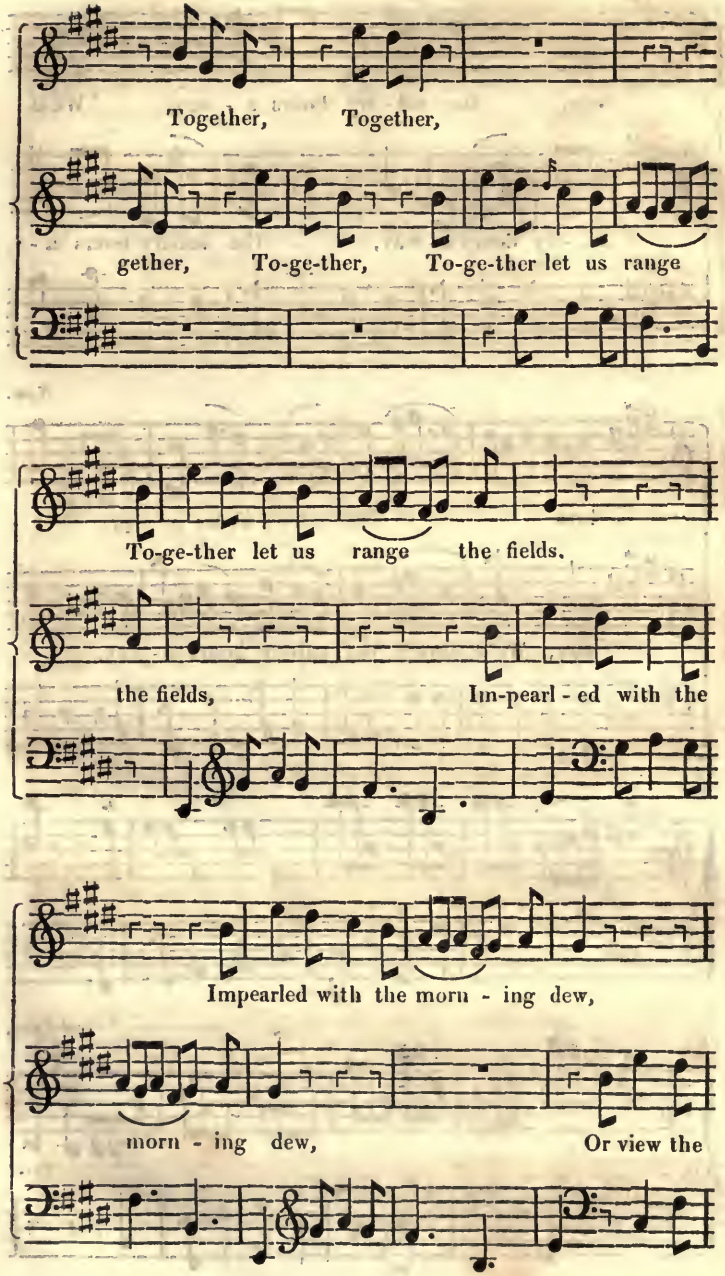
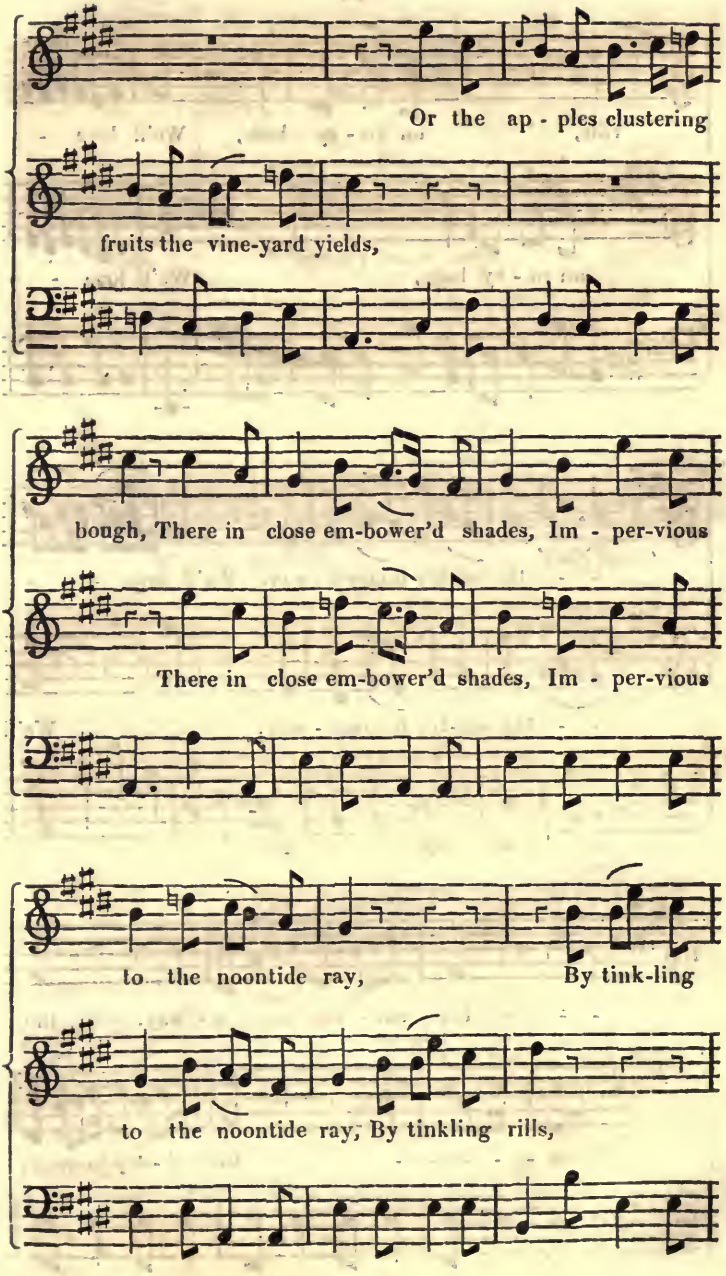
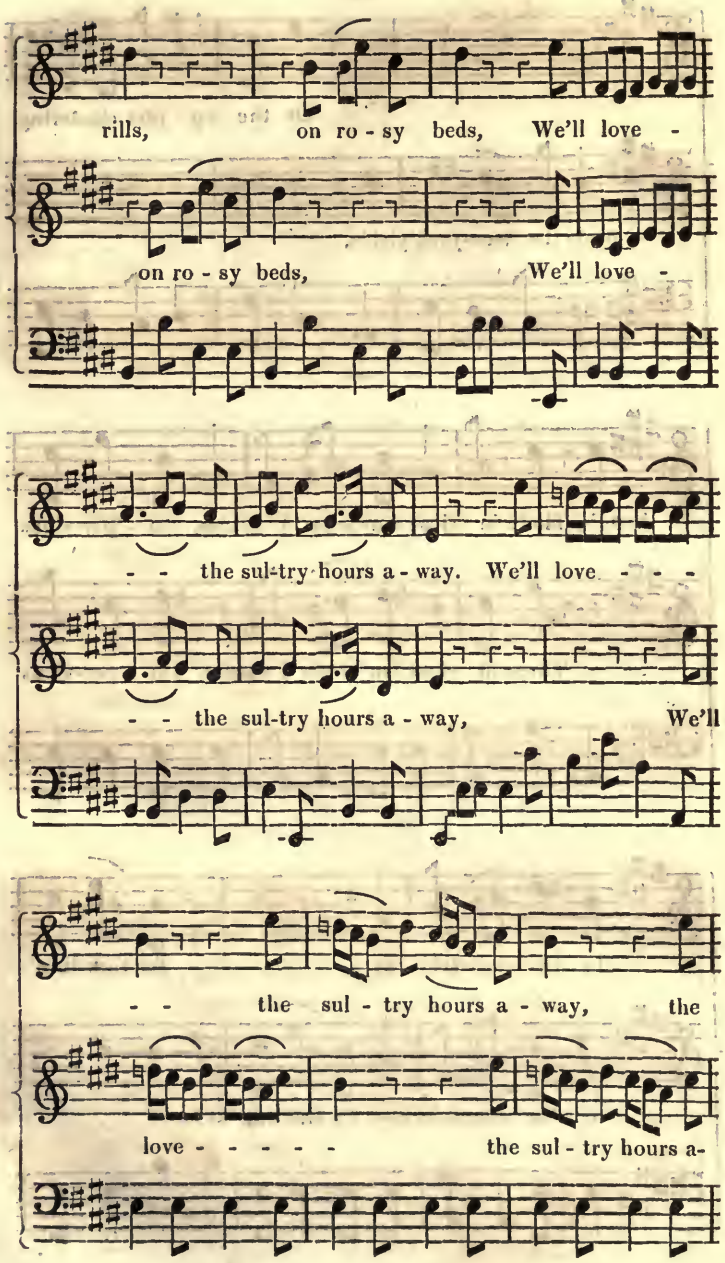
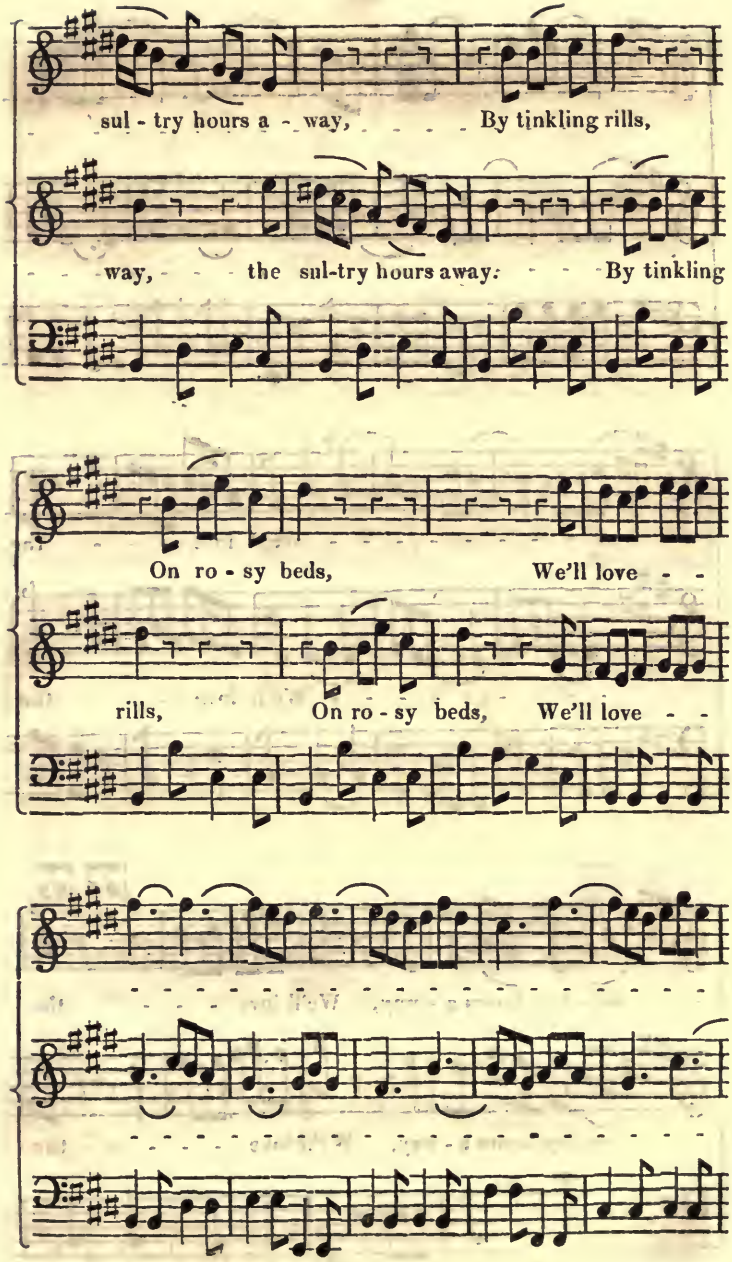
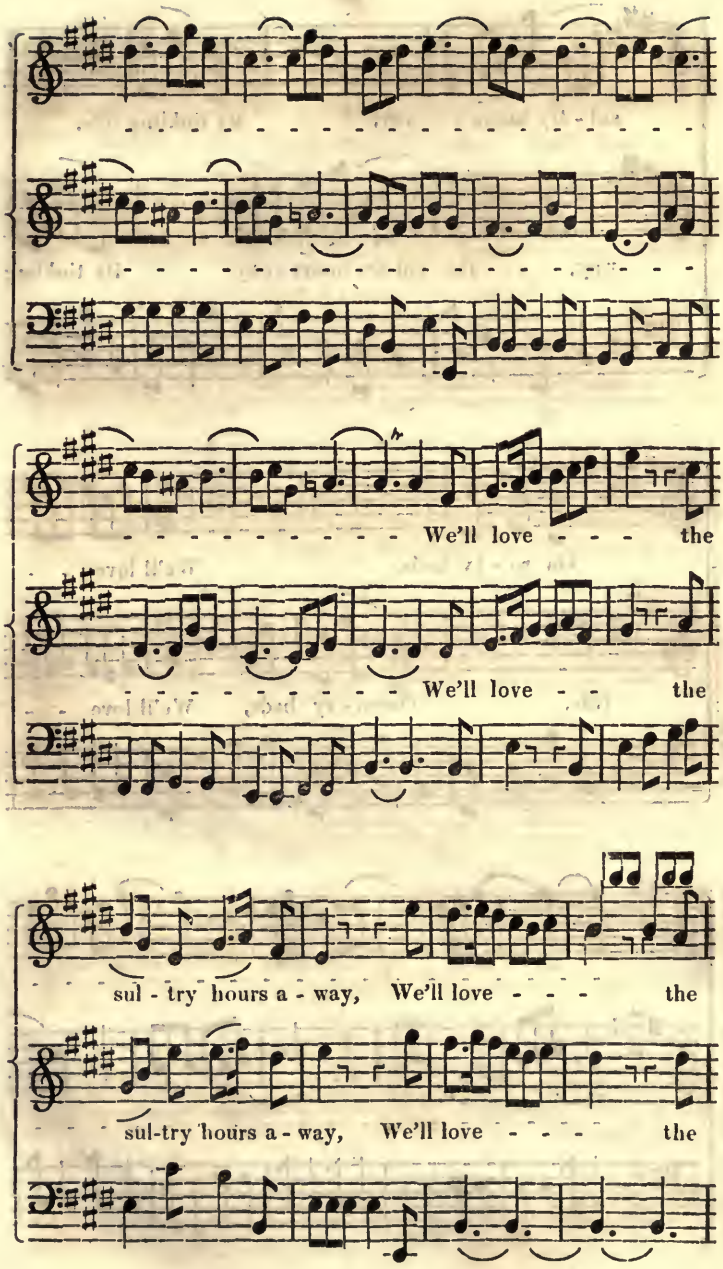
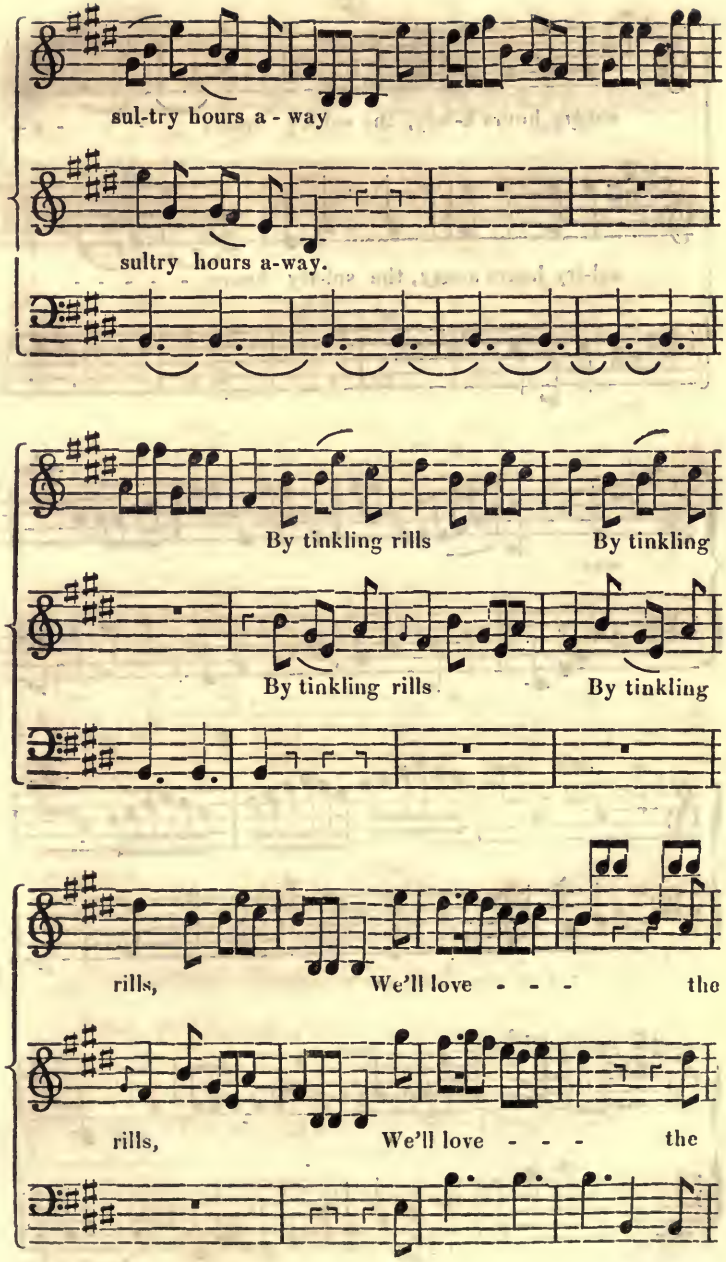
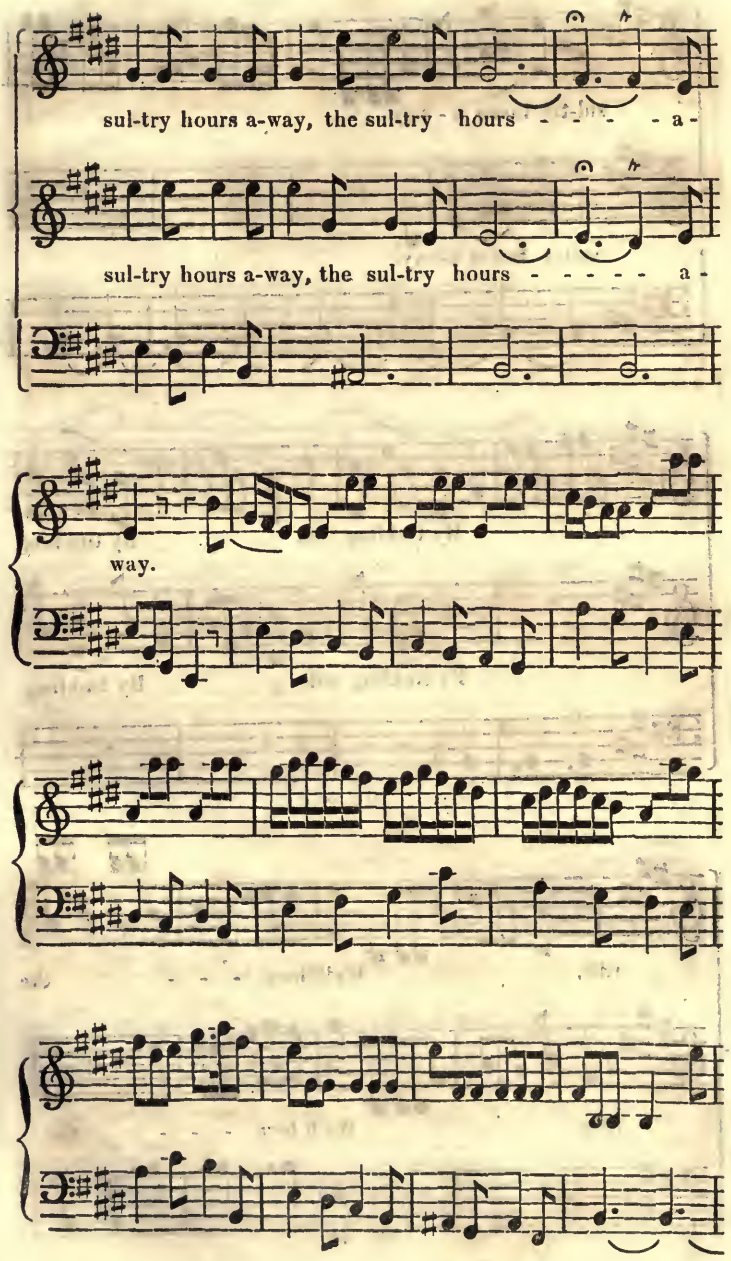
John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo.

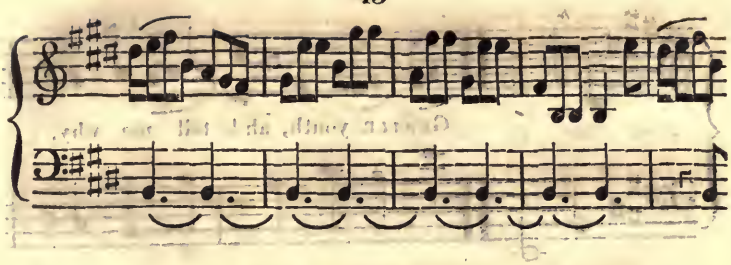
John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

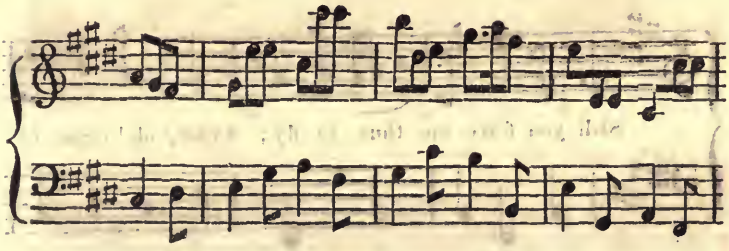
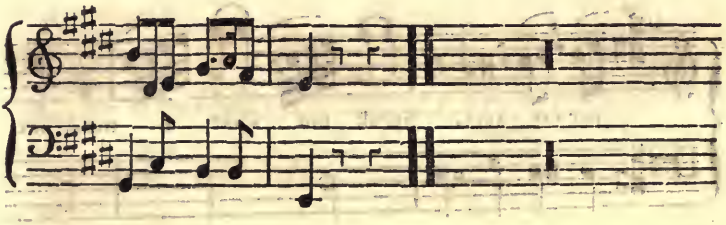
Together let us range the Fields.

A FAVORITE DUET SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM AND MISS STEPHENS.

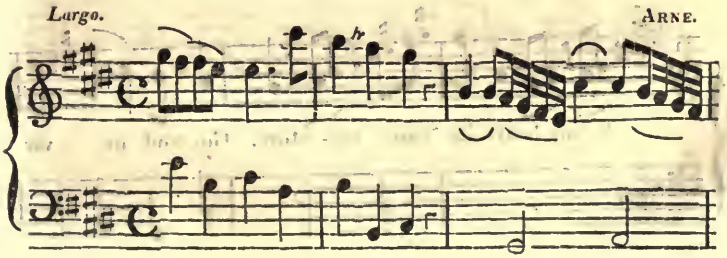
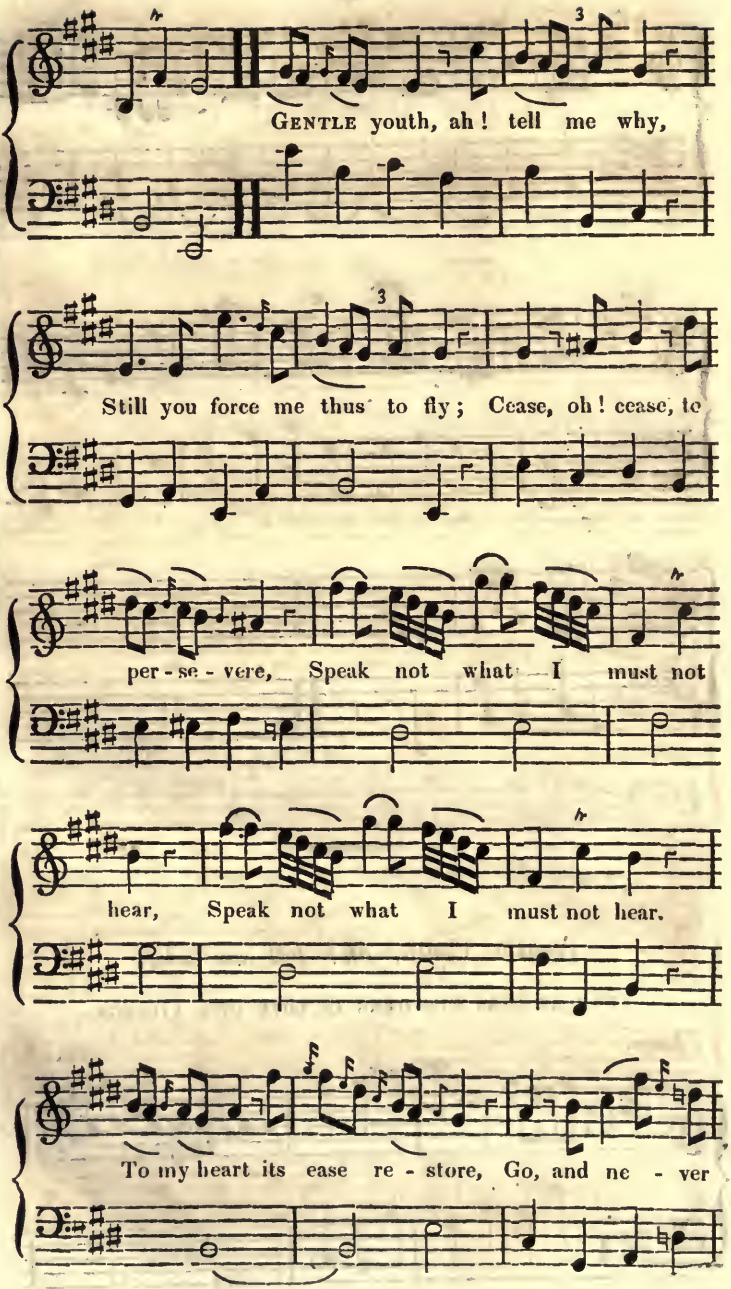
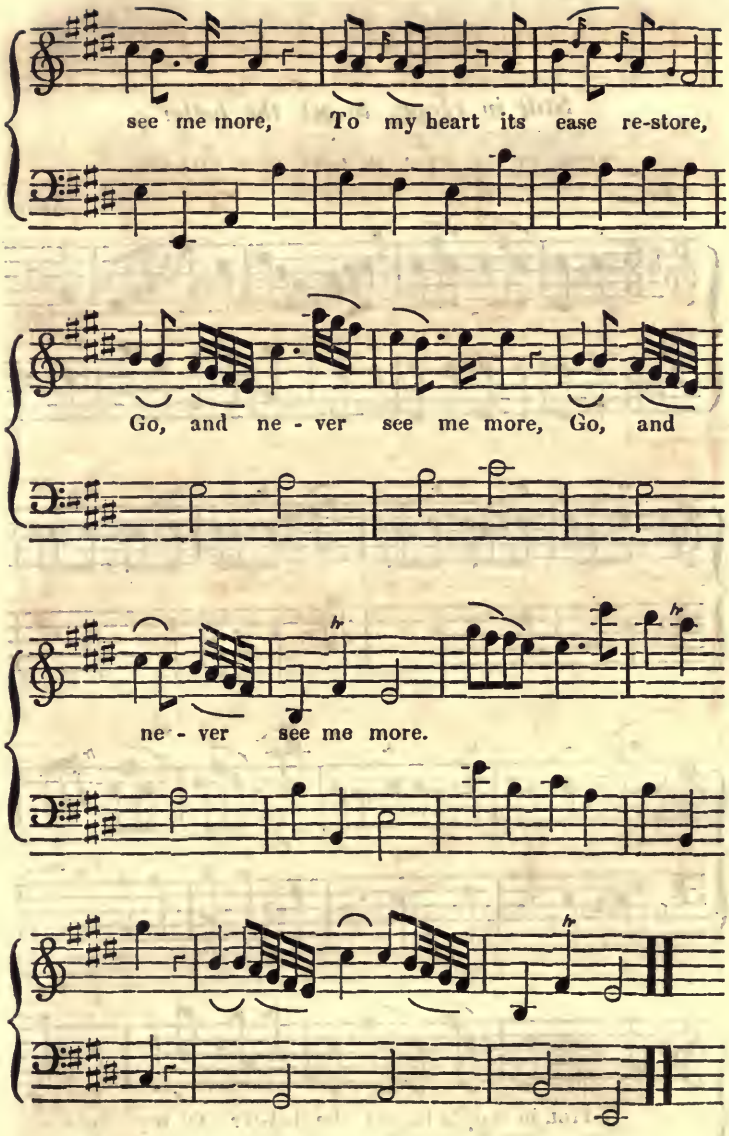
Vivace ma non troppo. DR. BOYCE.

gether, To-ge-ther, To-ge-ther let us range
Together, Together,
the fields, Im-pearl - ed with the
To-ge-ther let us range the fields.
morn - ing dew, Or view thee
Impearled with the morn - ing dew,


fruits the vine-yard yields,
Or the ap - ples clustering
There in close em-bower'd shades, Im - per-vious
bough, There in close em-bower'd shades, Im - per-vious
to the noon-tide ray, By tink - ling rills
to the noon-tide ray, on ro - sy

We'll love - - - - - the sul-try hours a-
beds, We'll love - - - - - the sul-try hours a-
way, We'll love - - - - the sul - try hours a-
way, We'll love - - - - the
way, We'll love - - - - the sul-try hours a-
sul-try hours a - way, We'll love - - - - the

way, the sul - try hours a - way, We'll
sul - try hours a - way, the sul-try hours a -
Sym.
love - - - - - - the sul-try hours a - way.
way, We'll love the sul-try hours a - way.
2nd Voice.
To-

Together, Together,
gether, To-ge-ther, To-ge-ther let us range
To-ge-ther let us range the fields,
the fields, Im-pearl - ed with the
Impearled with the morn - ing dew,
morn - ing dew, Or view the

Or the ap - ples clustering
fruits the vine-yard yields,
bough, There in close em-bower'd shades, Im - per-vious
There in close em-bower'd shades, Im - per-vious
to the noontide ray, By tink-ling
to the noontide ray, By tinkling rills,

rills, on ro - sy beds, We'll love -
on ro - sy beds, We'll love -
- - the sul-try hours a - way. We'll love - - -
- - the sul-try hours a - way, We'll
- - the sul - try hours a - way, the
love - - - - - the sul - try hours a-

sul - try hours a - way, By tinkling rills,
way, the sul-try hours away. By tinkling
On ro - sy beds, We'll love - -
rills, On ro - sy beds, We'll love - -

We'll love - - - the
We'll love - - the
sul - try hours a - way, We'll love - - - the
sul-try hours a - way, We'll love - - - the

sul-try hours a - way
sultry hours a-way.
By tinkling rills By tinkling
By tinkling rills By tinkling
rills, We'll love - - - the
rills, We'll love - - - the

sul-try hours a-way, the sul-try hours - - - - a -
sul-try hours a-way, the sul-try hours - - - - - a -
way.



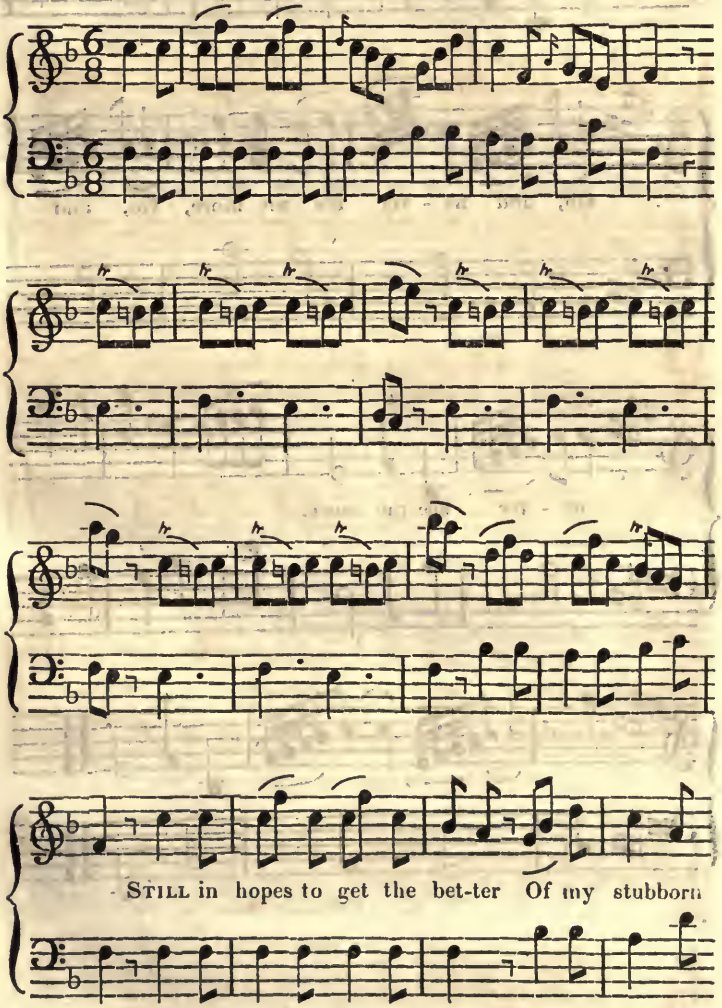
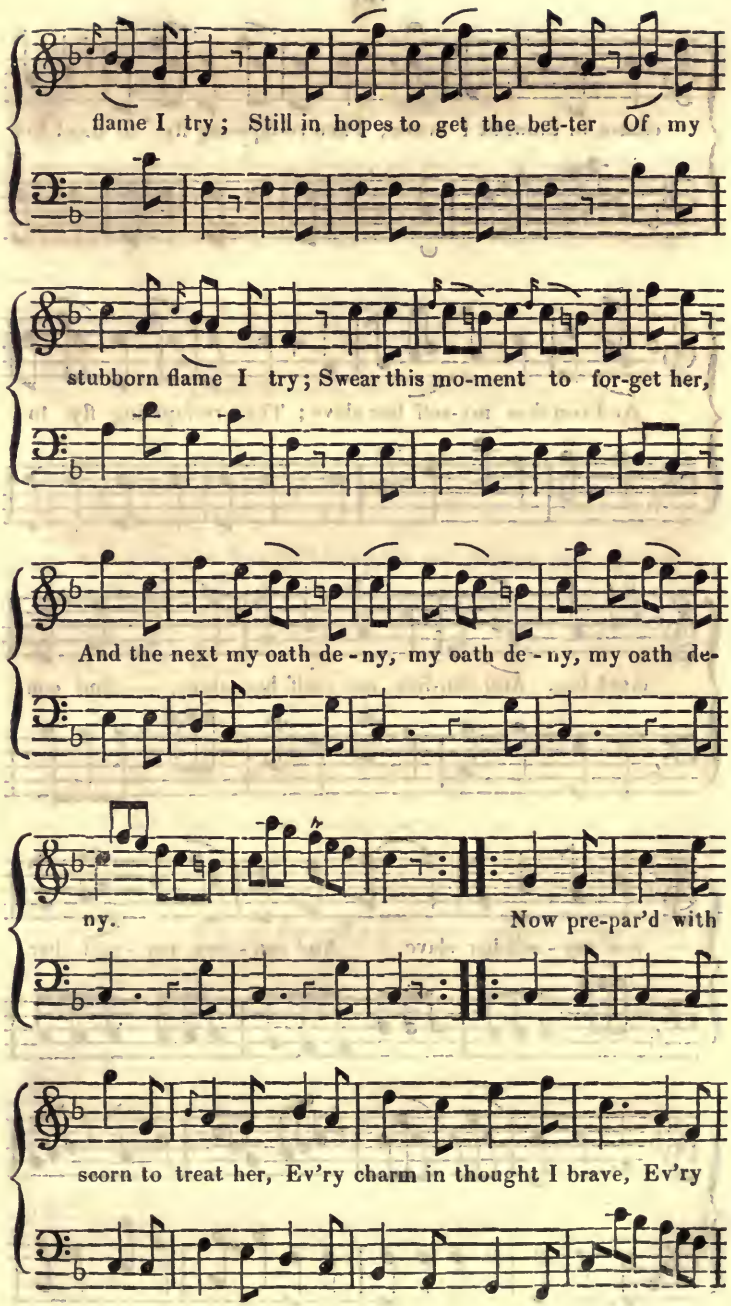
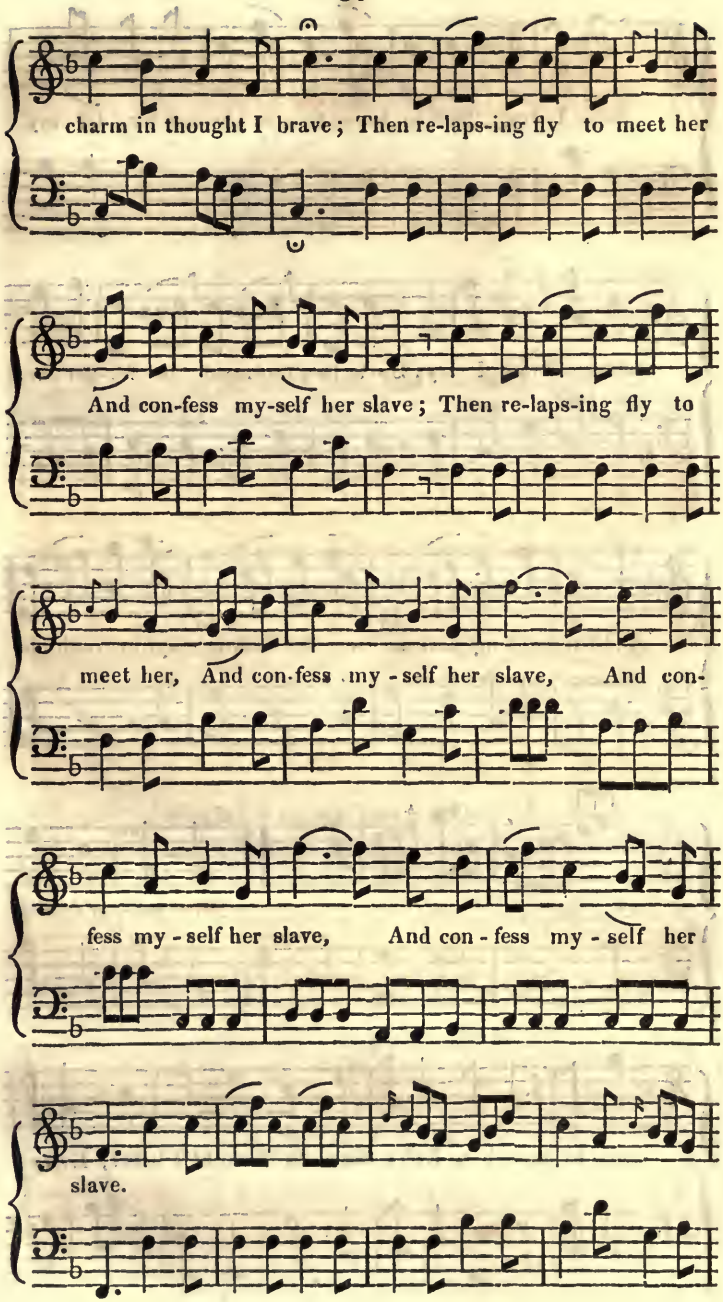


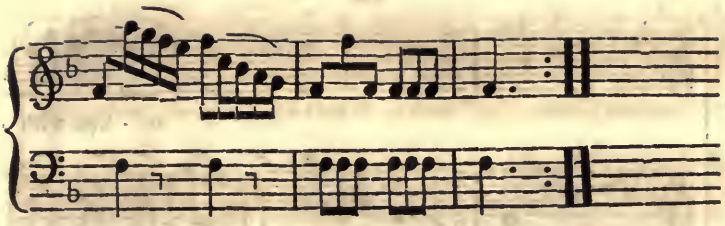
Gentle Youth, ah! tell me why.

SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Gentle youth, ah! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly; Cease, oh! cease, to
per - se - vere, Speak not what I must not
hear, Speak not what I must not hear.
To my heart its ease re - store, Go, and ne - ver

see me more, To my heart its ease re-store,
Go, and ne - ver see me more, Go, and
ne - ver see me more.

Still in Hopes to get the better.

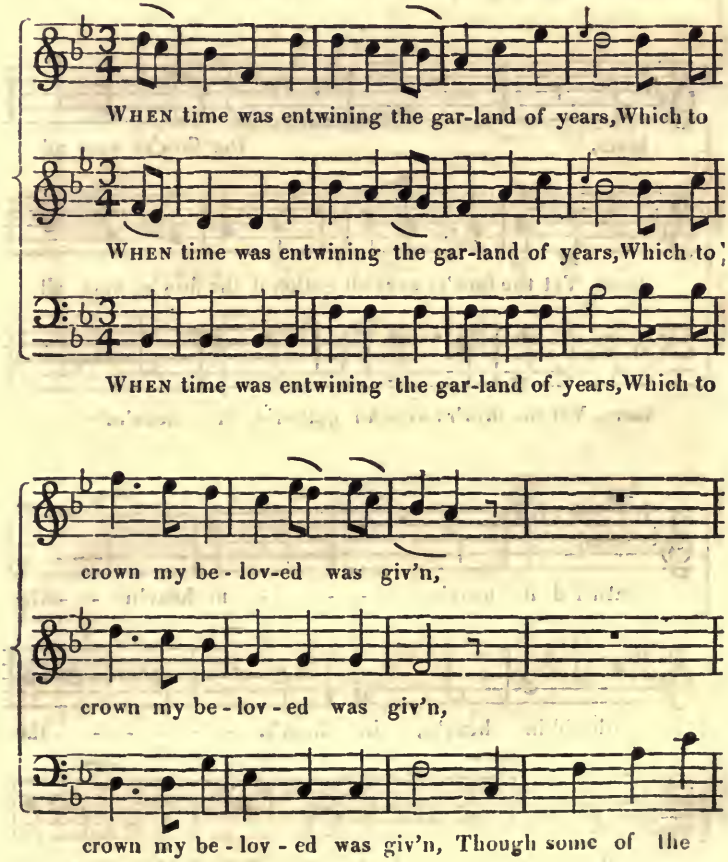
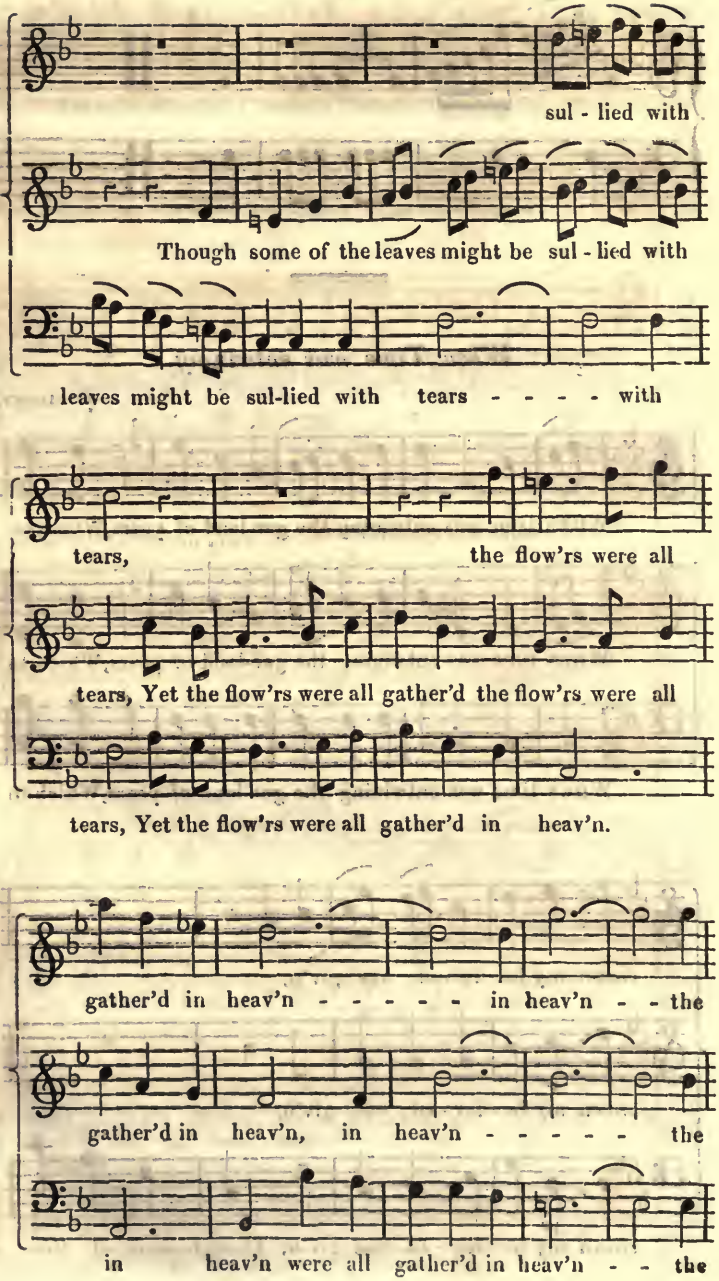
SUNG BY MR. PYNE IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

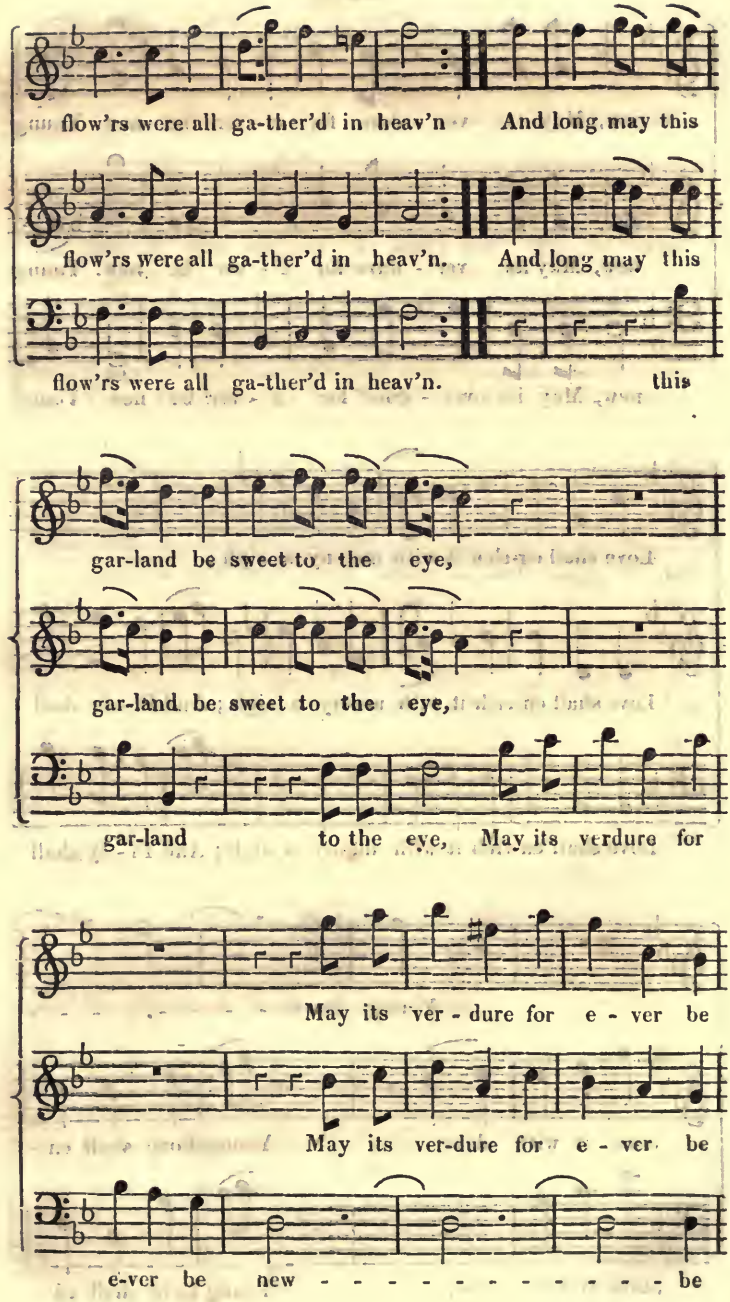
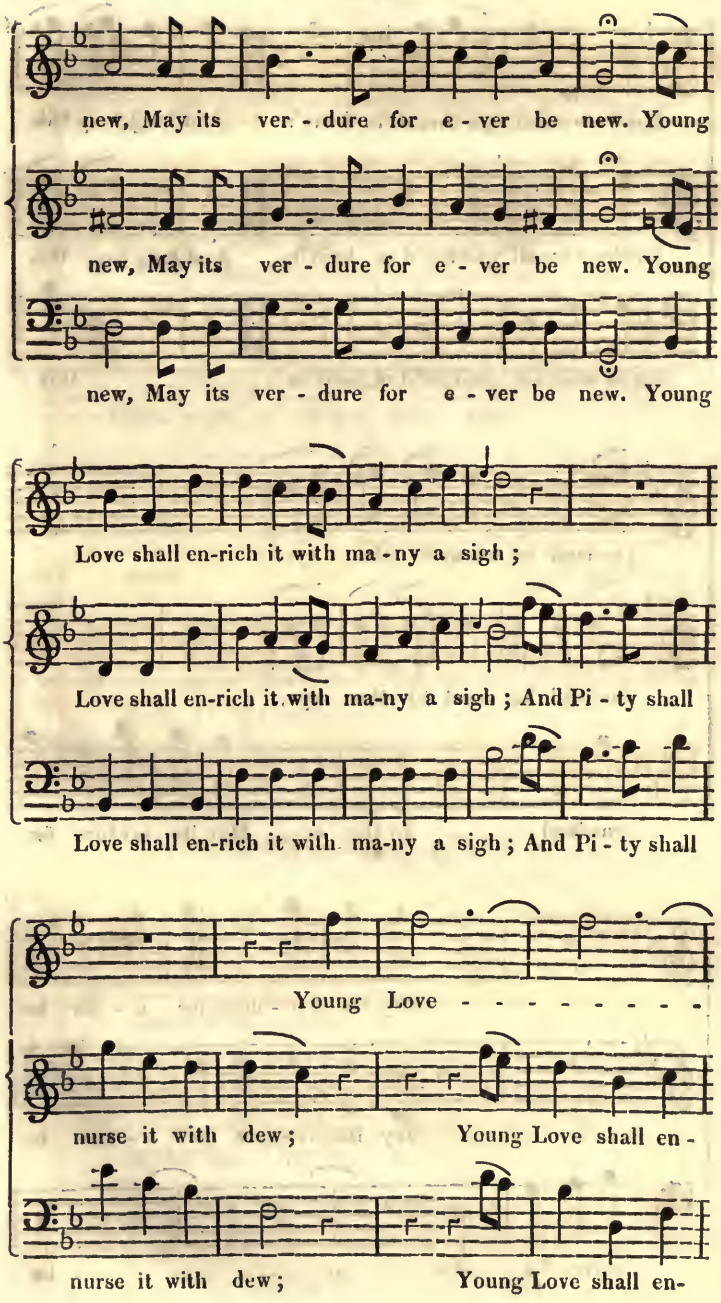
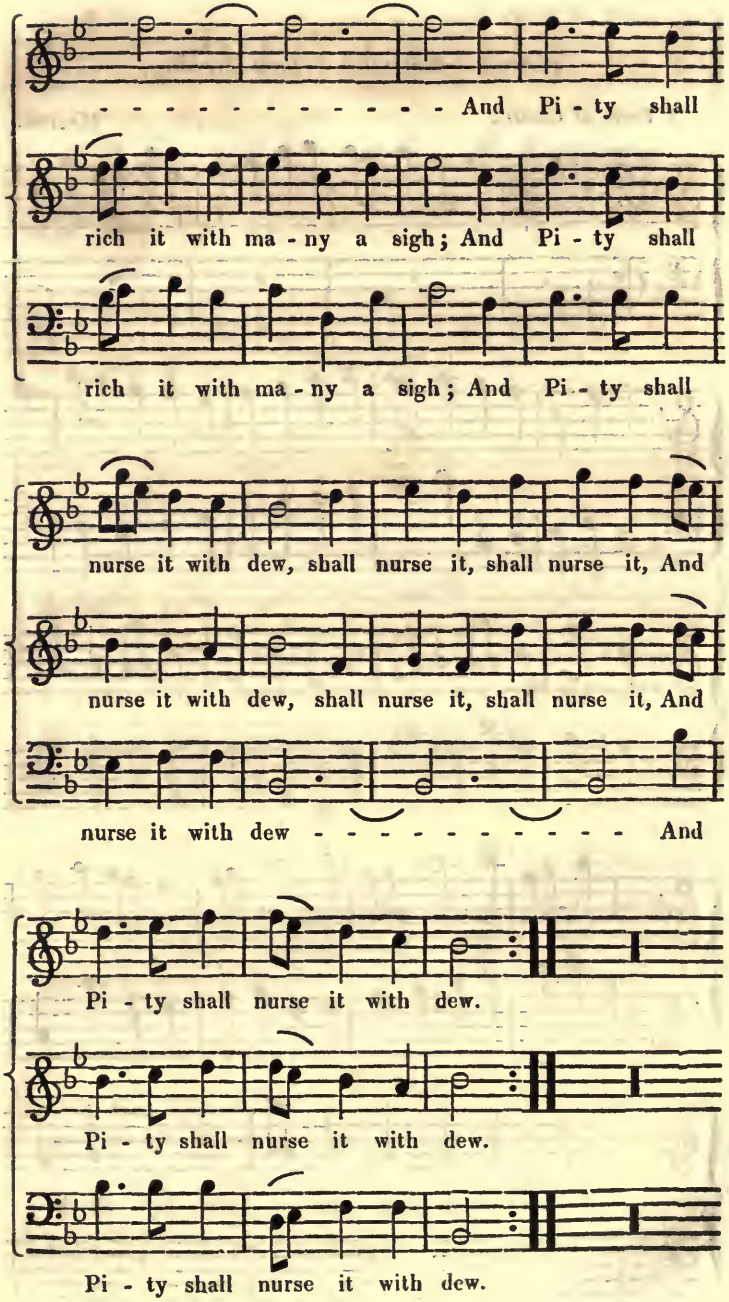
All.gro. ARNE

flame I try; Still in hopes to get the bet-ter Of my
stubborn flame I try; Swear this mo-ment to for-get her,
And the next my oath de-ny, my oath de-ny, my oath de-
ny. Now pre-par'd with
scorn to treat her, Ev'ry charm in thought I brave, Ev'ry

charm in thought I brave; Then re-laps-ing fly to meet her
And con-fess my-self her slave; Then re-laps-ing fly to
meet her, And con-fess my-self her slave, And con-
fess my-self her slave, And con-fess my-self her
slave.



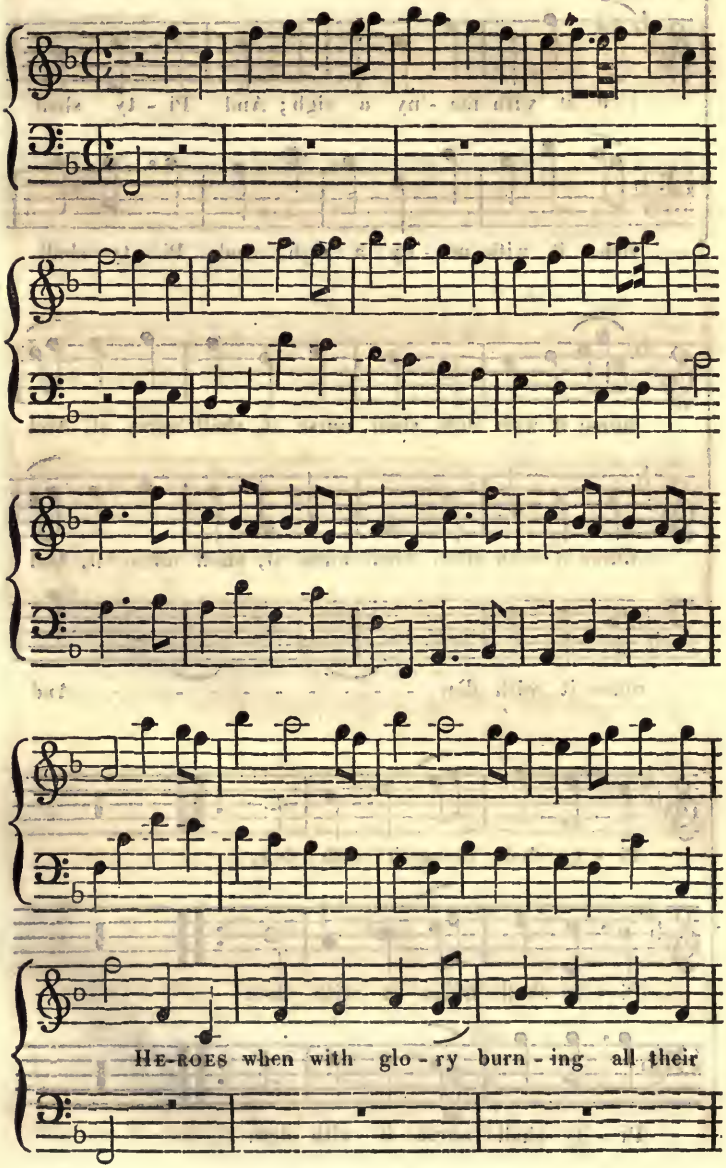
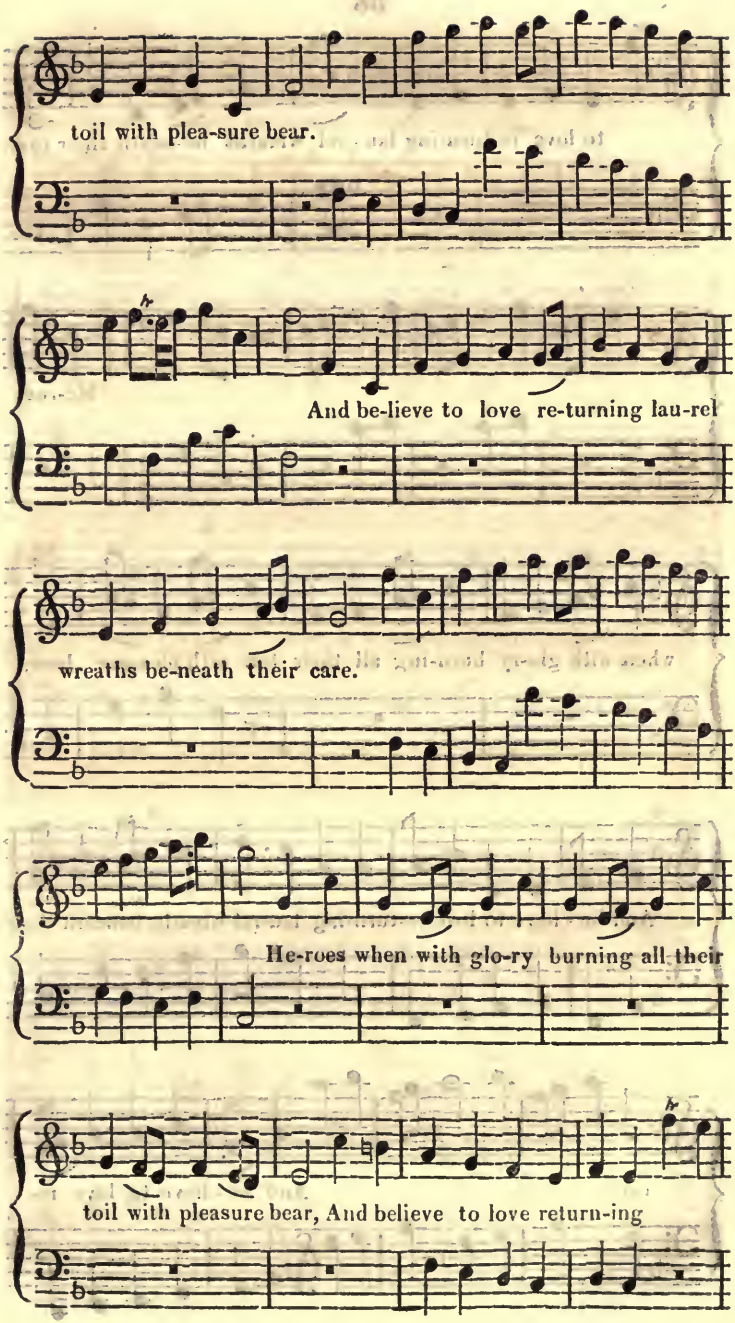
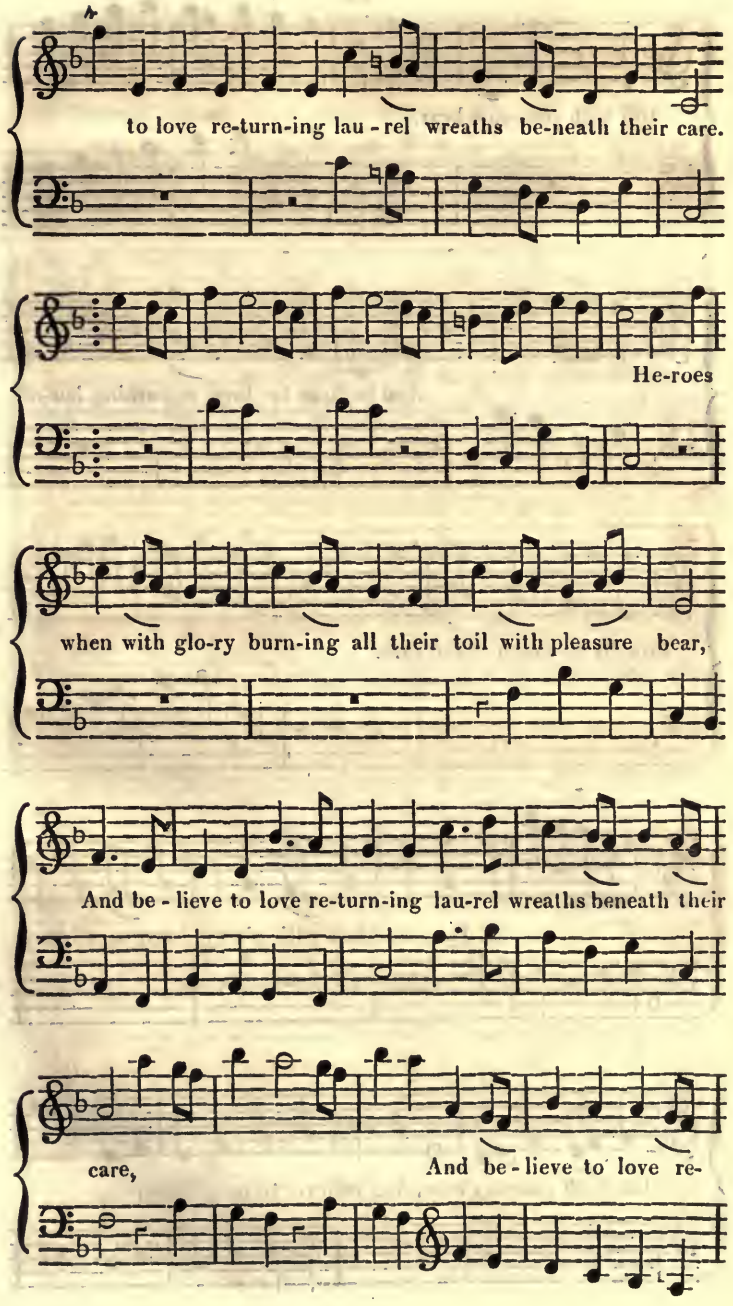
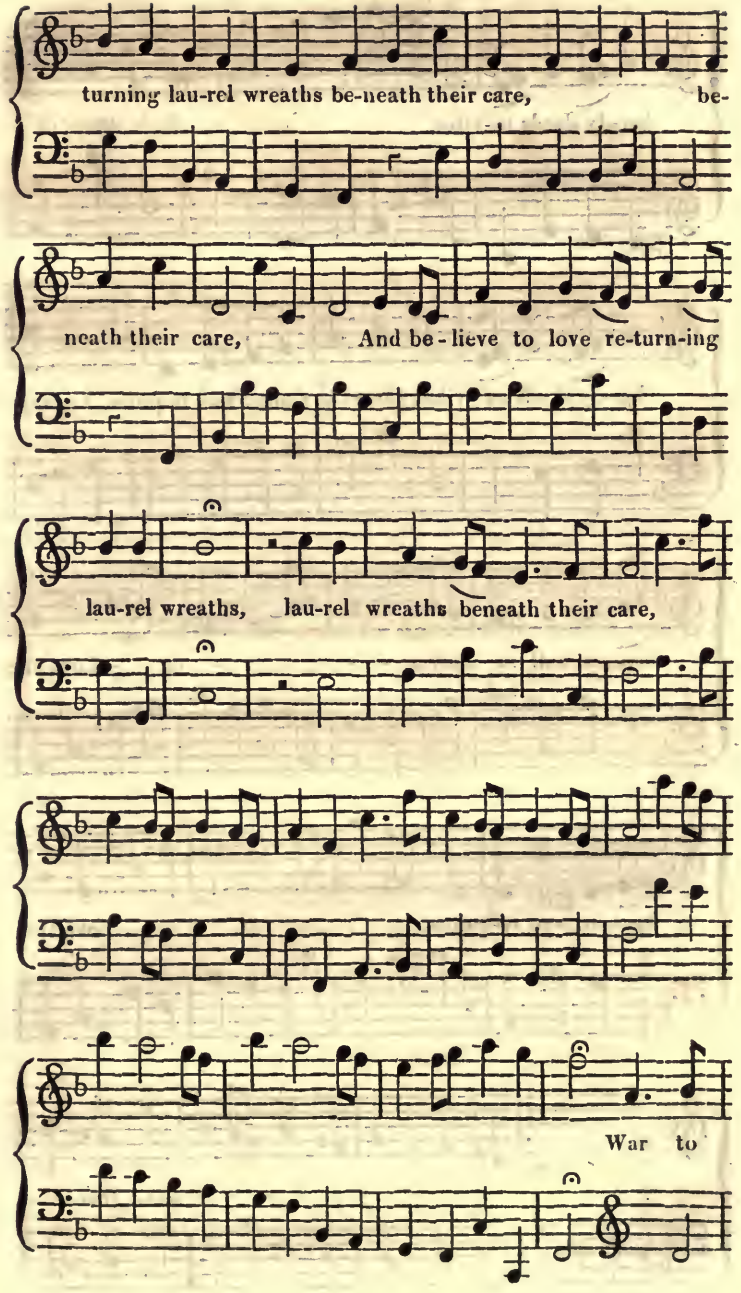
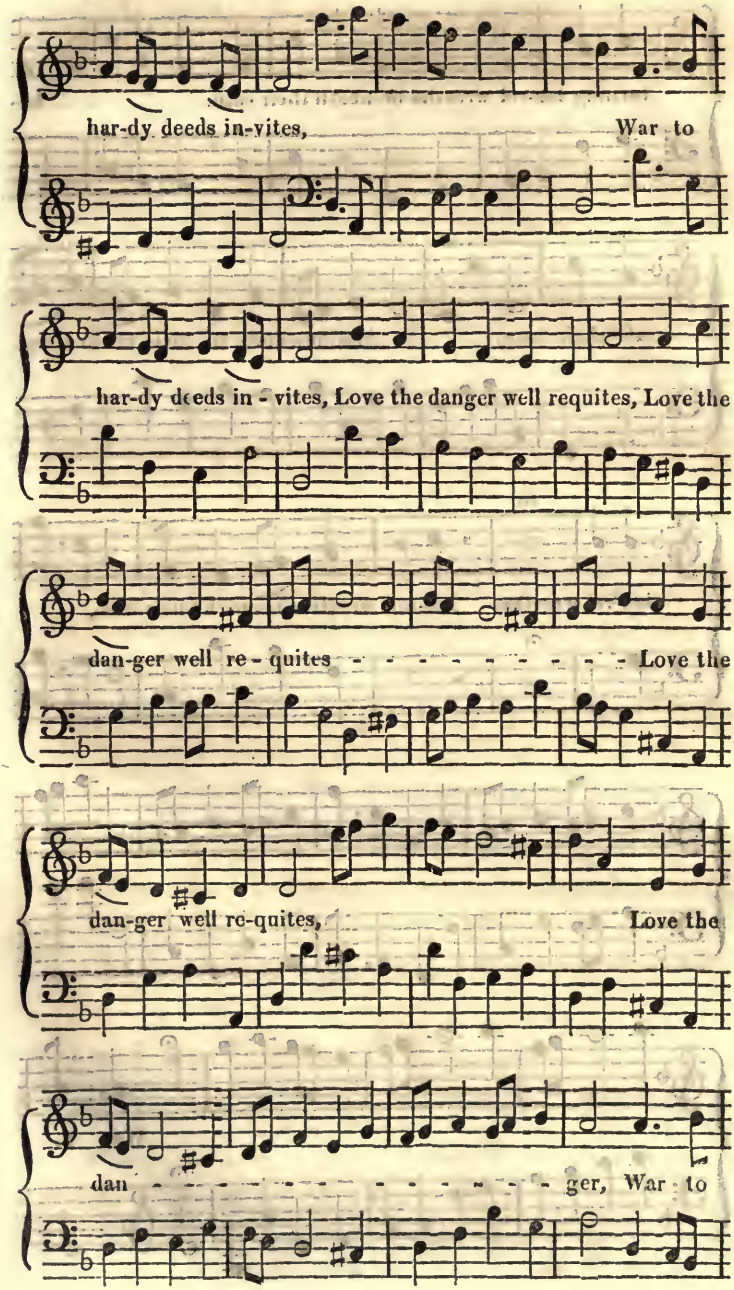
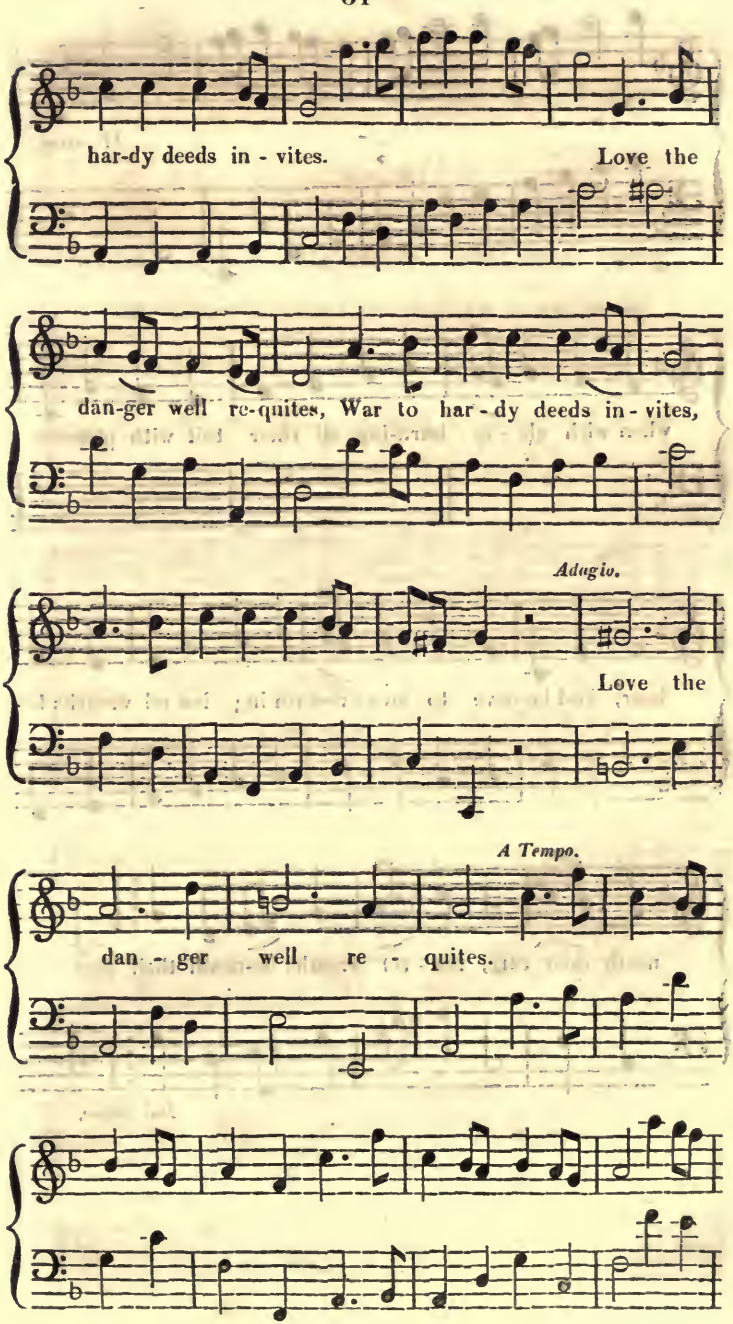
When Time was entwining.

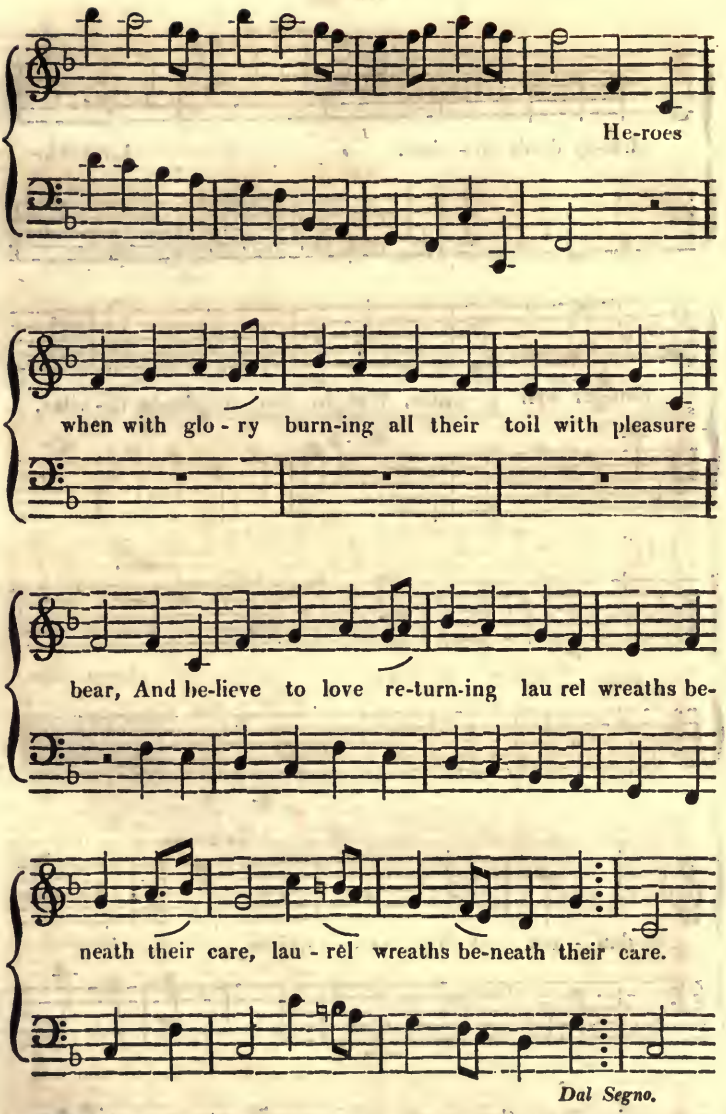
CALLCOTT.



sul - lied with
Though some of the leaves might be sul - lied with
leaves might be sul-lied with tears - - - - with
tears, the flow'rs were all
tears, Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd the flow'rs were all
tears, Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heav'n.
gather'd in heav'n - - - - - in heav'n - - the
gather'd in heav'n, in heav'n - - - - - the
in heav'n were all gather'd in heav'n - - the

flow'rs were all ga-ther'd in heav'n And long may this
flow'rs were all ga-ther'd in heav'n. And long may this
flow'rs were all ga-ther'd in heav'n. this
gar-land be sweet to the eye,
gar-land be sweet to the eye,
gar-land to the eye, May its verdure for
May its ver - dure for e - ver be
May its ver-dure for e - ver be
e-ver be new - - - - - - - - - - - be

new, May its ver - dure for e - ver be new. Young
new, May its ver - dure for e - ver be new. Young
new, May its ver - dure for e - ver be new. Young
Love shall en-rich it with ma - ny a sigh ;
Love shall en-rich it with ma-ny a sigh ; And Pi - ty shall
Love shall en-rich it with ma-ny a sigh ; And Pi - ty shall
Young Love - - - - - - - -
nurse it with dew ; Young Love shall en -
nurse it with dew ; Young Love shall en-

- - - - - - - - - - - - And Pi - ty shall
rich it with ma - ny a sigh; And Pi - ty shall
rich it with ma - ny a sigh; And Pi - ty shall
nurse it with dew, shall nurse it, shall nurse it, And
nurse it with dew, shall nurse it, shall nurse it, And
nurse it with dew - - - - - - - - - - - And
Pi - ty shall nurse it with dew.
Pi - ty shall nurse it with dew.
Pi - ty shall nurse it with dew.

Heroes when with Glory burning.

A Tempo di Gavotta. HANDEL.

toil with plea-sure bear.
And be-lieve to love re-turning lau-rel
wreaths be-neath their care.
He-roes when with glo-ry burning all their
toil with pleasure bear, And believe to love return-ing

to love re-turn-ing lau-rel wreaths be-neath their care.
He-roes
when with glo-ry burn-ing all their toil with pleasure bear,
And be-lieve to love re-turn-ing lau-rel wreaths beneath their
care,
And be-lieve to love re-

turning lau-rel wreaths be-neath their care, be-
neath their care, And be-lieve to love re-turn-ing
lau-rel wreaths, lau-rel wreaths beneath their care,
War to

har-dy deeds in-vites, War to
har-dy deeds in - vites, Love the danger well requites, Love the
dan-ger well re - quites - - - - - - - - - Love the
dan-ger well re-quites, Love the
dan - - - - - - - - - - - - - ger, War to

har-dy deeds in - vites. Love the
dan-ger well re-quites, War to har - dy deeds in - vites,
Adagio.
Love the
A Tempo.
dan - ger well re - quites.


He-roes
when with glo - ry burn-ing all their toil with pleasure
bear, And be-lieve to love re-turn-ing lau rel wreaths be-
neath their care, lau - rel wreaths be-neath their care.
Dal Segno.

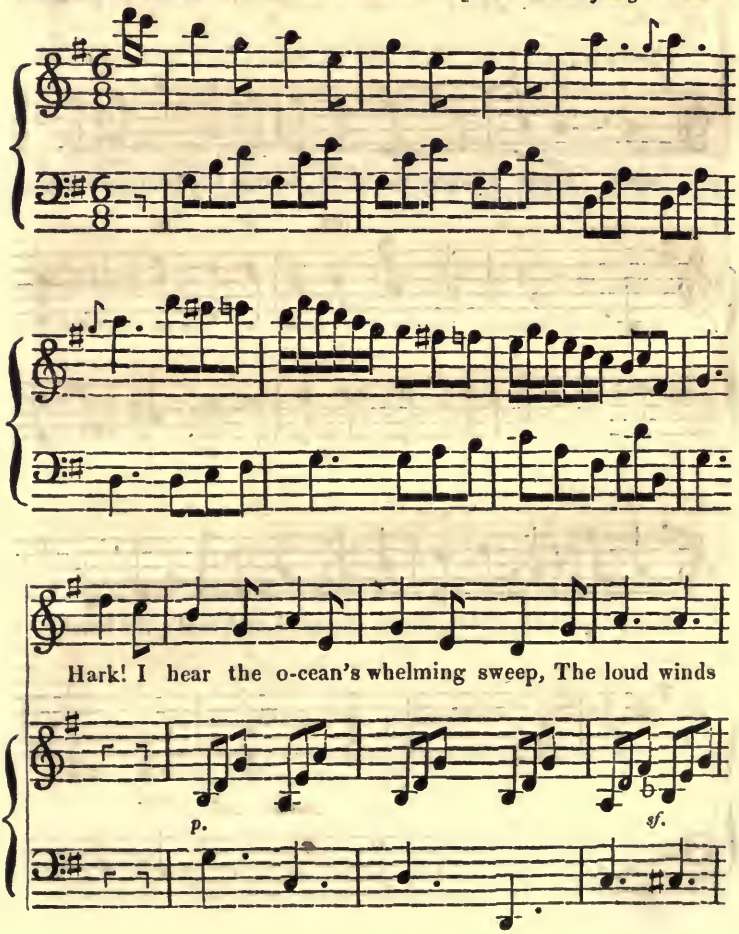
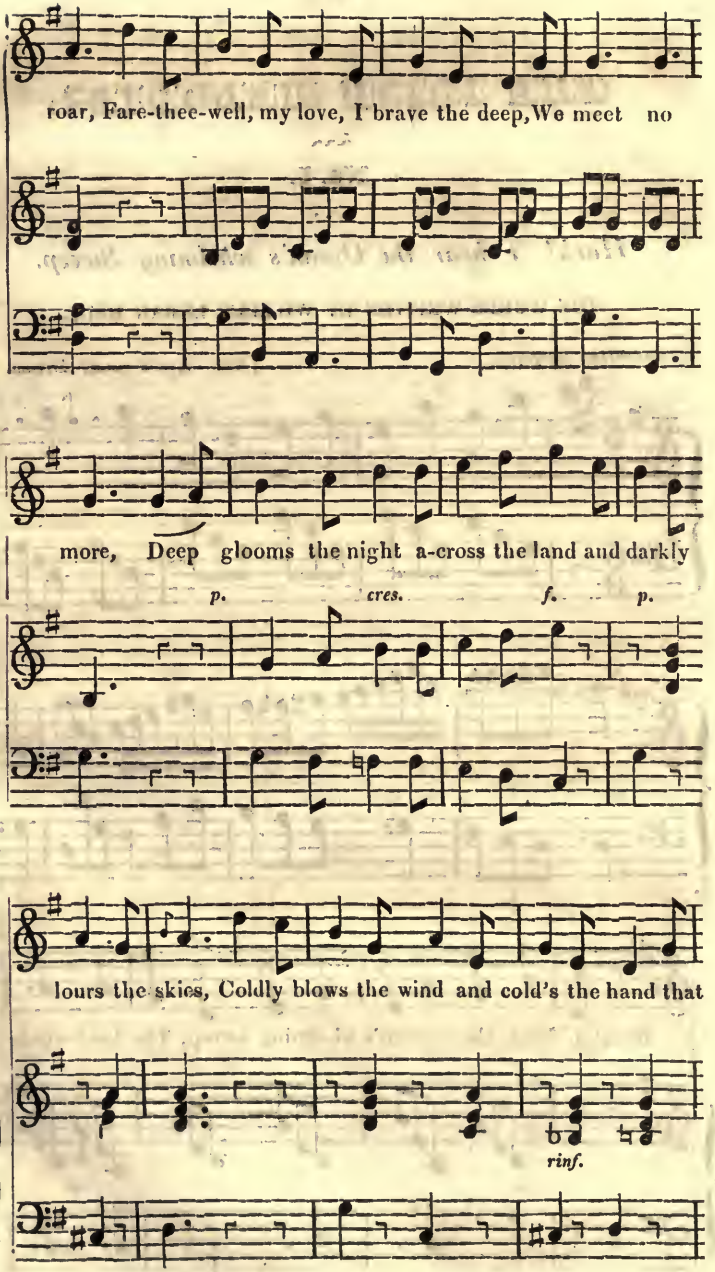
THE IRISH MELODIES.

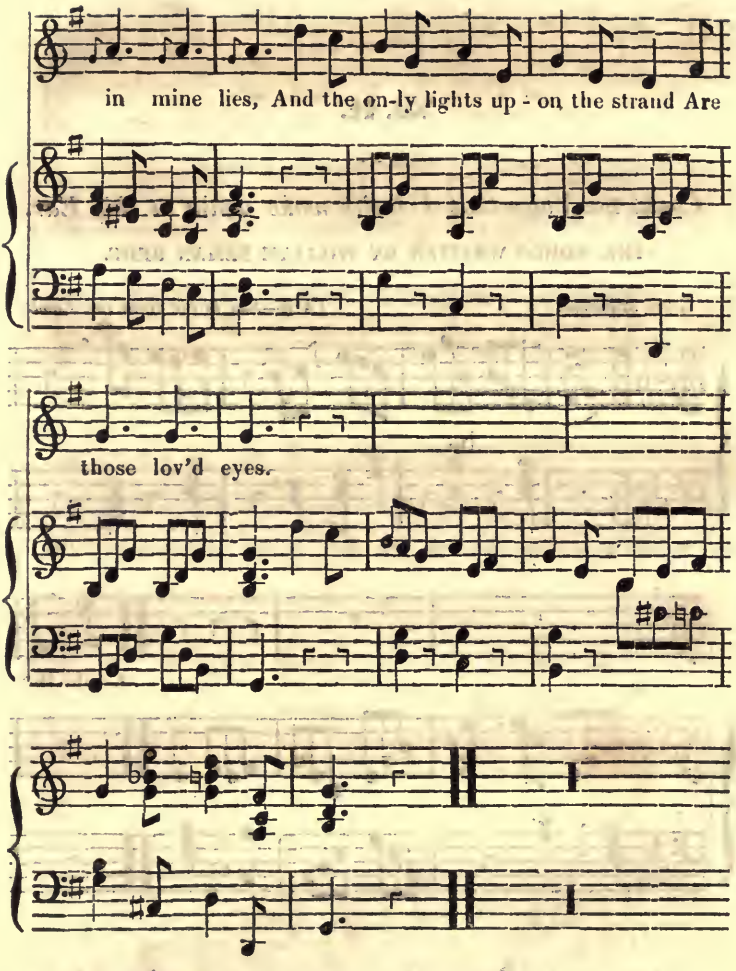
No. I.

Hark! I hear the Ocean's whelming Sweep.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Andantino espressivo. [AIR—*Love's young Dream.*

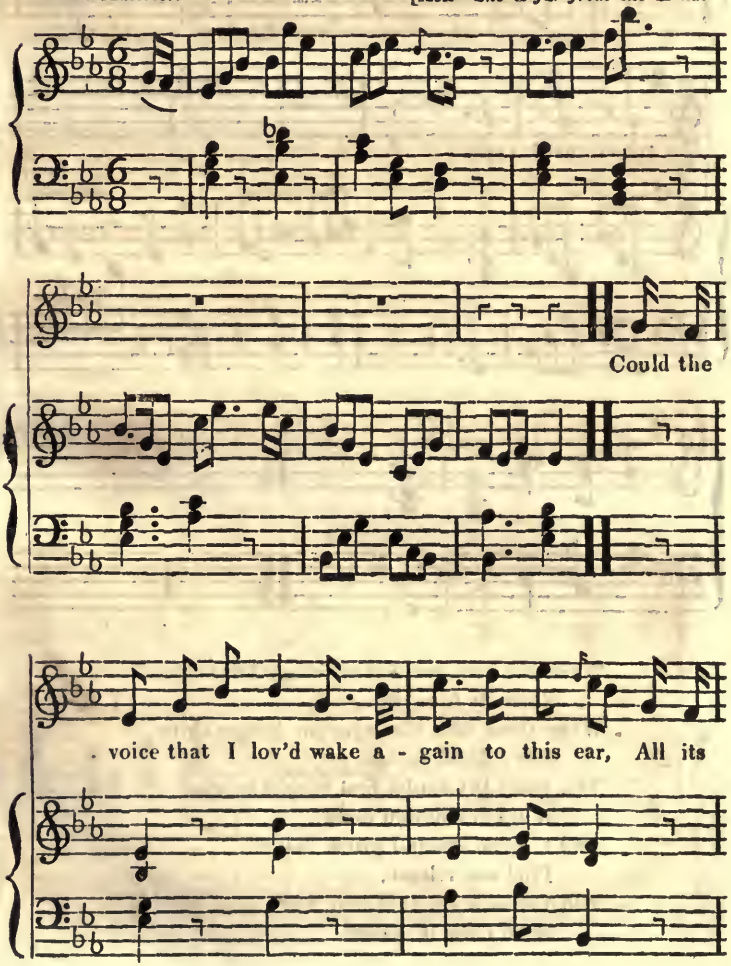
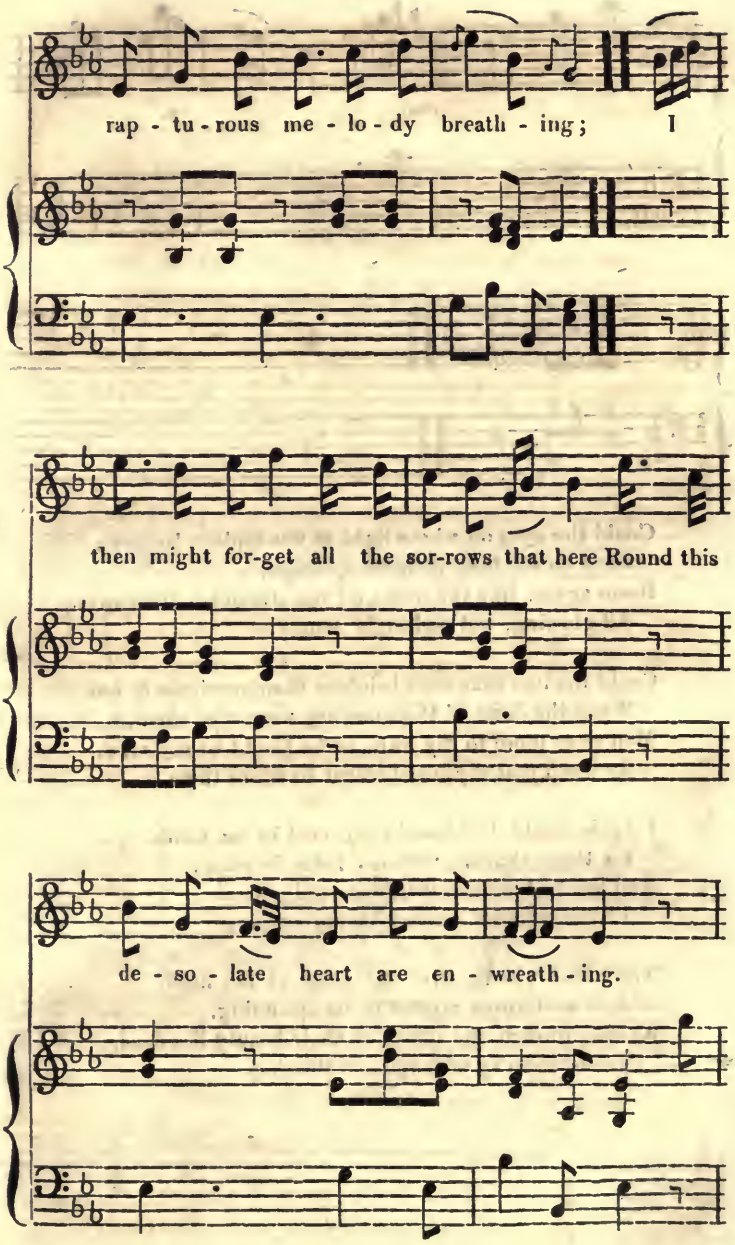
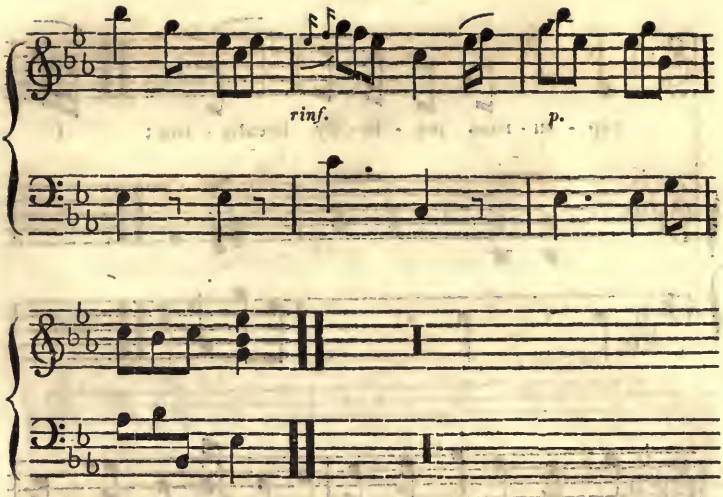


roar, Fare-thee-well, my love, I brave the deep, We meet no
more, Deep glooms the night a-cross the land and darkly
p.
cres.
f.
p.
lours the skies, Coldly blows the wind and cold's the hand that
rinf.

When my bark across the foamy brine
Shall fly from thee,—
When those dear blue eyes no longer shine
Life's light to me,—
This heart thy smiles first taught to glow,
Will bid emotion cease,
And I, from ills and griefs below,
Find one release,
When these eyes that long have wept in woe,
Shall close in peace.

No. III.

Could the Voice that I lov'd wake again to this Ear.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Lento Maestoso. [AIR—*She is far from the Land.*

rap - tu - rous me - lo - dy breath - ing; I
then might for-get all the sor-rows that here Round this
de - so - late heart are en - wreath - ing.

Could the eyes on whose light it was rapture to gaze,
Shed on me their lustrous splendor,
Beam again, like the moon on the streamlet, their rays,
All glowing, yet meltingly tender,—

Could the lips that were brighter than rosebuds in hue,
When the dews of the morning weep o'er them,
Melt once more to my own, or be bright to my view,
As when first my heart learnt to adore them,—

I again might be bless'd; but cold in the tomb
Lie those charms, with my Julia sleeping;
And lonely I wander in silence and gloom,
To moisten her grave with my weeping.

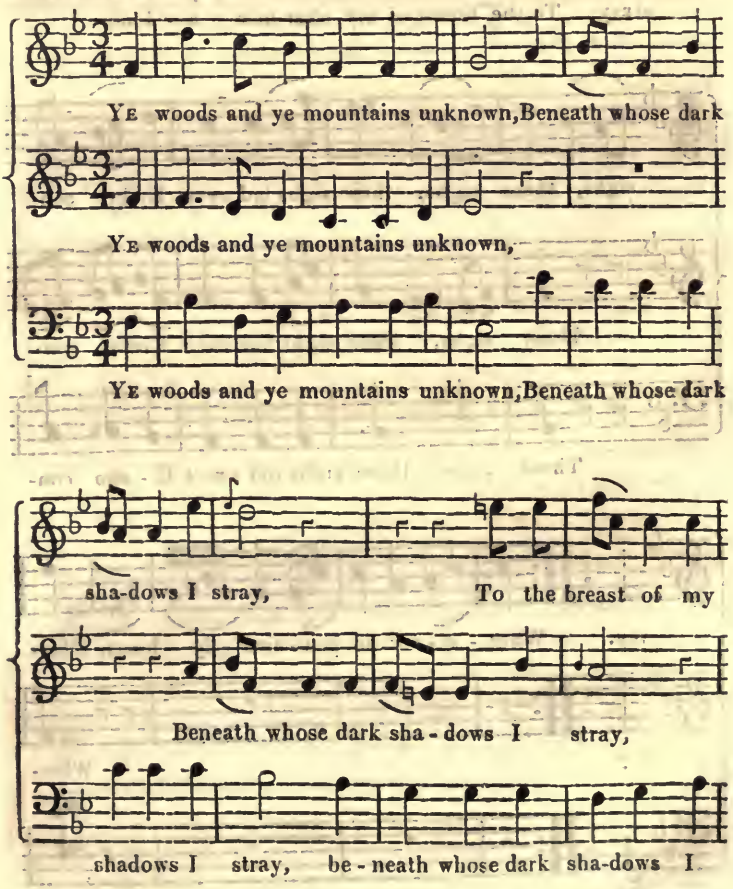
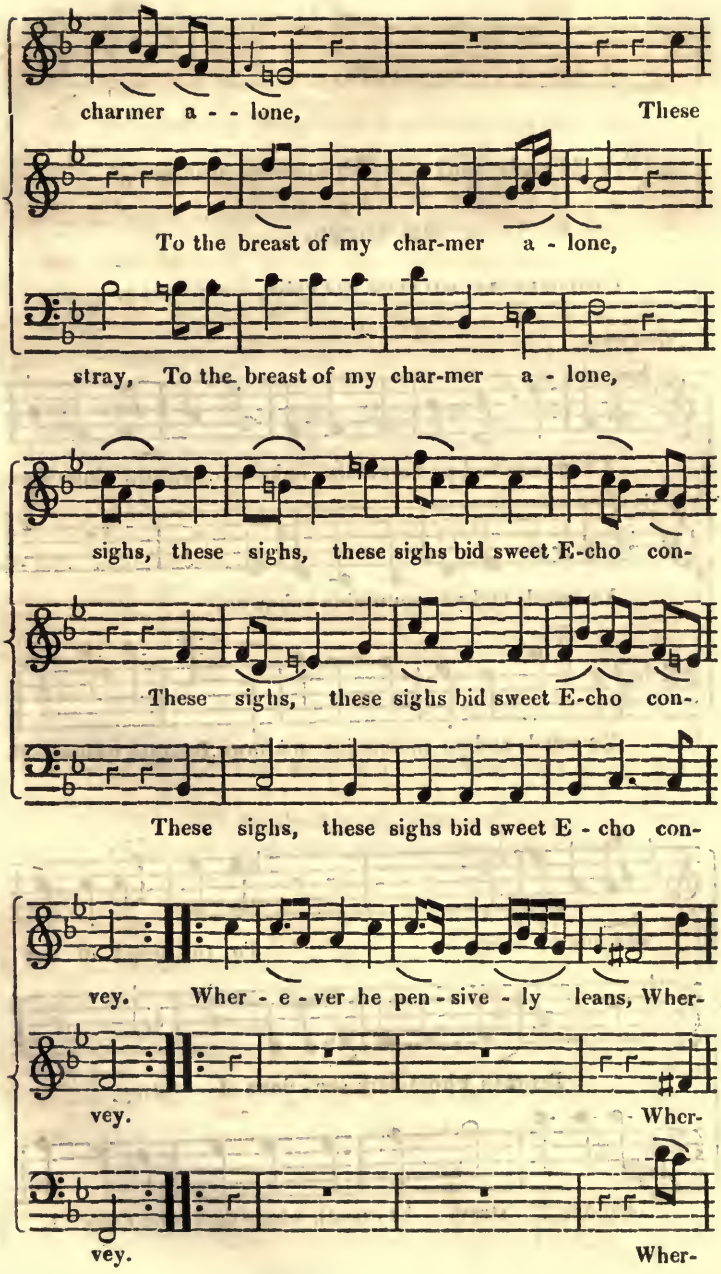
The winds whistle over the grass at her head,
And wild roses around it are springing,
As still, though the queen of their beauty lies dead,
To the mem'ry of loveliness clinging.

Ye Woods and ye Mountains unknown

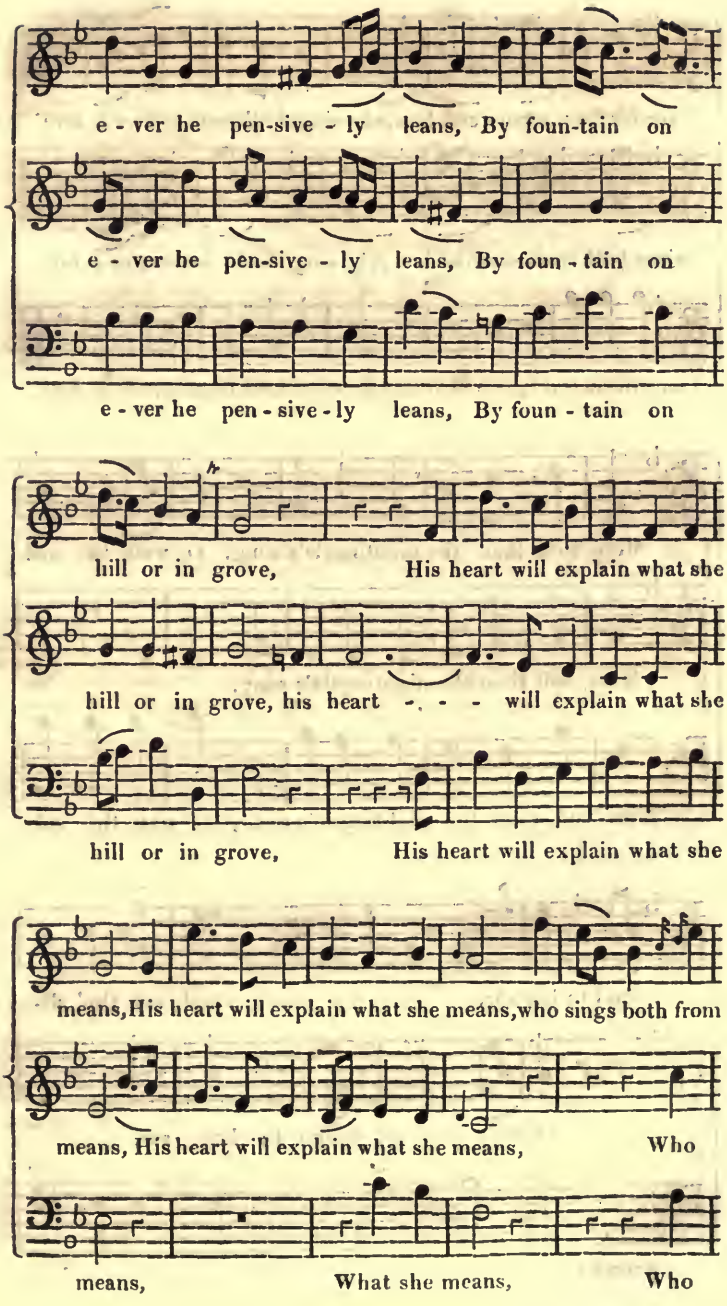
An Elegy.

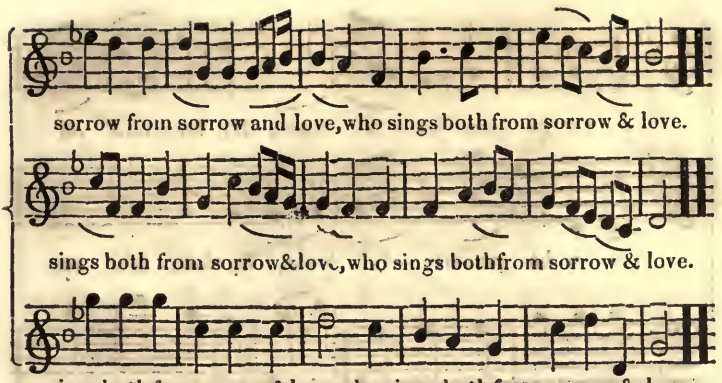
COMPOSED BY WILLIAM JACKSON, OF EXETER.

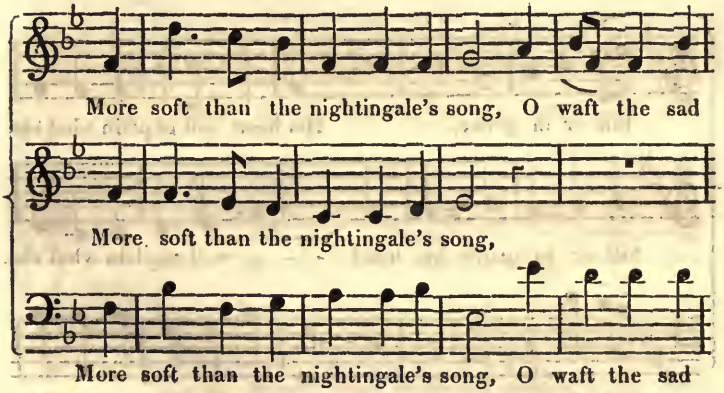
Larghetto.

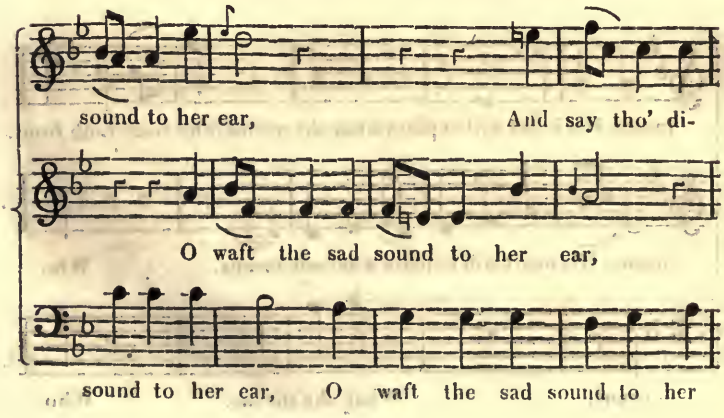
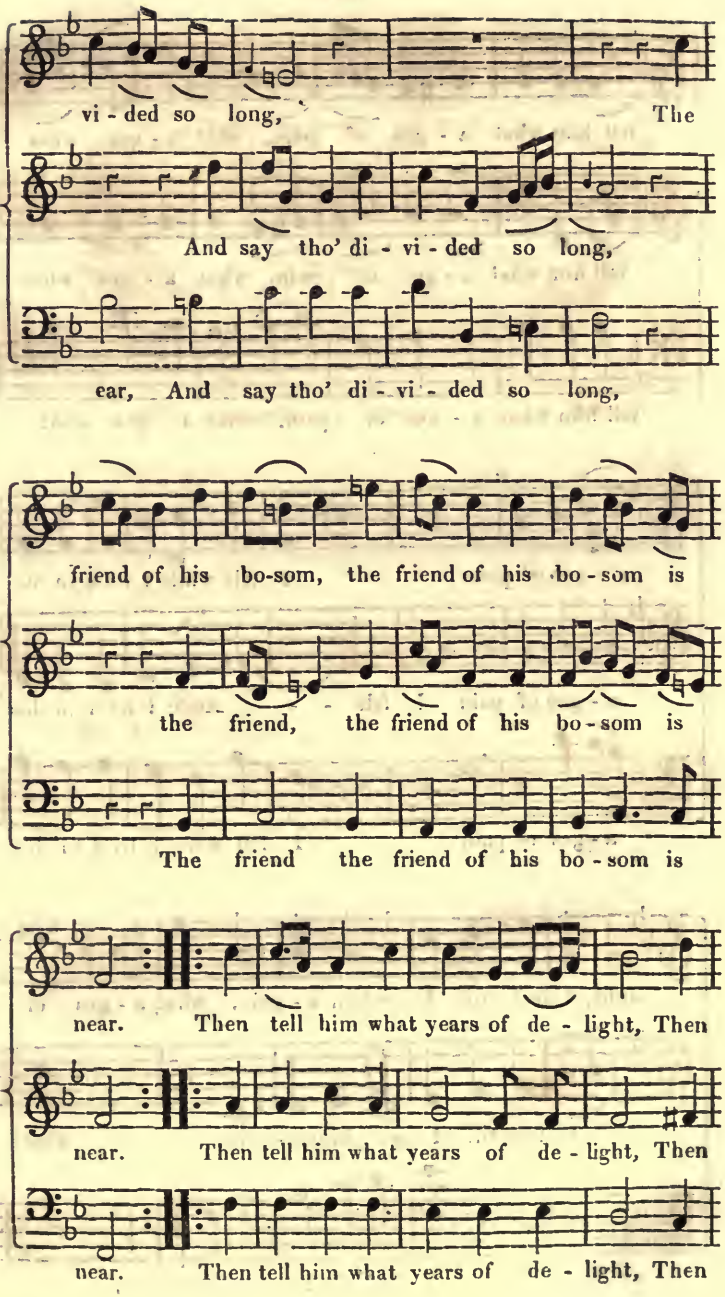


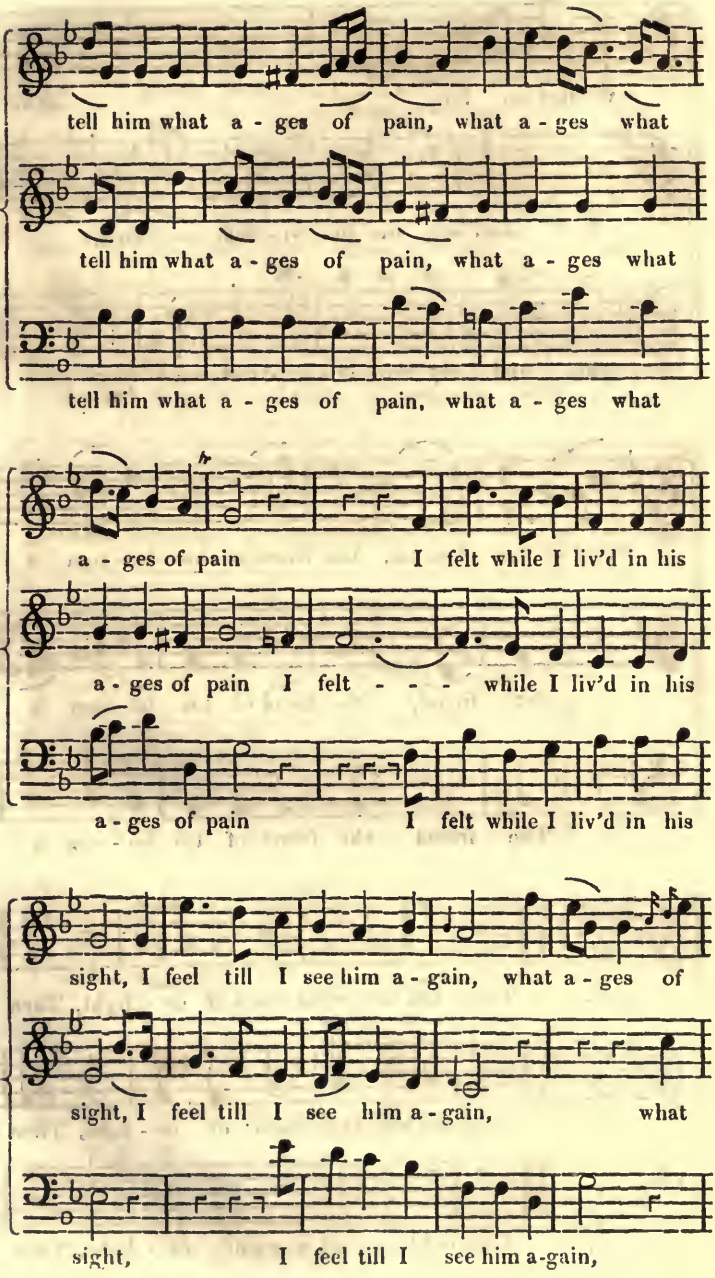
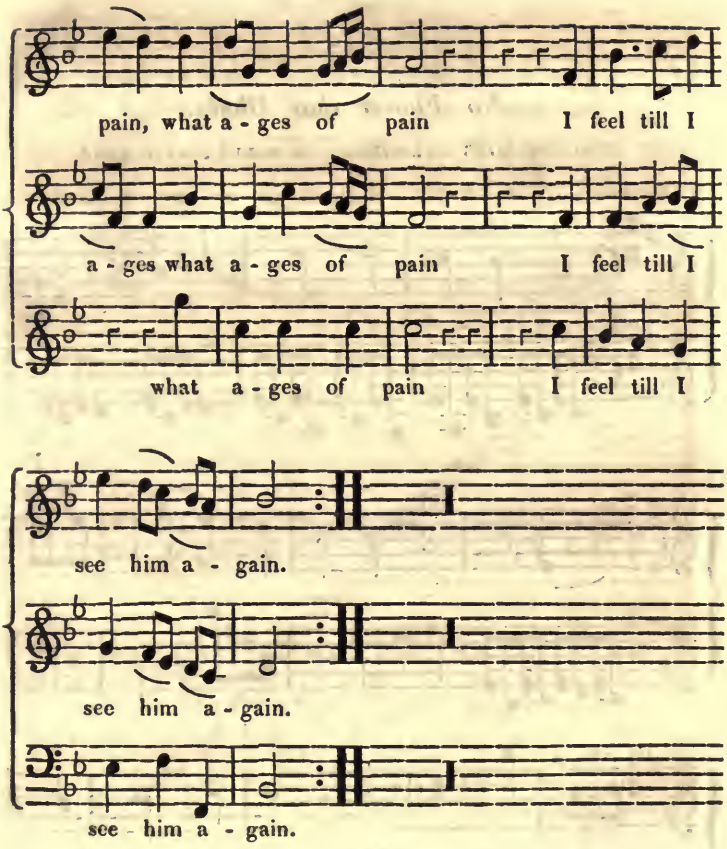
charmer a - - lone, These
To the breast of my char-mer a - lone,
stray, To the breast of my char-mer a - lone,
sighs, these sighs, these sighs bid sweet E-cho con-
These sighs, these sighs bid sweet E-cho con-
These sighs, these sighs bid sweet E - cho con-
vey. Wher - e - ver he pen - sive - ly leans, Wher-
vey. Wher-
vey. Wher-


e - ver he pen-sive - ly leans, By foun-tain on
e - ver he pen-sive - ly leans, By foun - tain on
e - ver he pen - sive - ly leans, By foun - tain on
hill or in grove, His heart will explain what she
hill or in grove, his heart - - - will explain what she
hill or in grove, His heart will explain what she
means, His heart will explain what she means, who sings both from
means, His heart will explain what she means, Who
means, What she means, Who


sorrow from sorrow and love, who sings both from sorrow & love.
sings both from sorrow&love, who sings bothfrom sorrow & love.
sings both from sorrow&love, who sings both from sorrow & love.

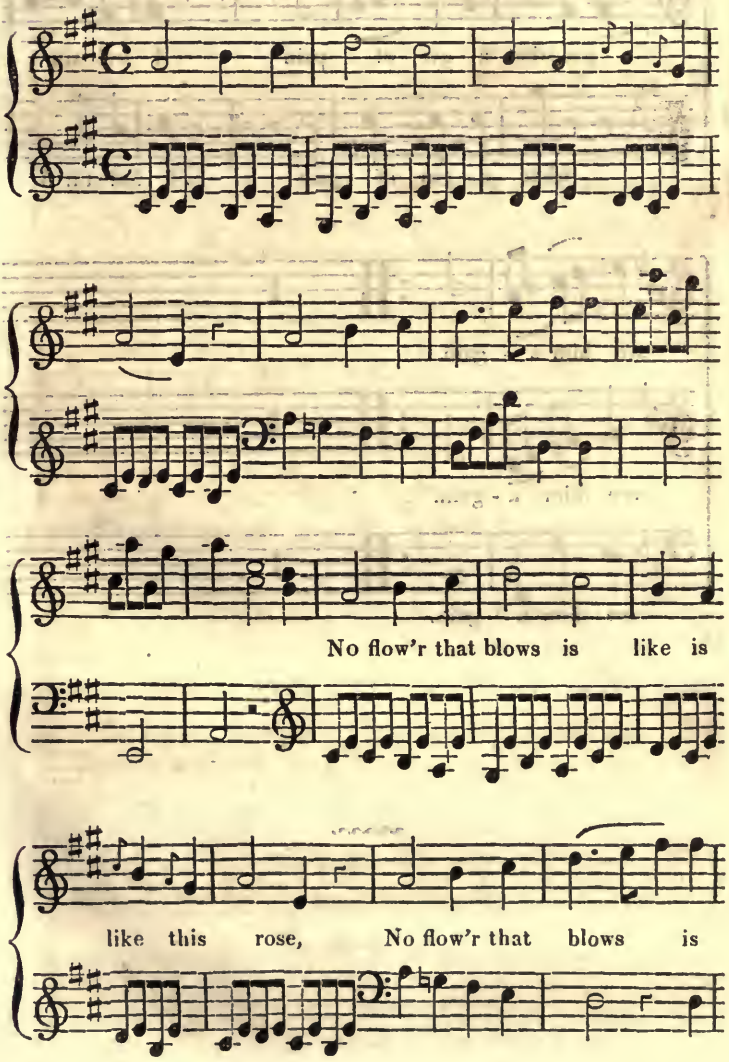
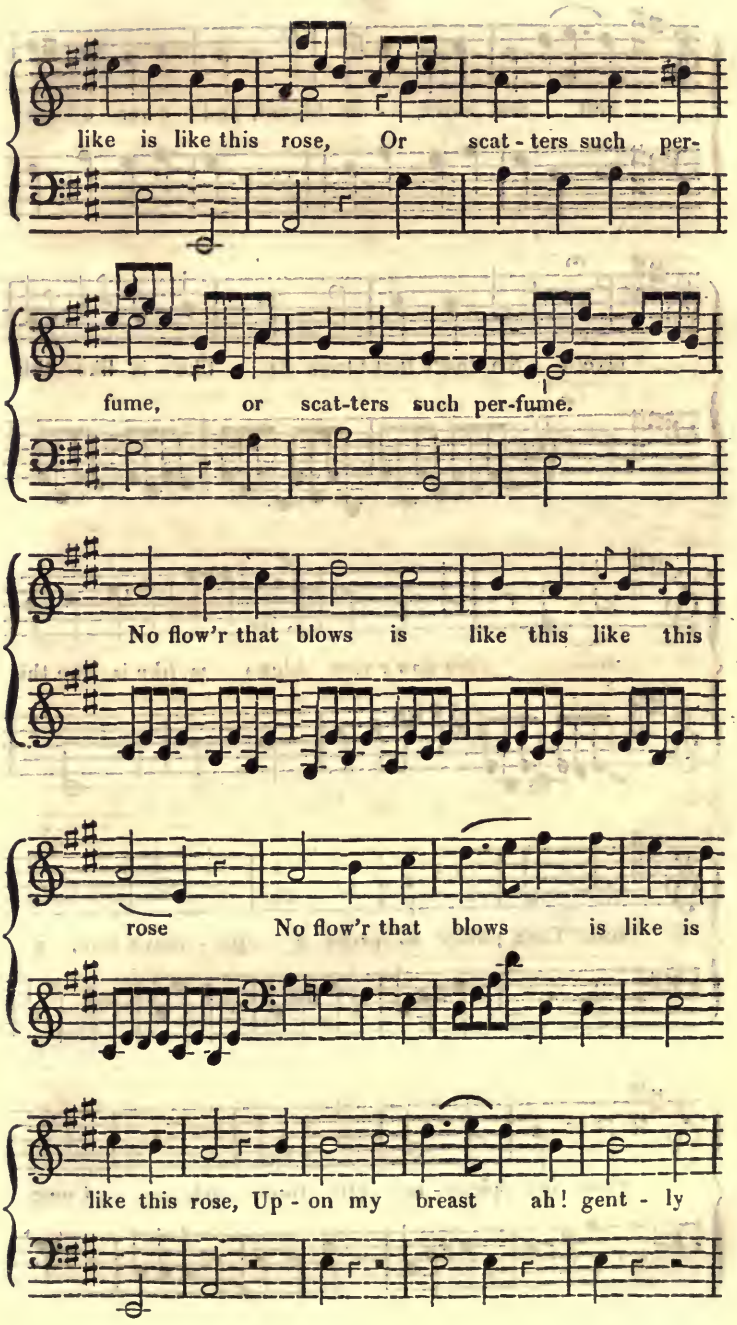
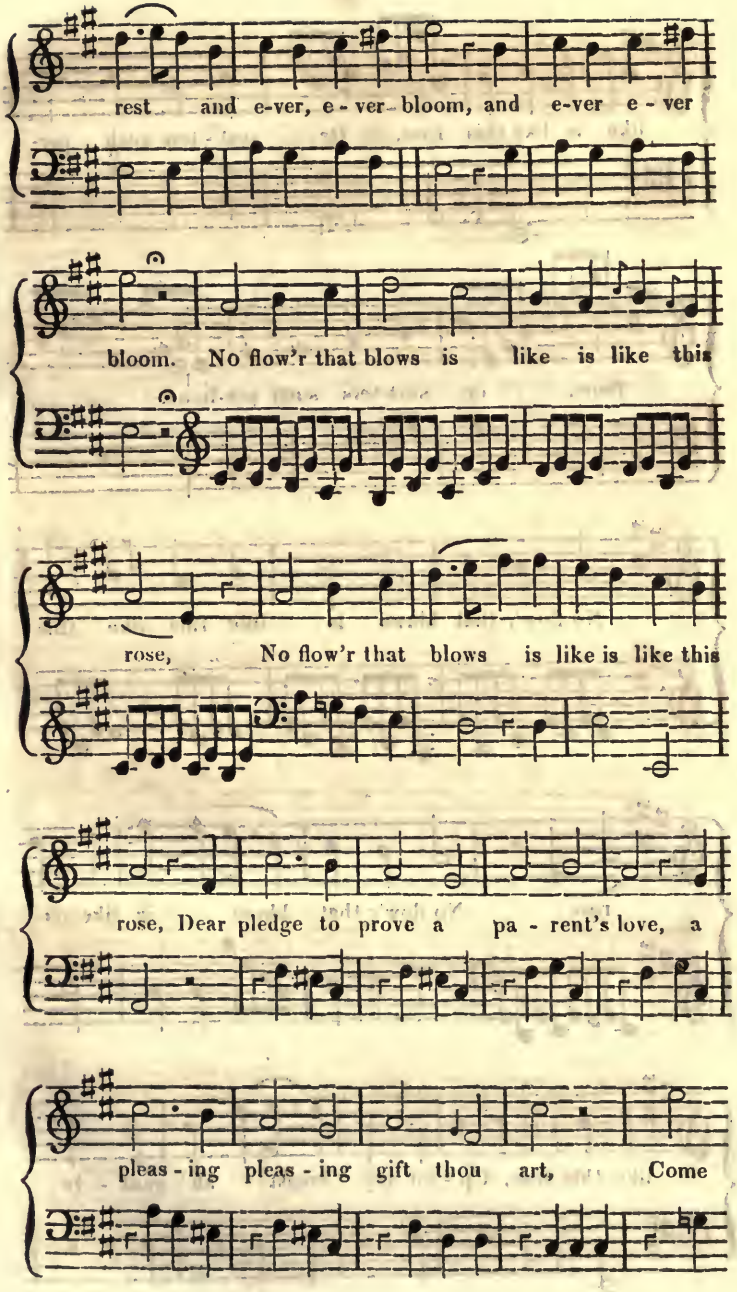
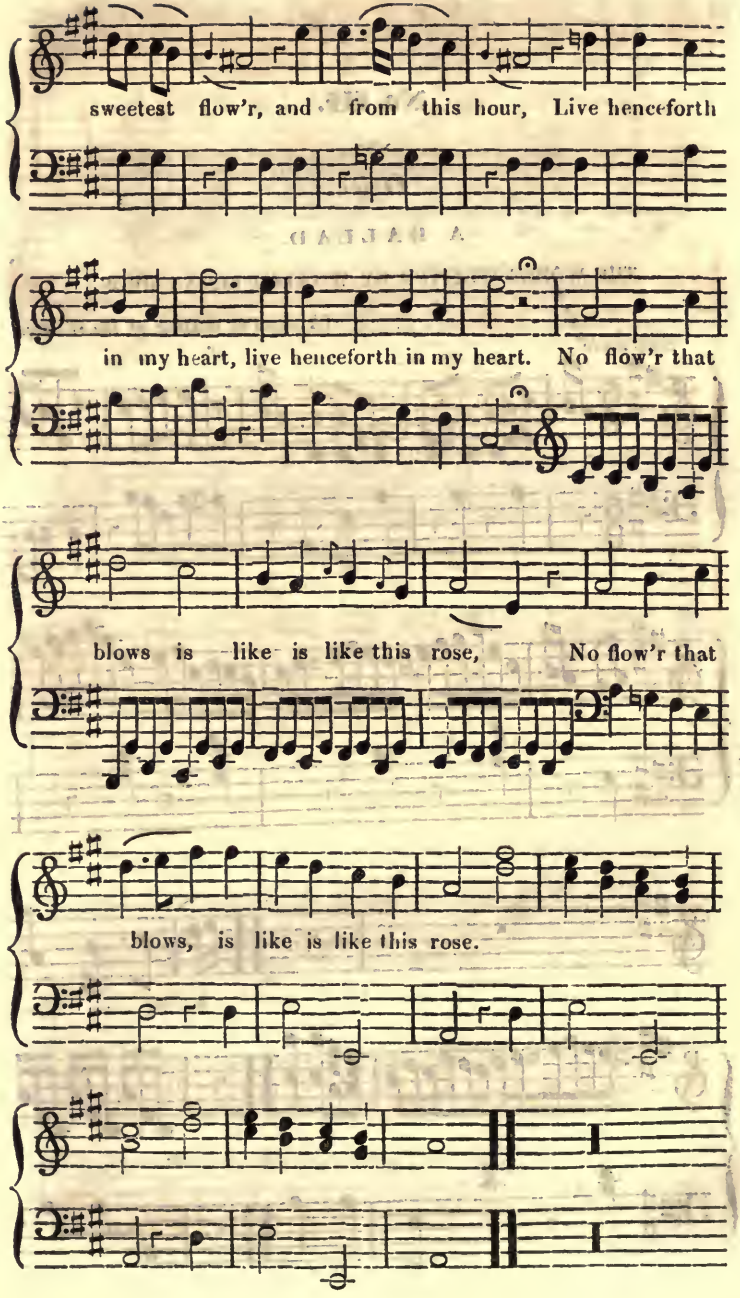

More soft than the nightingale's song, O waft the sad
More soft than the nightingale's song,
More soft than the nightingale's song, O waft the sad


sound to her ear, And say tho' di-
O waft the sad sound to her ear,
sound to her ear, O waft the sad sound to her

vi - ded so long, The
And say tho' di - vi - ded so long,
ear, And say tho' di - vi - ded so long,
friend of his bo-som, the friend of his bo - som is
the friend, the friend of his bo - som is
The friend the friend of his bo - som is
near. Then tell him what years of de - light, Then
near. Then tell him what years of de - light, Then
near. Then tell him what years of de - light, Then


tell him what a - ges of pain, what a - ges what
tell him what a - ges of pain, what a - ges what
tell him what a - ges of pain, what a - ges what
a - ges of pain I felt while I liv'd in his
a - ges of pain I felt - - - while I liv'd in his
a - ges of pain I felt while I liv'd in his
sight, I feel till I see him a - gain, what a - ges of
sight, I feel till I see him a - gain, what
sight, I feel till I see him a-gain,

pain, what a - ges of pain I feel till I
a - ges what a - ges of pain I feel till I
what a - ges of pain I feel till I
see him a - gain.
see him a - gain.
see him a - gain.

No Flower that Blows.

SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS, IN SELIMA AND AZOR.

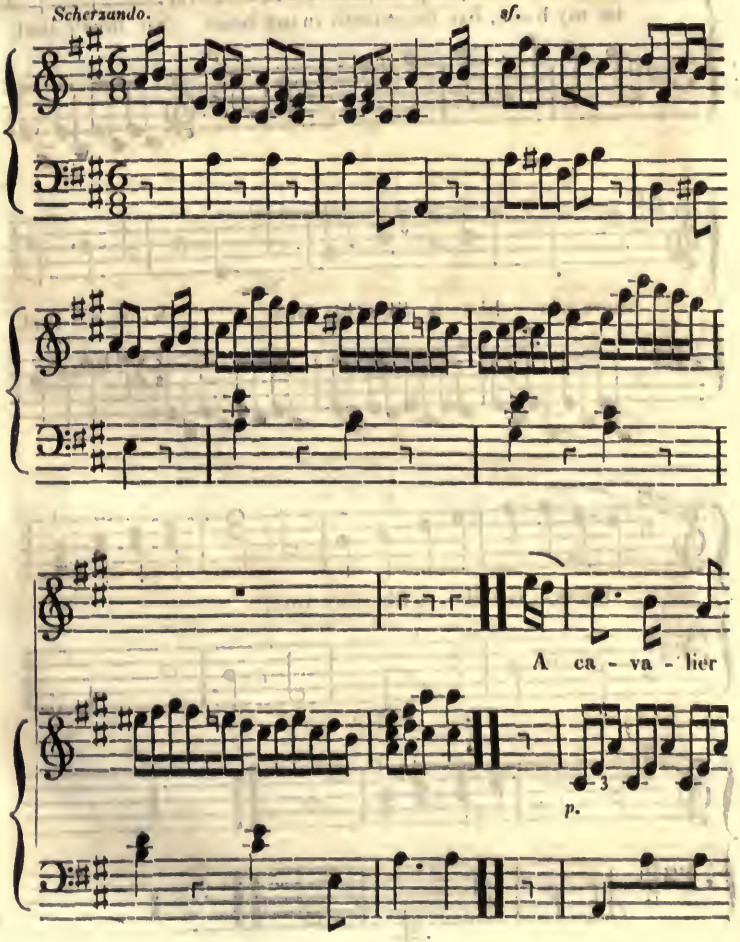
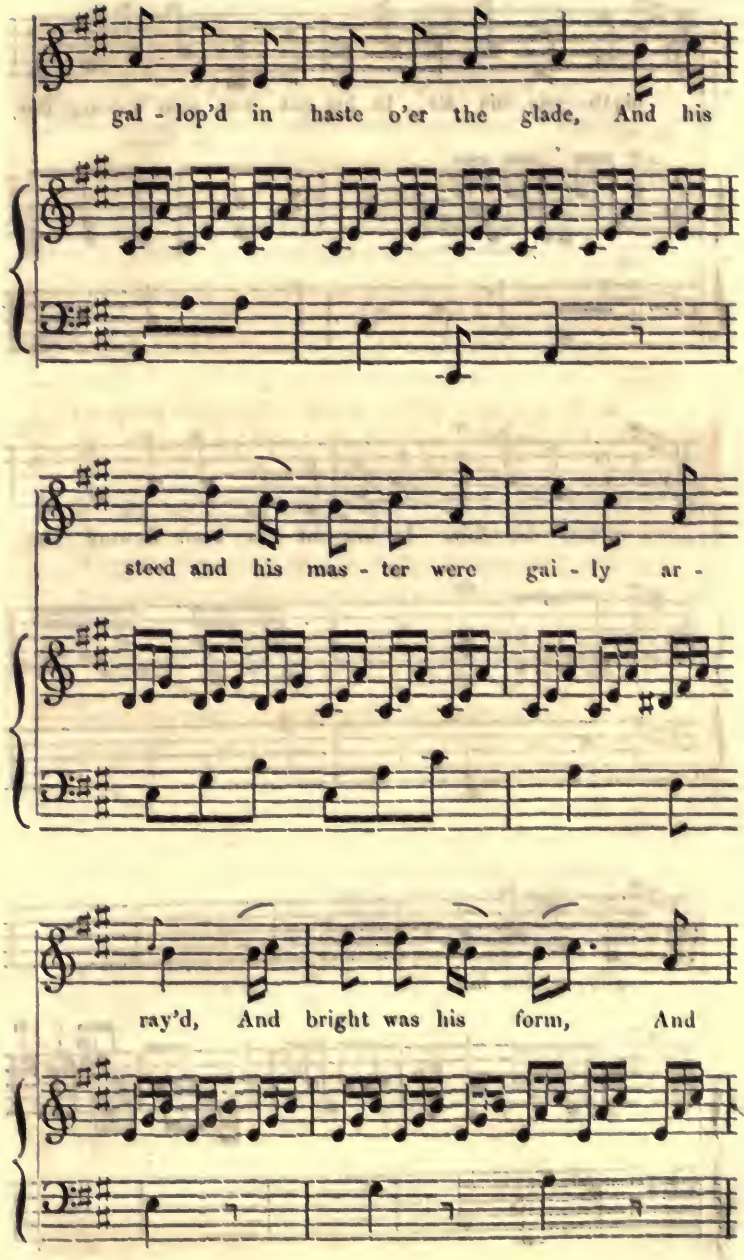
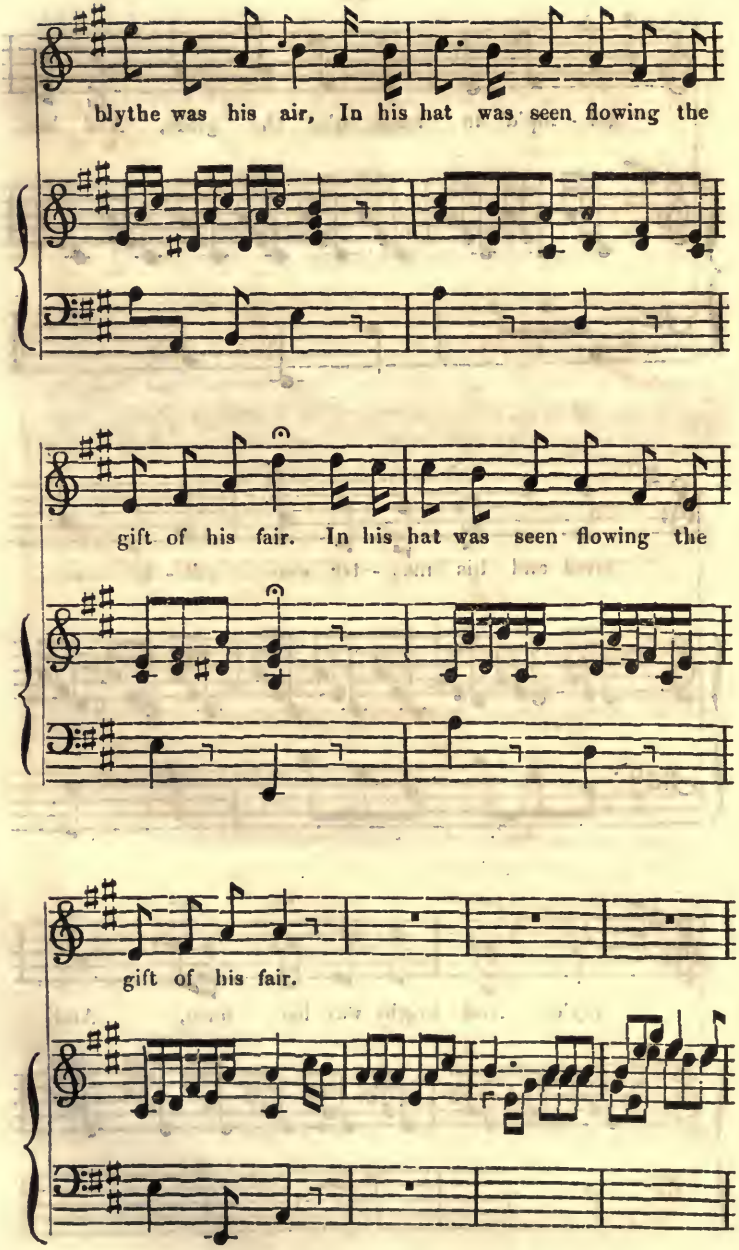
Moderato. LINLEY.

like is like this rose, Or scat - ters such per-
fume, or scat-ters such per-fume.
No flow'r that blows is like this like this
rose No flow'r that blows is like is
like this rose, Up - on my breast ah! gent - ly

rest and e-ver, e - ver bloom, and e-ver e - ver
bloom. No flow'r that blows is like is like this
rose, No flow'r that blows is like is like this
rose, Dear pledge to prove a pa - rent's love, a
pleas - ing pleas - ing gift thou art, Come

sweetest flow'r, and from this hour, Live henceforth
in my heart, live henceforth in my heart. No flow'r that
blows is like is like this rose, No flow'r that
blows, is like is like this rose.

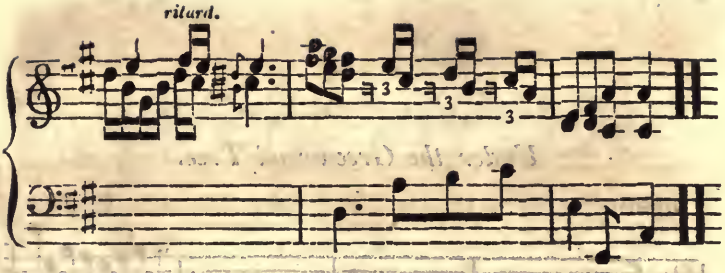
No. III.

Helen.

A BALLAD.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

[AIR—*The meeting of the Waters.*

gal - lop'd in haste o'er the glade, And his
steed and his mas - ter were gai - ly ar -
ray'd, And bright was his form, And

blythe was his air, In his hat was seen flowing the
gift of his fair. In his hat was seen flowing the
gift of his fair.



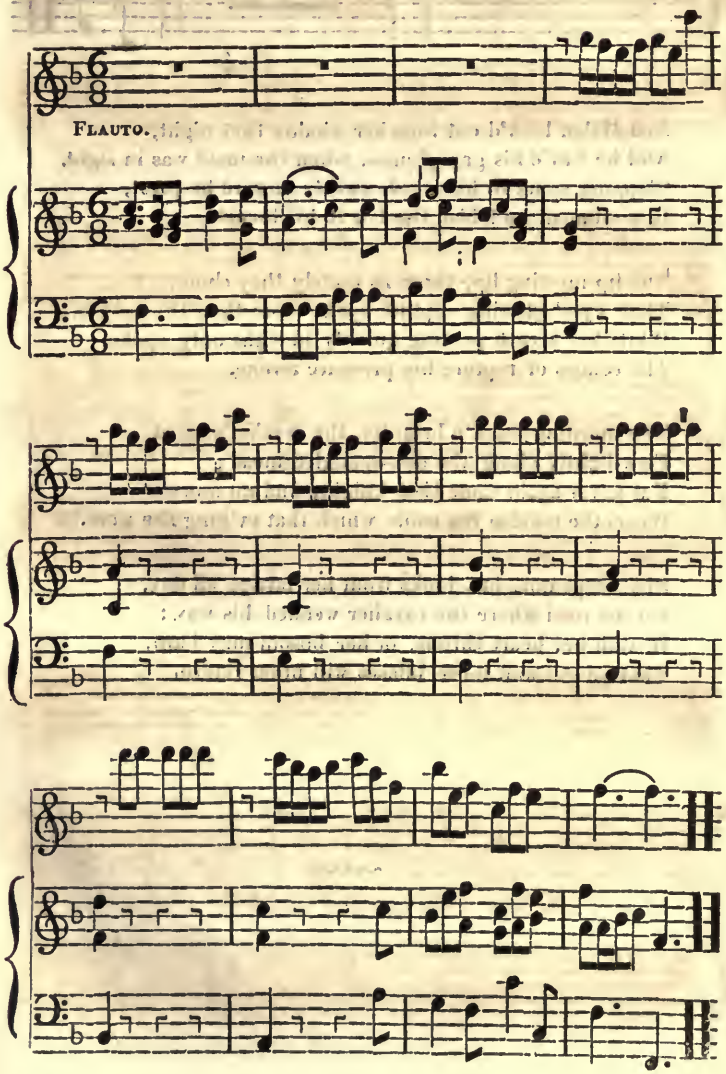
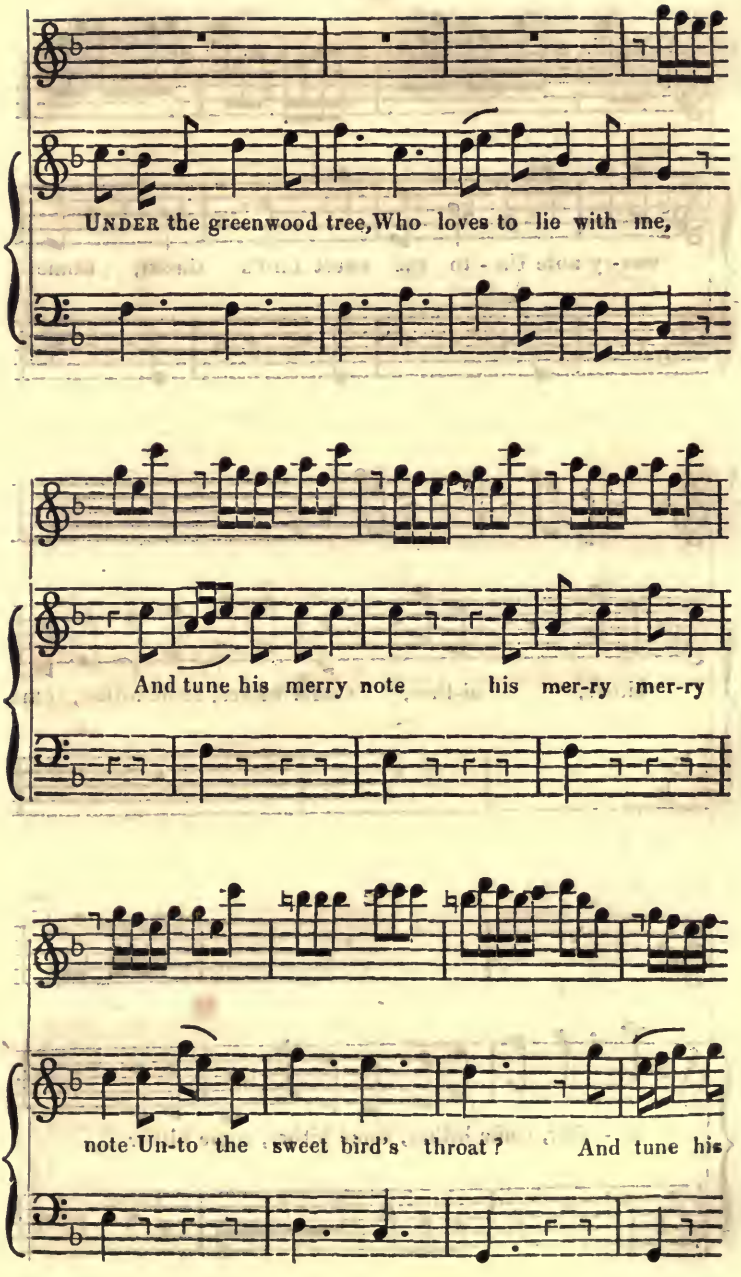
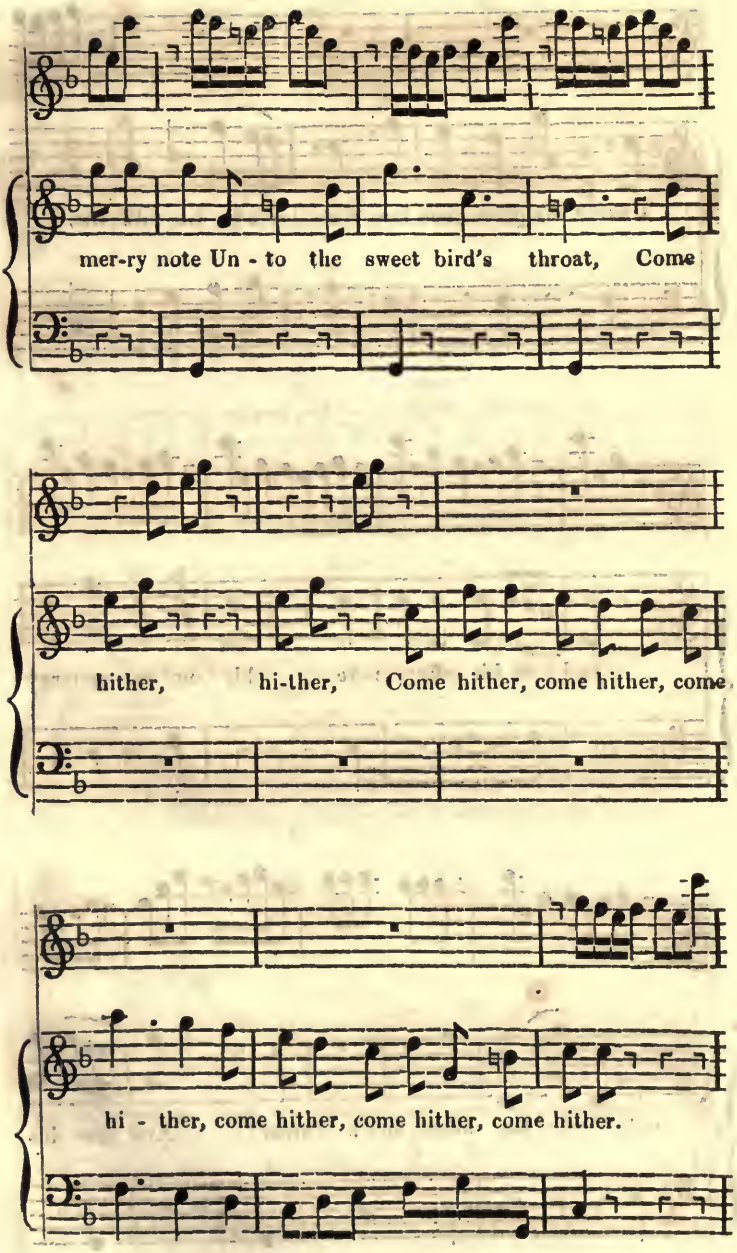
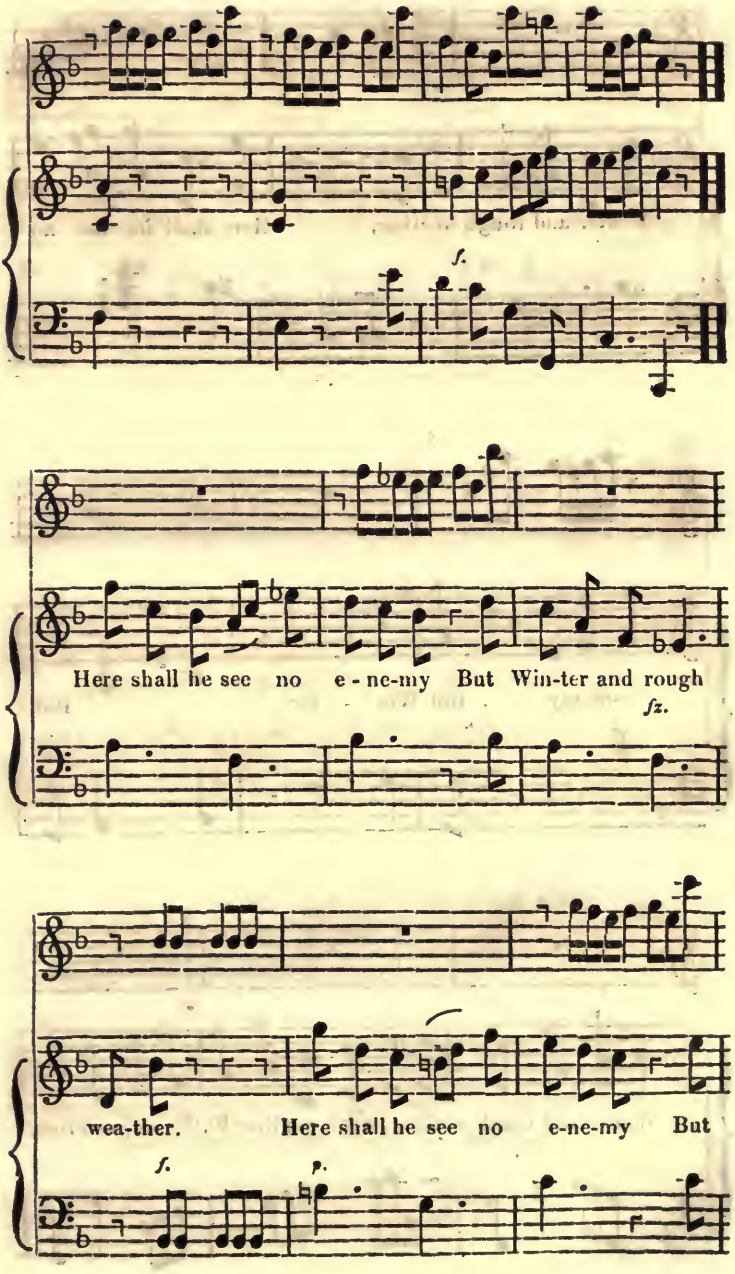
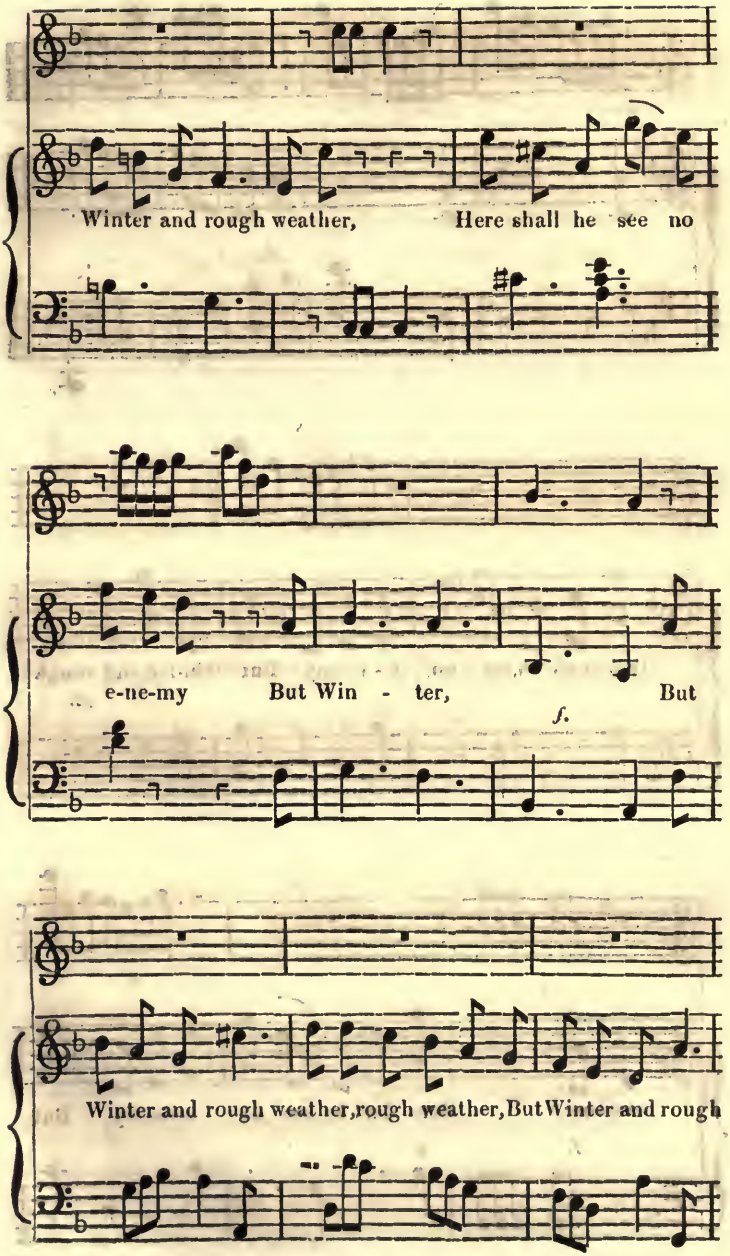
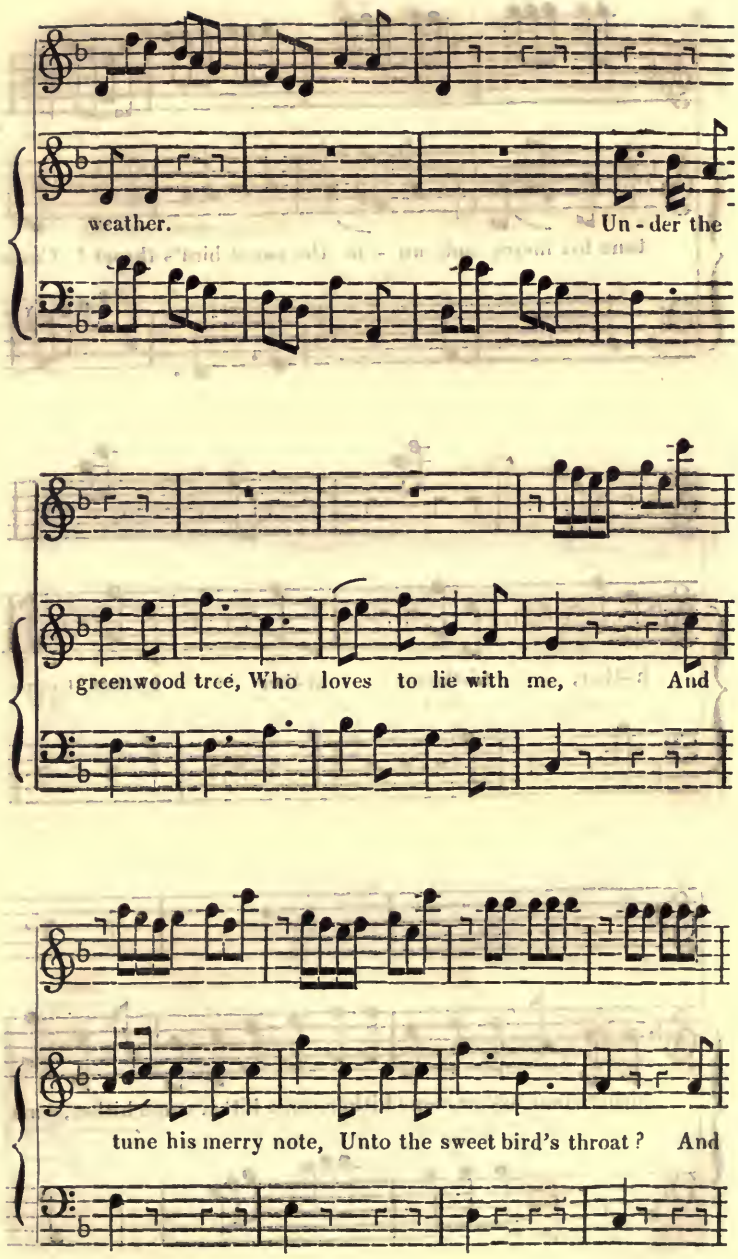
And Helen look'd out from her window that night,
And he wav'd his gay plumes, when the maid was in sight,
Clapping spurs to his steed, swiftly onward he prest,
In a moment he folded the fair to his breast.

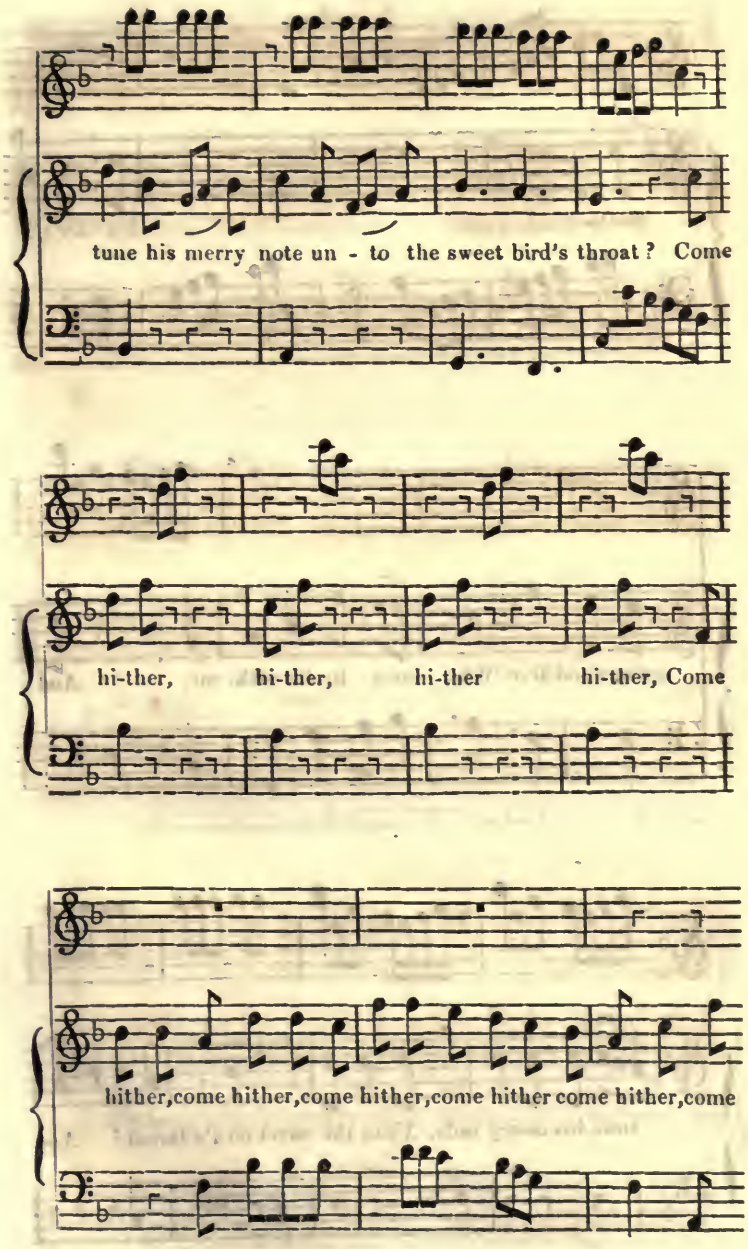
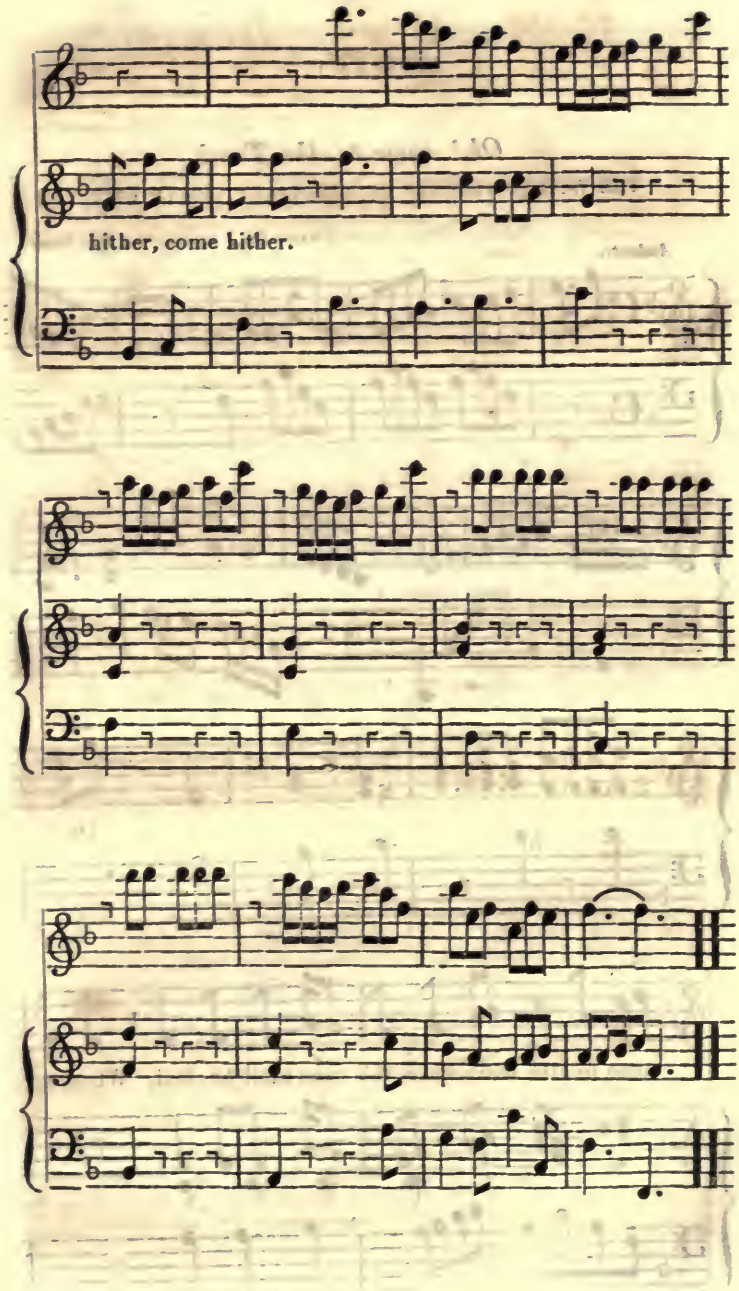
And lip meeting lip, there as mutely they clung,
Their eyes' glowing rapture spoke more than the tongue;
While her breath panting quickly in sighs only spoke,
The echoes of rapture his presence awoke.

The morning beam'd brightly, the cavalier's steed
Flew lightly along the dew-spangled mead;
But never again came that knight, and no more
Wears the maiden the smile which that ev'ning she wore.

She weeps not, but looks from her lattice all day,
On the road where the cavalier wended his way;
In vain her heart throbs, or her bosom may burn,
That knight and those blisses will never return.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

Andante. *Dr. Arne.*

Under the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note his mer-ry mer-ry
note Un-to the sweet bird's throat? And tune his

mer-ry note Un - to the sweet bird's throat, Come
hither, hi-ther, Come hither, come hither, come
hi - ther, come hither, come hither, come hither.

f.
Here shall he see no e - ne-my But Win-ter and rough
fz.
wea-ther. Here shall he see no e-ne-my But
f.
p.

Winter and rough weather, Here shall he see no
e-ne-my But Win - ter, But
f.
Winter and rough weather, rough weather, But Winter and rough

weather. Un - der the
greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with me, And
tune his merry note, Unto the sweet bird's throat? And


tune his merry note un - to the sweet bird's throat? Come
hi-ther, hi-ther, hi-ther hi-ther, Come
hither,come hither,come hither,come hither come hither,come

hither, come hither.

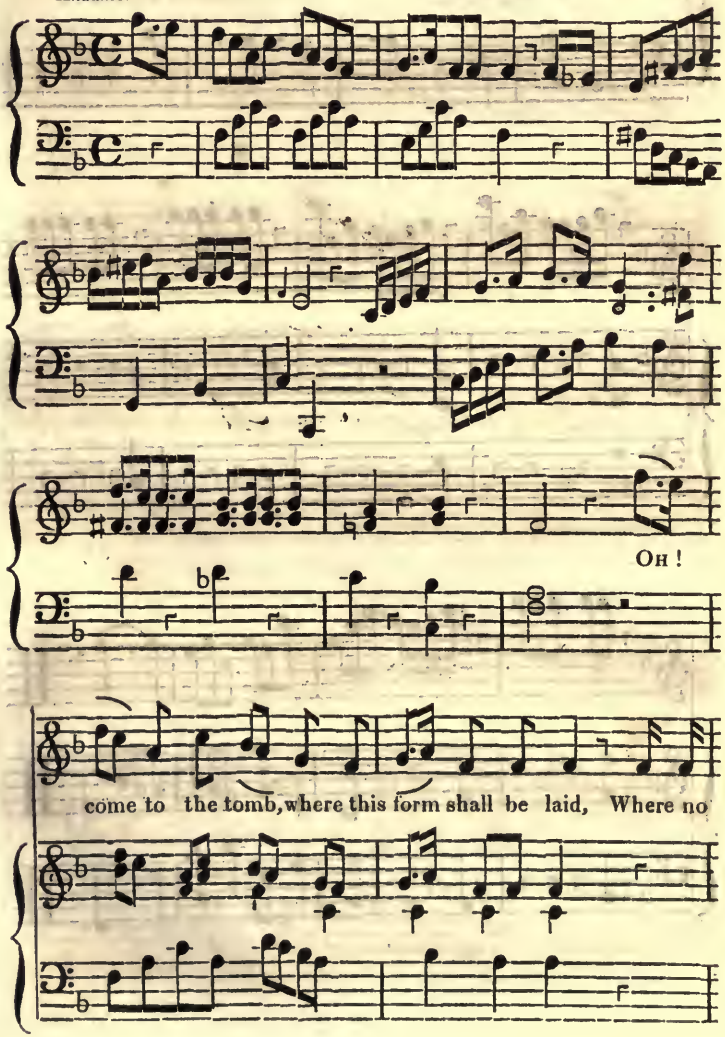
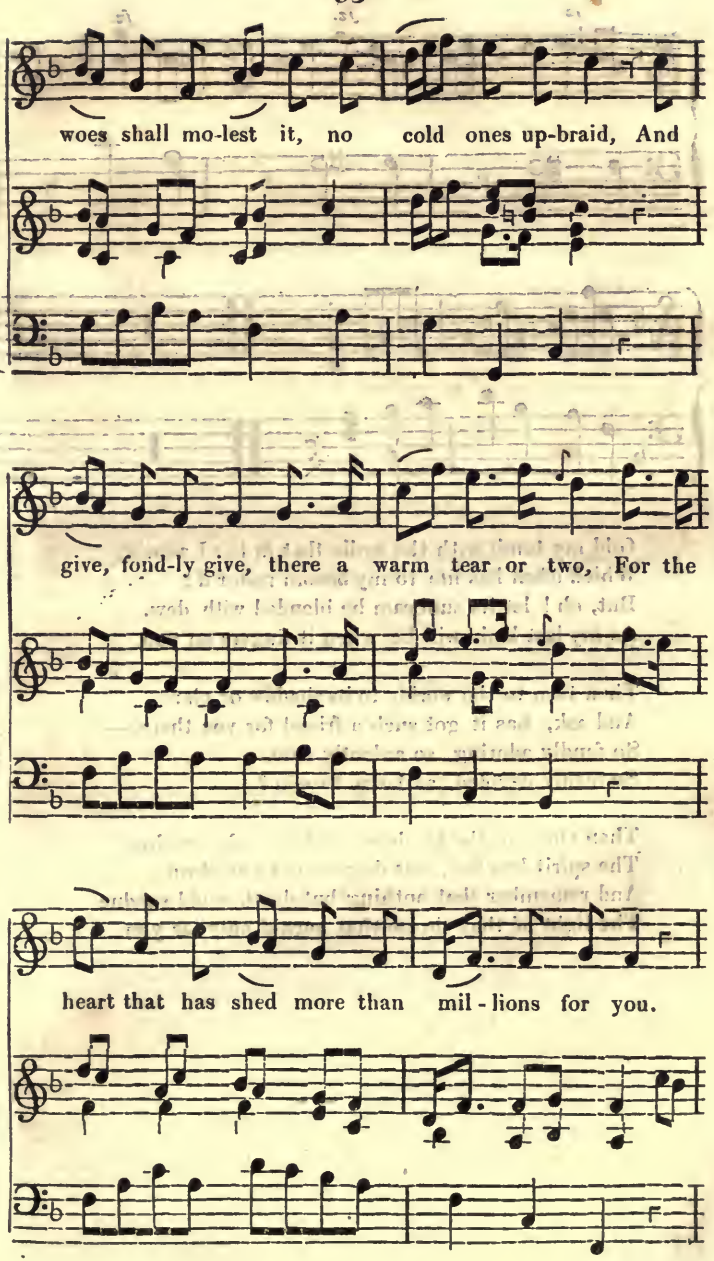
No. IV.

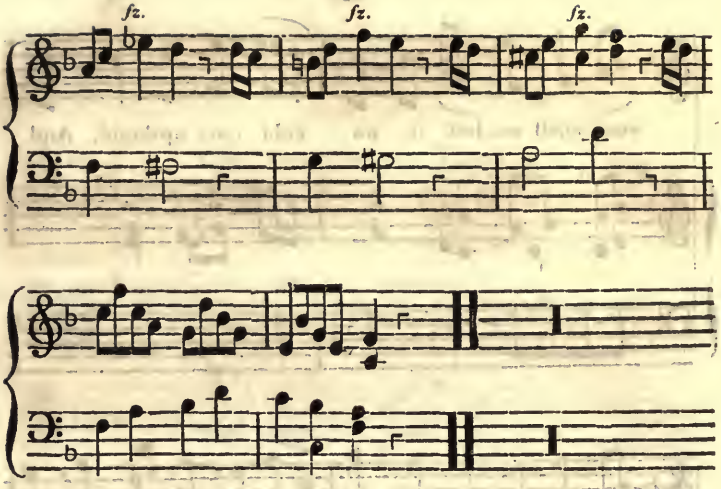
Oh! come to the Tomb.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

[AIR—*Oh! breathe not his Name.*

Andante.



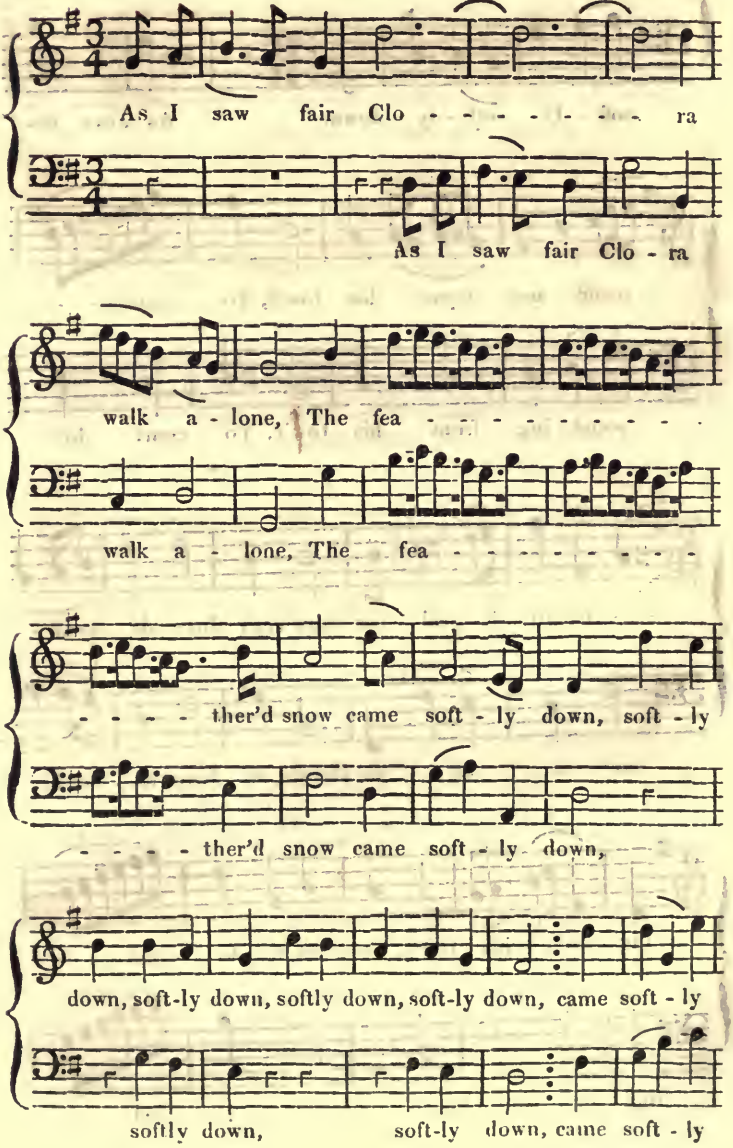
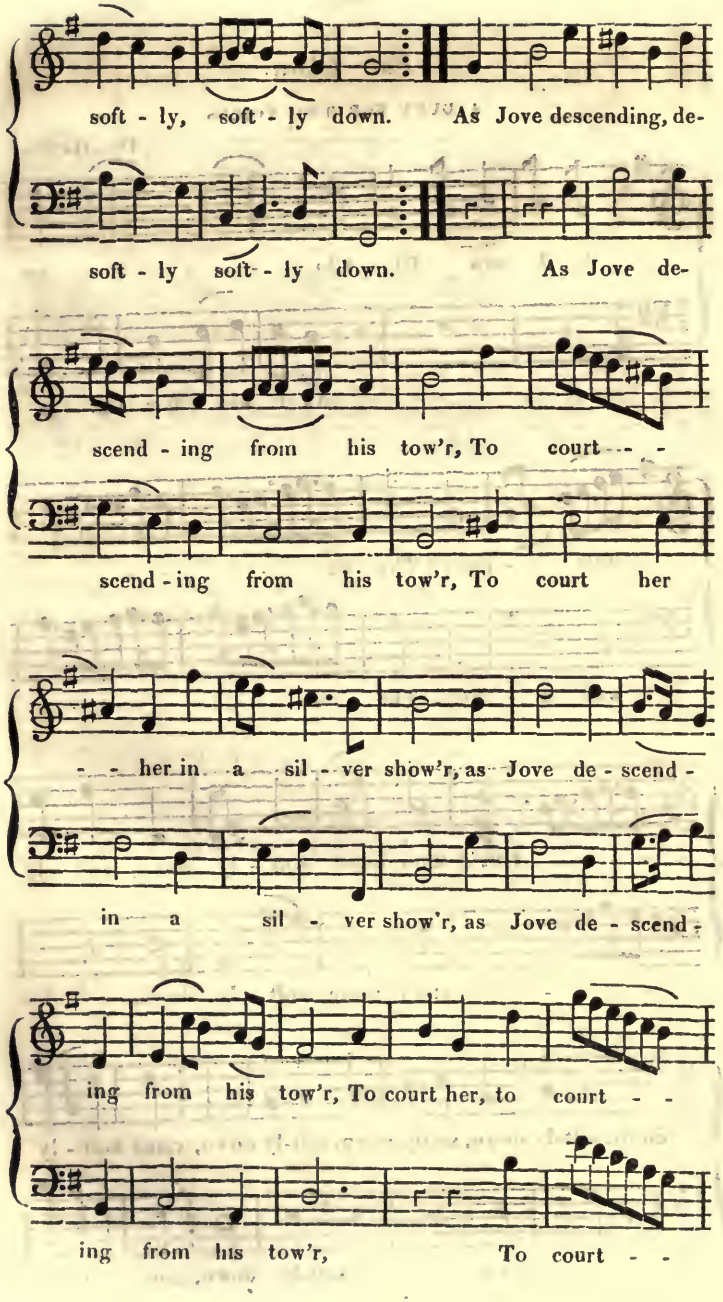
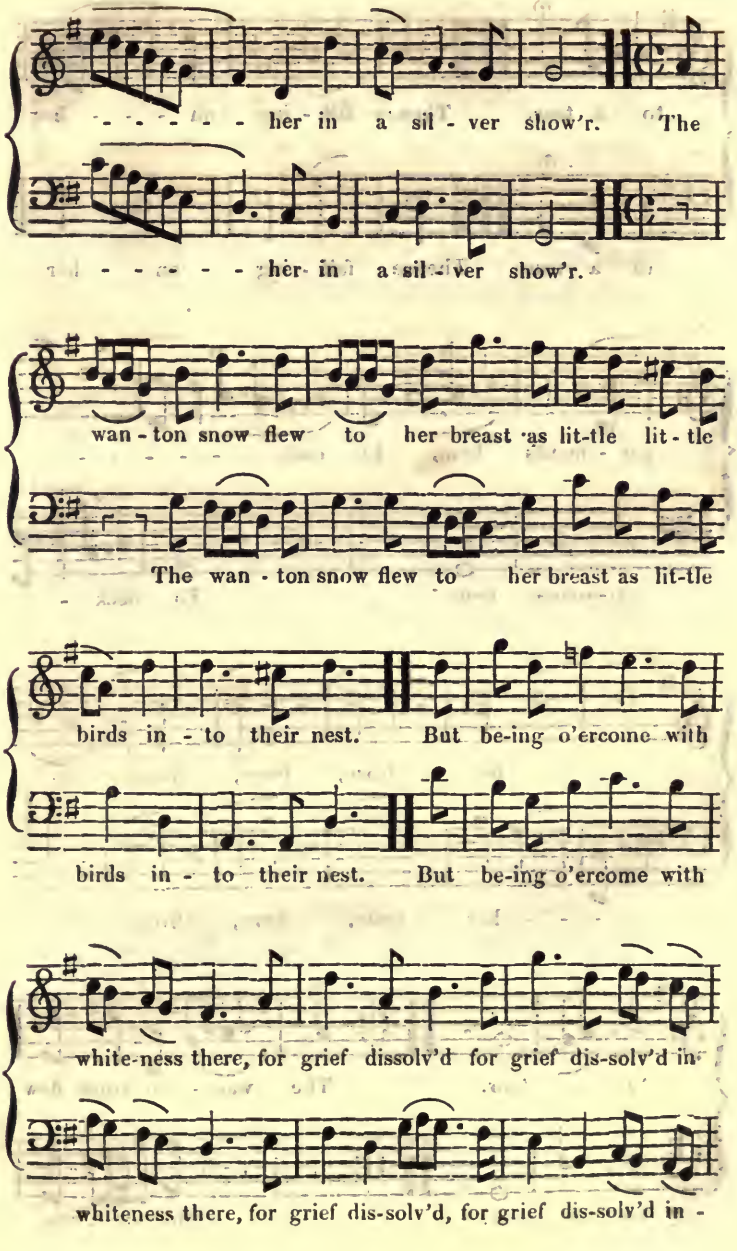
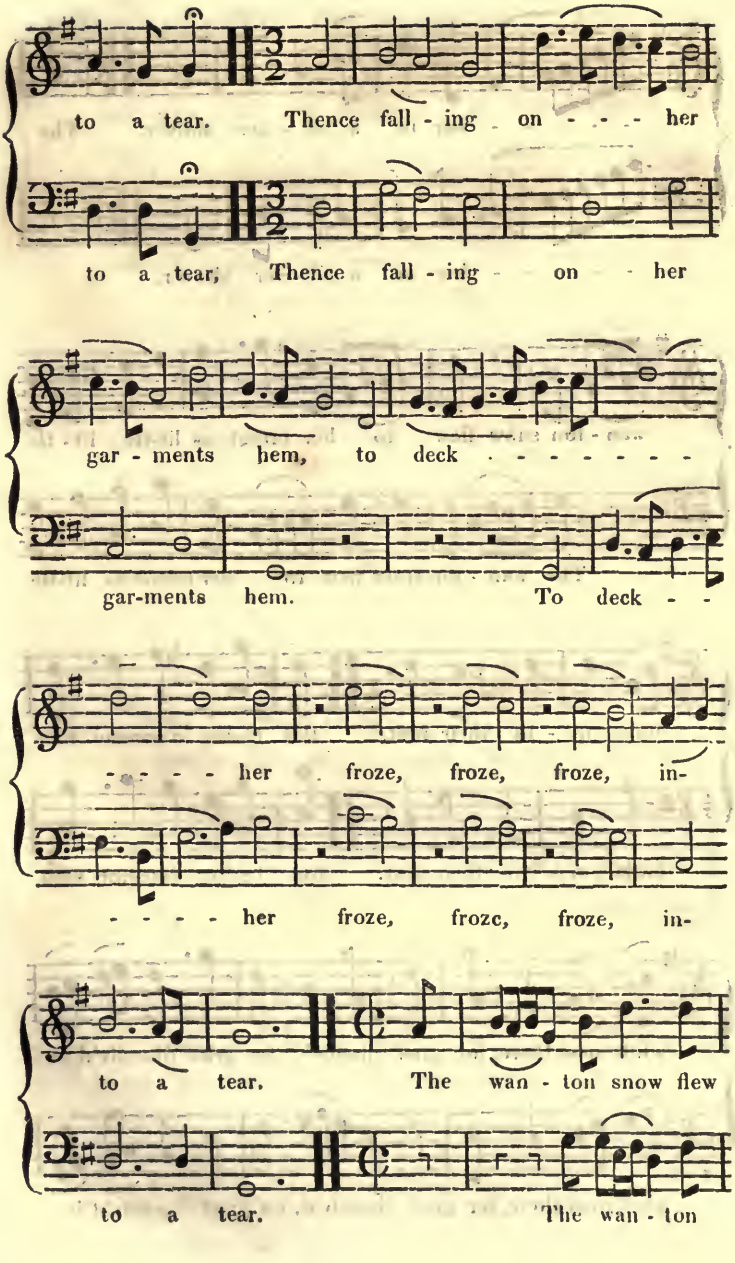
woes shall mo-lest it, no cold ones up-braid, And
give, fond-ly give, there a warm tear or two, For the
heart that has shed more than mil-lions for you.

Gild my tomb with the smile that in life I ador'd,
Which often has life to my bosom restor'd;
But, oh! let its sunbeam be blended with dew.
As my last look will be when it lingers on you.

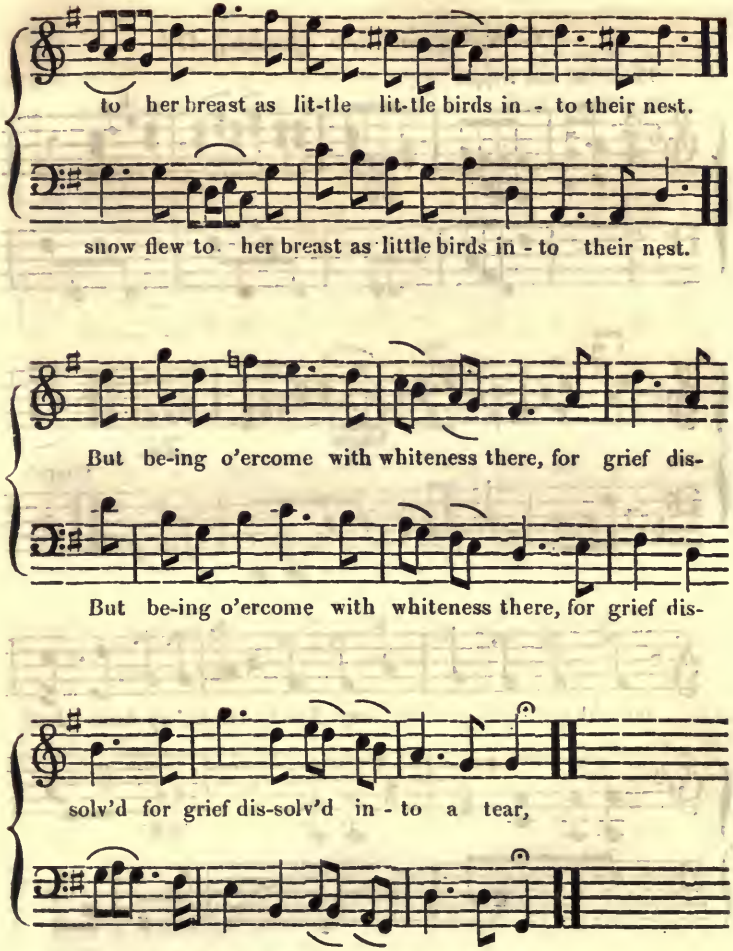
Then turn to the world, to its shadow or glare,
And ask, has it got such a friend for you there,—
So fondly adoring, so ardently true,—
So madly devoted, as I was to you?

Then come to the tomb where these relics recline,
The spirit has fled, but despise not the shrine,
And remember that nothing but death could subdue
The light of that shrine that burn'd only for you.

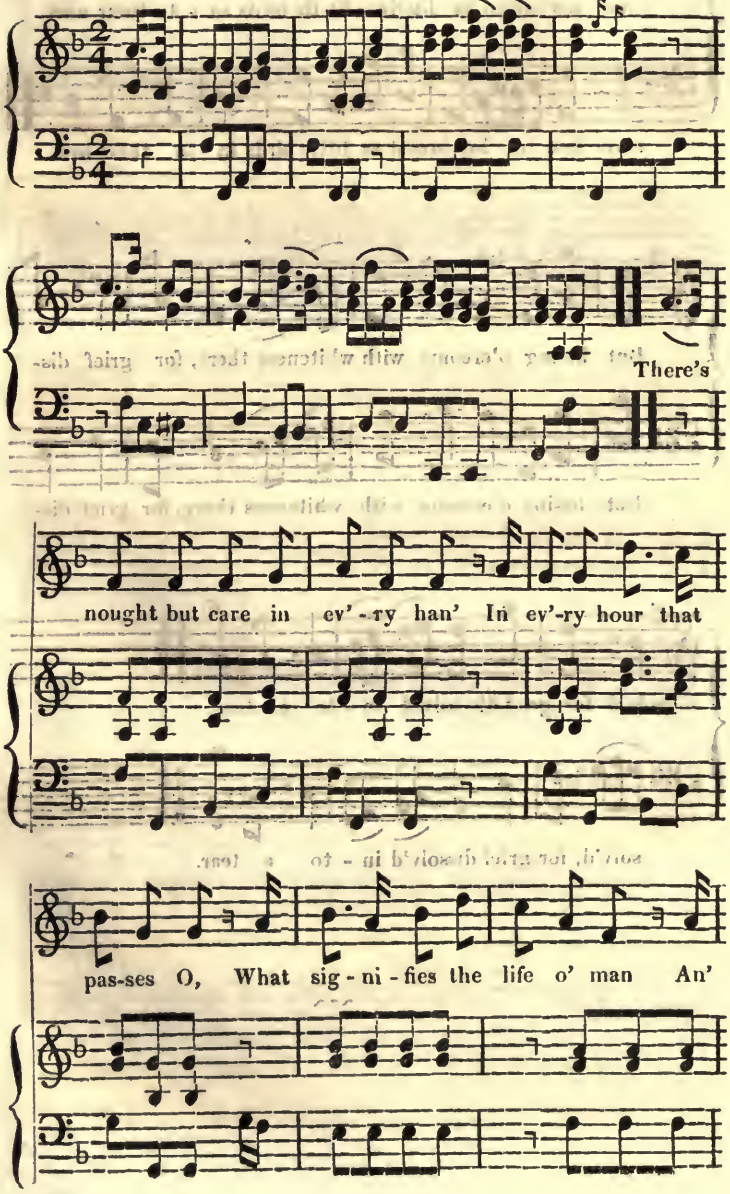
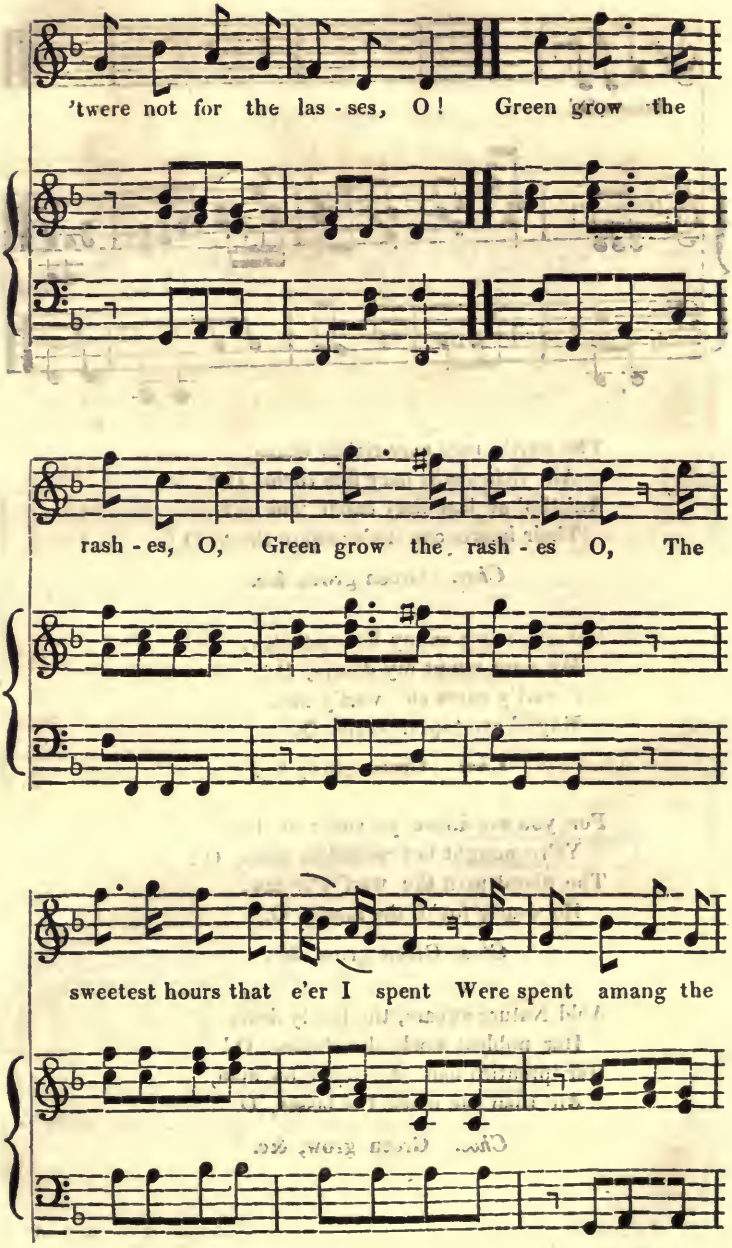
Fair Clora.

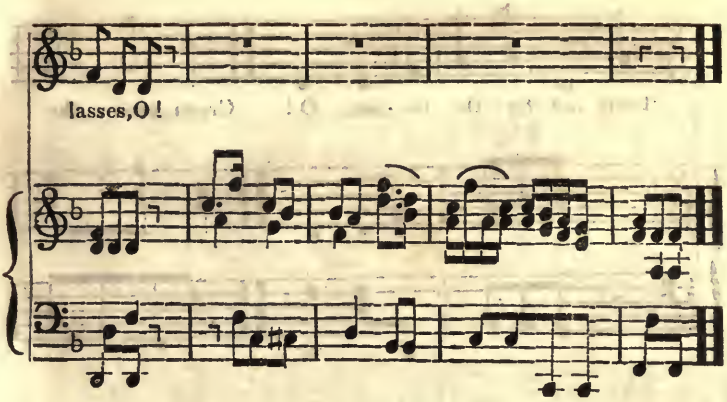
A DUET FOR TWO VOICES.

DR. HAYDN.

soft - ly, soft - ly down. As Jove descending, de-
soft - ly soft - ly down. As Jove de-
scend - ing from his tow'r, To court - - -
scend - ing from his tow'r, To court her
- - her in a sil - ver show'r, as Jove de - scend -
in a sil - ver show'r, as Jove de - scend -
ing from his tow'r, To court her, to court - -
ing from his tow'r, To court - -

her in a sil - ver show'r. The
her in a sil - ver show'r.
wan - ton snow flew to her breast as lit-tle lit - tle
The wan - ton snow flew to her breast as lit-tle
birds in - to their nest. But be-ing o'ercome with
birds in - to their nest. But be-ing o'ercome with
white-ness there, for grief dissolv'd for grief dis-solv'd in
whiteness there, for grief dis-solv'd, for grief dis-solv'd in -

to a tear. Thence fall - ing on - - - - her
to a tear, Thence fall - ing - on - her
gar - ments hem, to deck - - - - - - - -
gar-ments hem. To deck - -
- - - - her froze, froze, froze, in-
- - - - her froze, froze, froze, in-
to a tear. The wan - ton snow flew
to a tear. The wan - ton


to her breast as lit-tle lit-tle birds in - to their nest.
snow flew to her breast as little birds in - to their nest.
But be-ing o'ercome with whiteness there, for grief dis-
But be-ing o'ercome with whiteness there, for grief dis-
solv'd for grief dis-solv'd in - to a tear,
solv'd, for grief dissolv'd in - to a tear.

Green grow the Rashes, O!

Vivace ma non troppo.

'twere not for the las - ses, O! Green grow the
rash - es, O, Green grow the rash - es O, The
sweetest hours that e'er I spent Were spent amang the



The warl'y race may riches chase,
An' riches still may flee them, O!
An' tho' at last they catch 'em fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!

Chos. Green grow, &c.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
An' warl'y cares an' warl'y men
May a' gae tapsailteerie, O.

Chos. Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Chos. Green grow, &c.

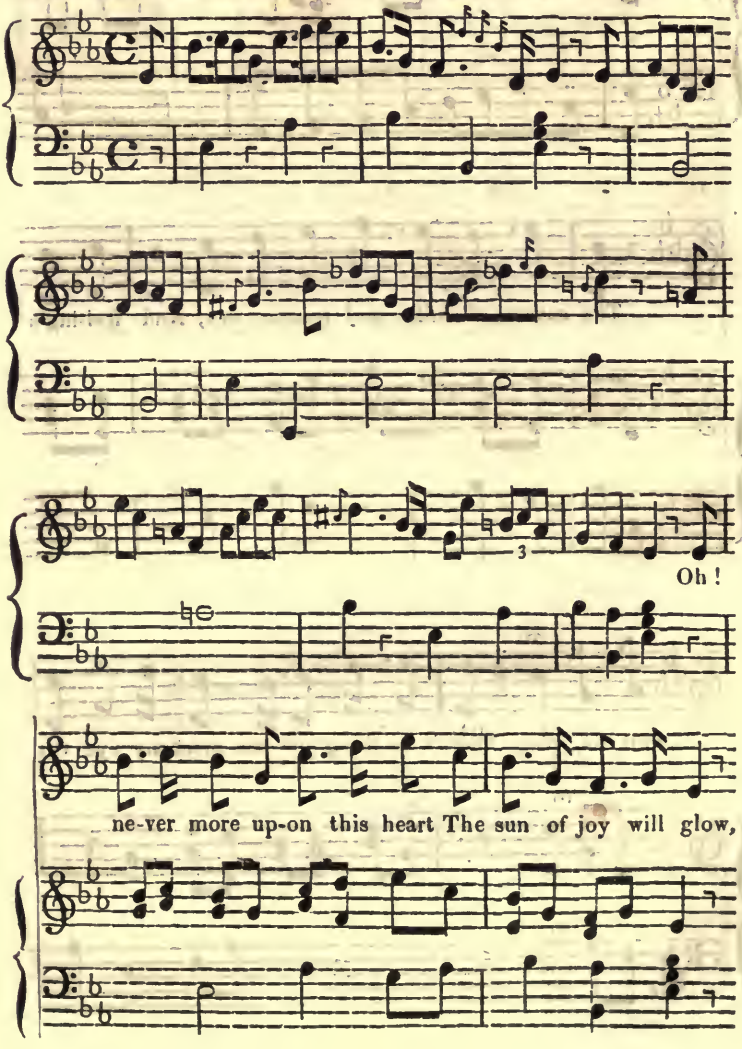
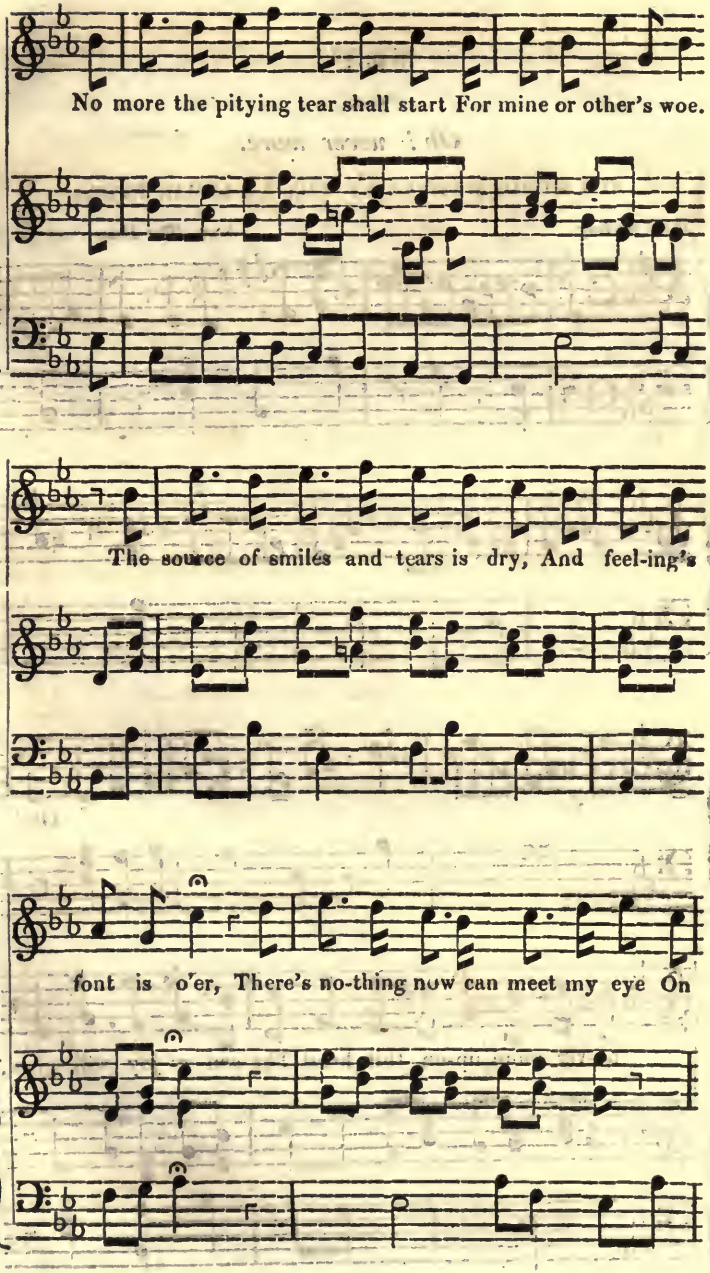
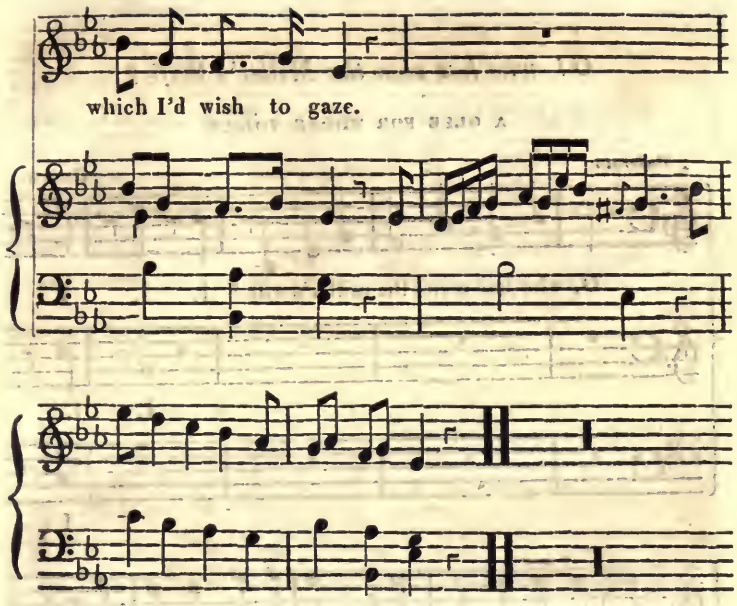
Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Chos. Green grow, &c.

No. V.

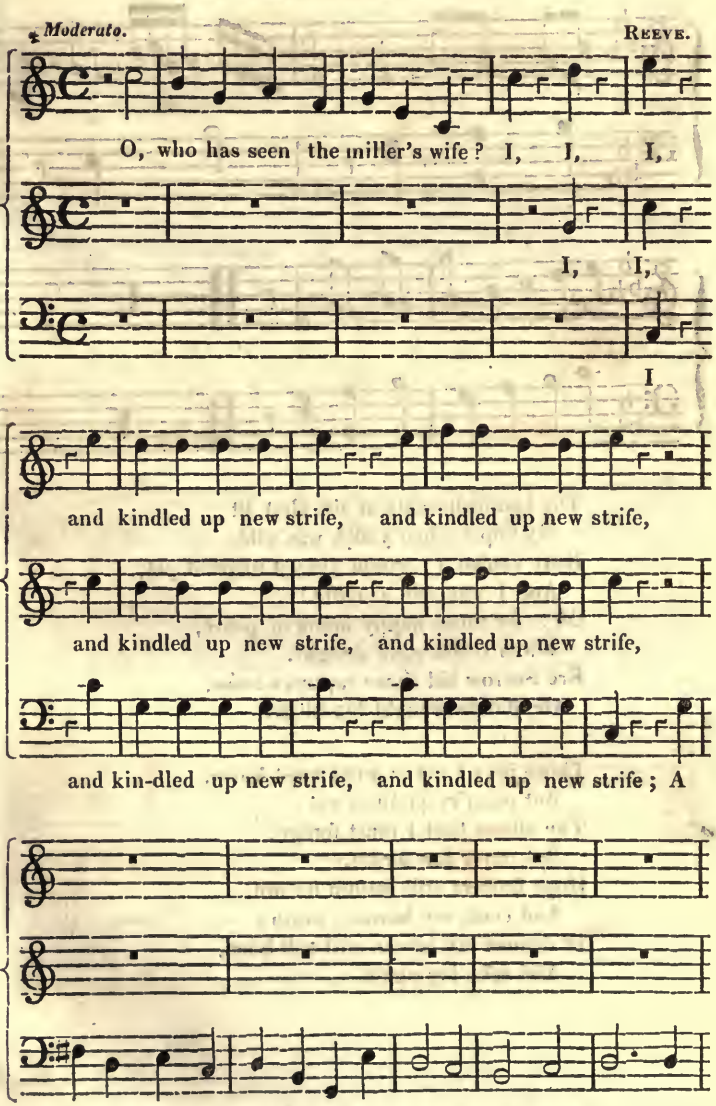
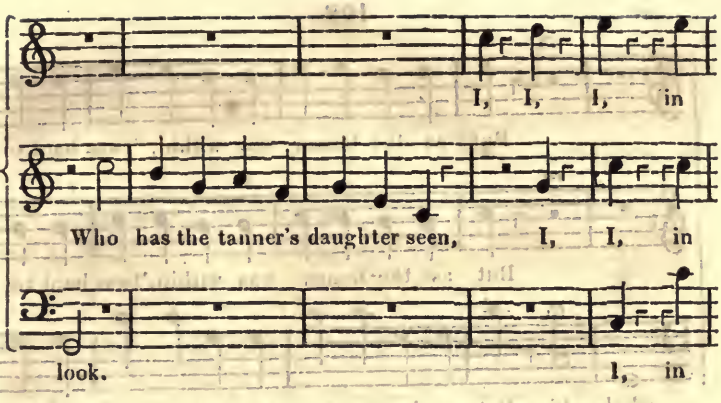
Oh! never more.

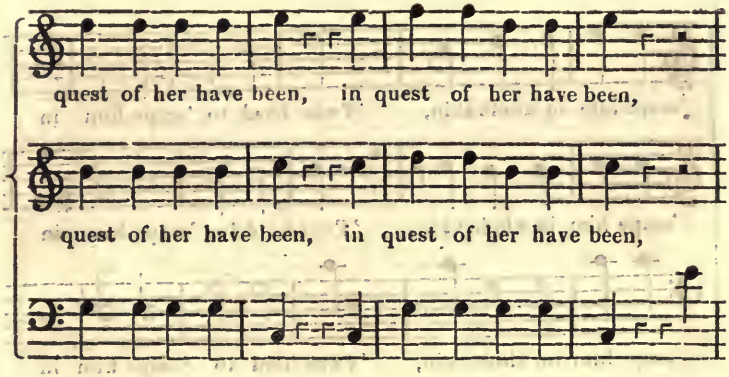
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

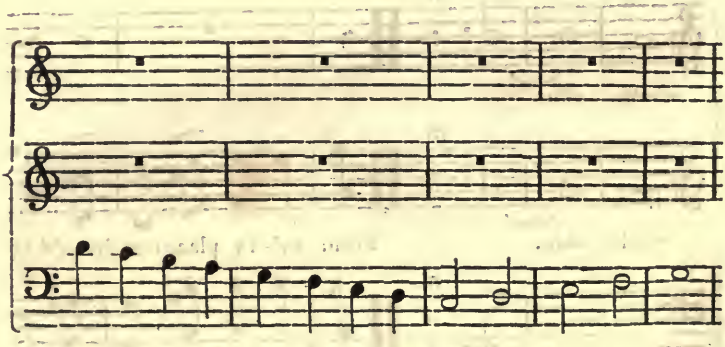
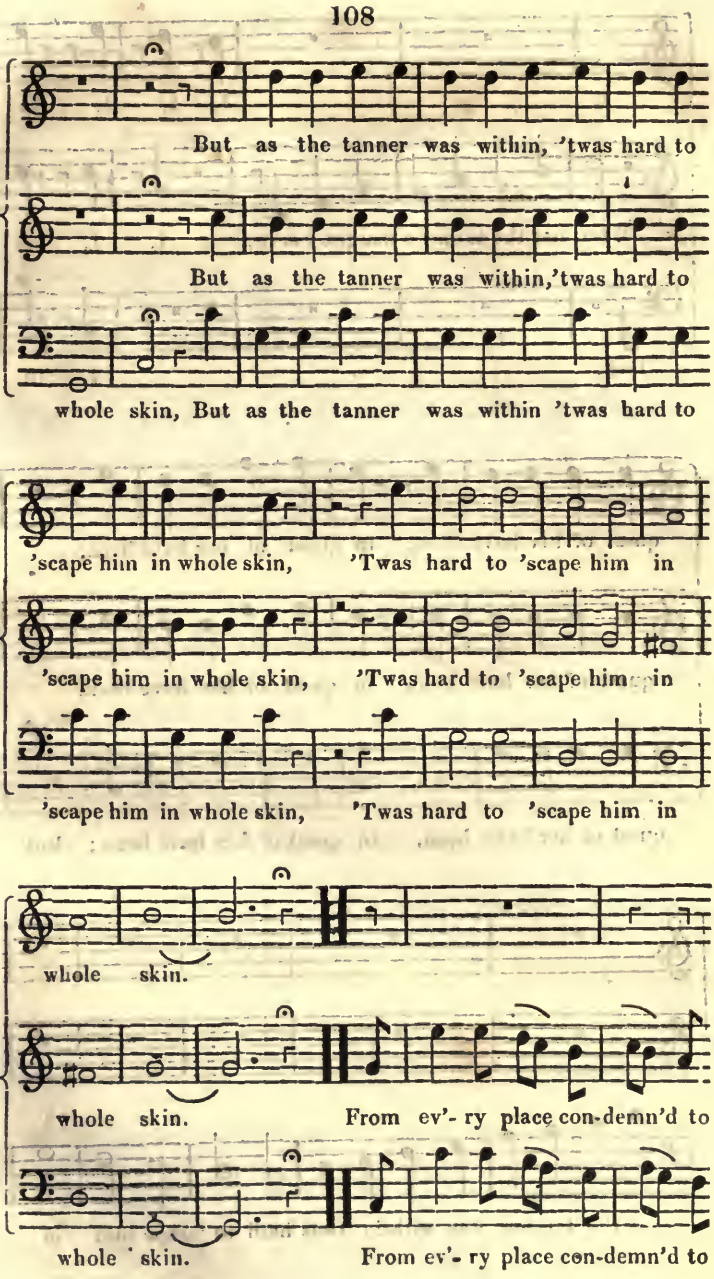
With Feeling. [AIR—*The Harp that once.*

No more the pitying tear shall start For mine or other's woe.
The source of smiles and tears is dry, And feel-ing's
font is o'er, There's no-thing now can meet my eye On

The blandishments of life that lit
My hopes when youth was wild,
Have vanish'd; would they'd linger'd yet,
And I was still a child!
Oh! for those happy hours of peace,
When trifles gave delight,
Ere Sorrow bid those raptures cease,
Or Malice brought her blight.

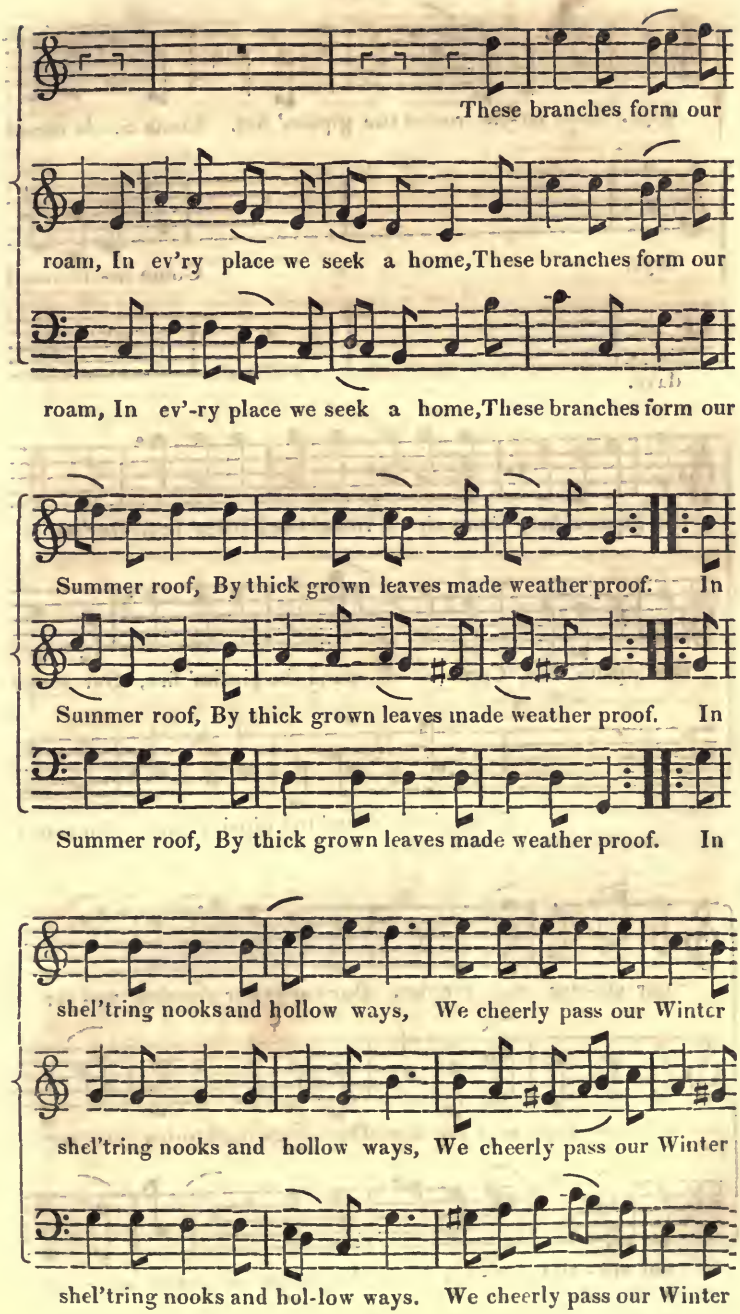
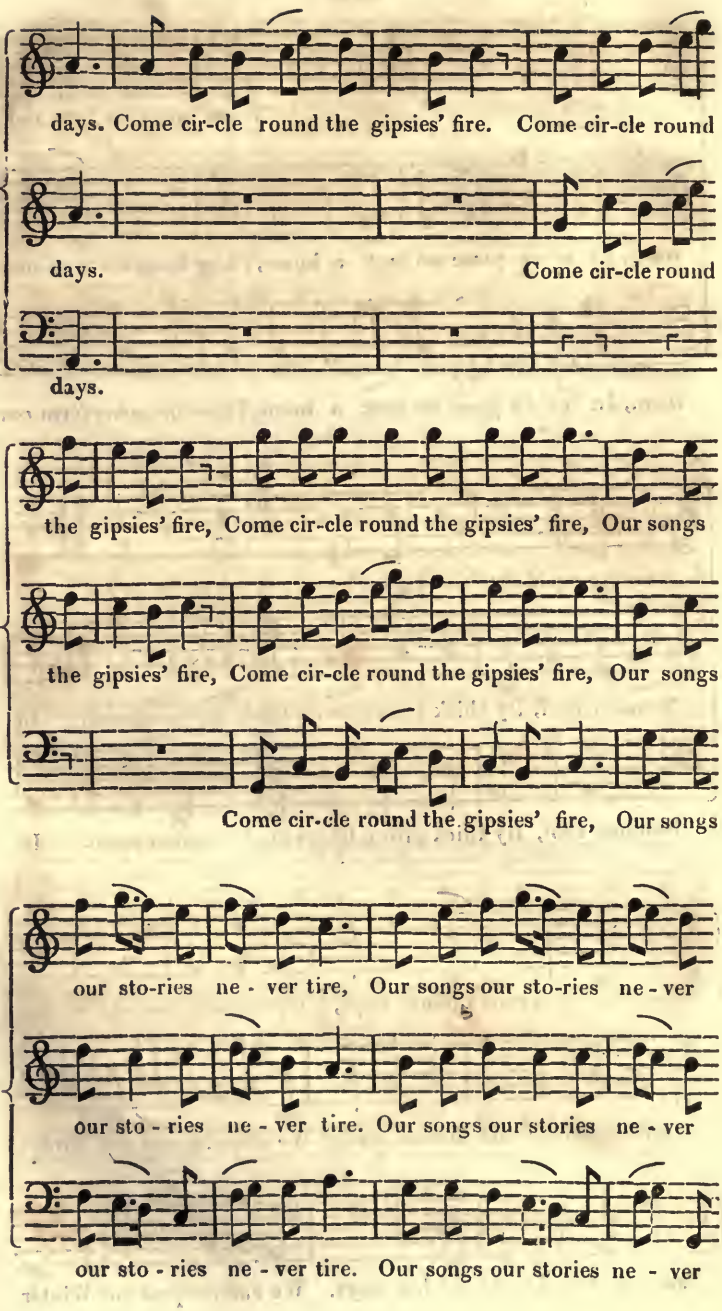
Those joys I never more must know,
But mem'ry pictures yet
The blisses that I must forego,
But never can forget.
Hope flutters still within its urn,
And cools my burning brain;
In dreams my bosom still will burn,
And echo joy again.

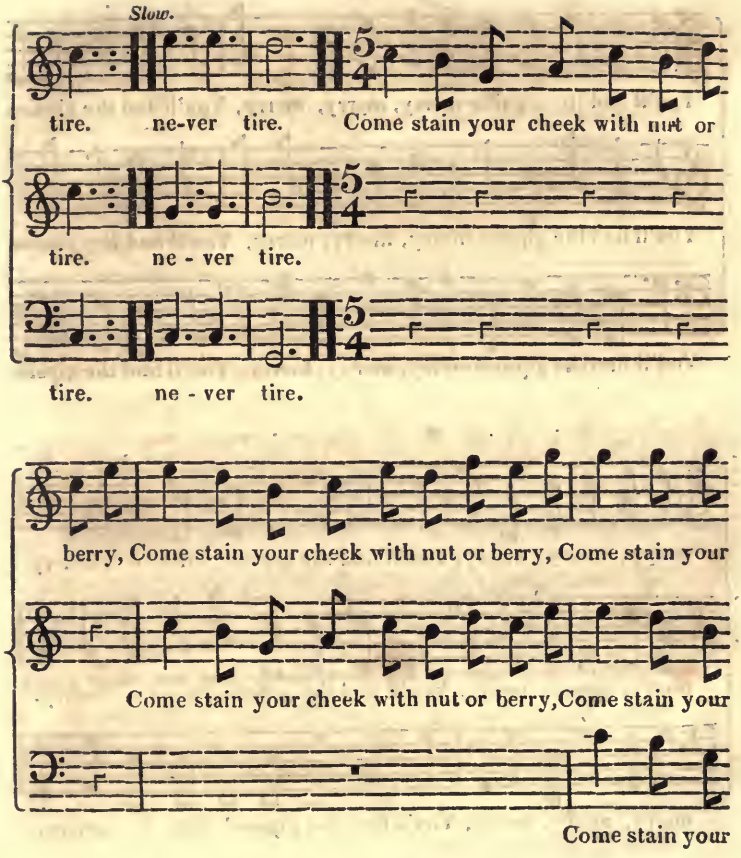
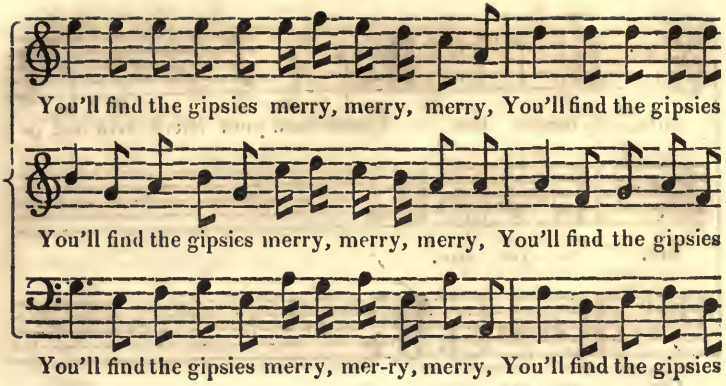
O! who has seen the Miller's Wife?

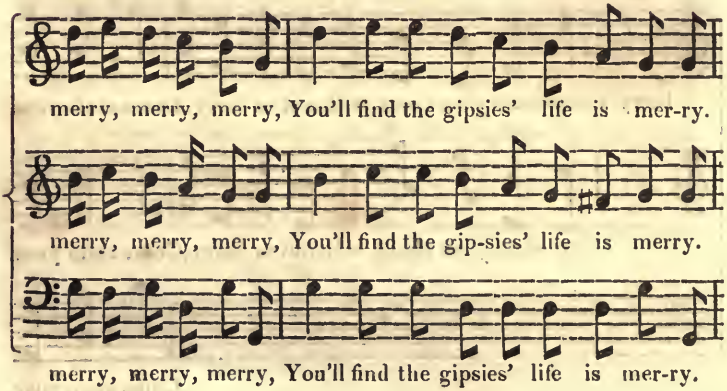
A GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.


I, I, I, in
Who has the tanner's daughter seen, I, I, in
look. I, in

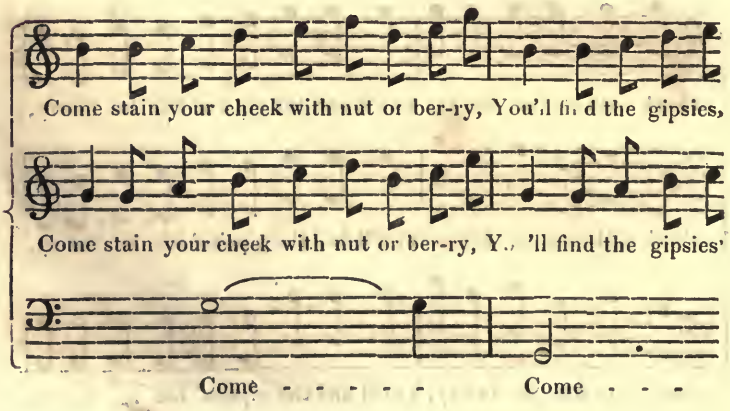

quest of her have been, in quest of her have been,
quest of her have been, in quest of her have been,
quest of her have been, in quest of her have been; But

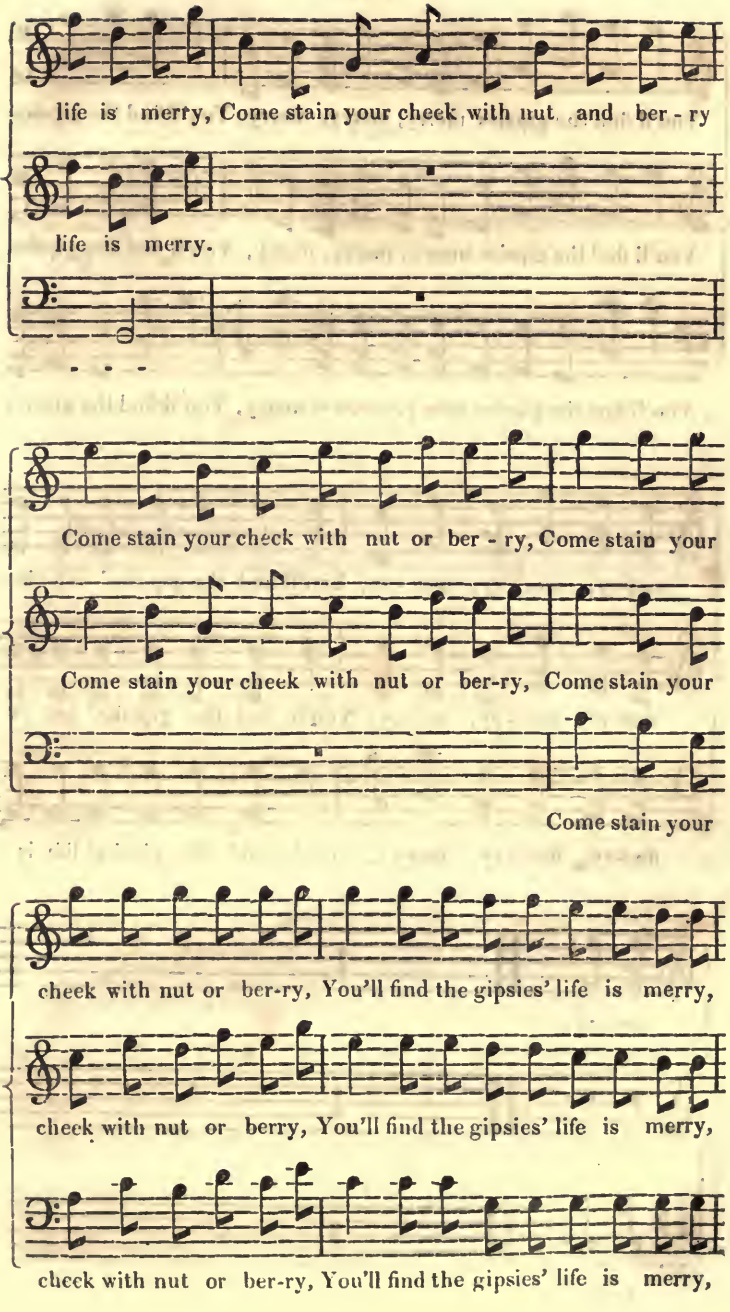
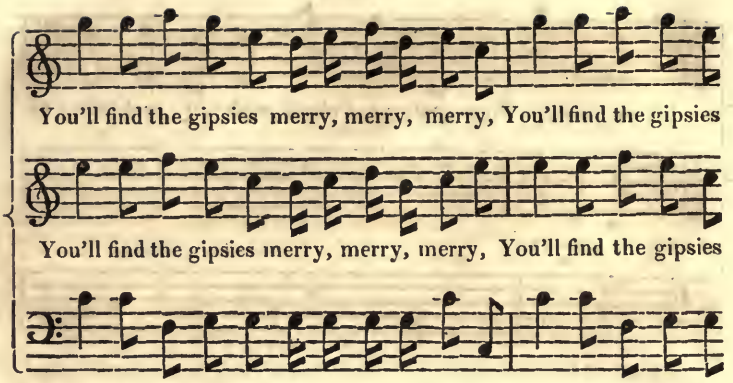
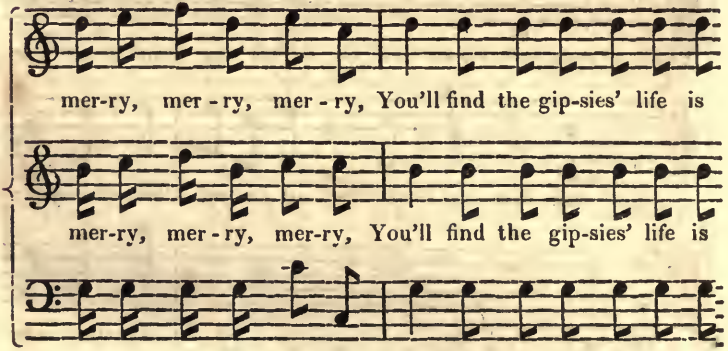

as the tan-ner was with-in 'twas hard to 'scape him in

But as the tanner was within, 'twas hard to
But as the tanner was within,'twas hard to
whole skin, But as the tanner was within 'twas hard to
'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in
'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in
'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in
whole skin.
whole skin. From ev'- ry place con-demn'd to
whole skin. From ev'- ry place con-demn'd to

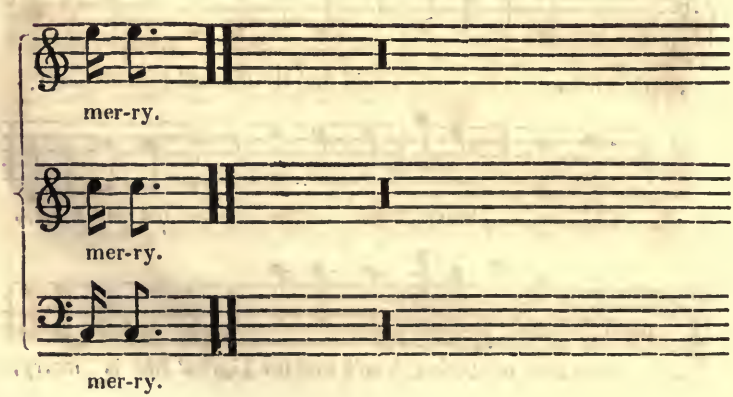

These branches form our
roam, In ev'ry place we seek a home, These branches form our
roam, In ev'-ry place we seek a home, These branches form our
Summer roof, By thick grown leaves made weather proof. In
Summer roof, By thick grown leaves made weather proof. In
Summer roof, By thick grown leaves made weather proof. In
shel'tring nooks and hollow ways, We cheerly pass our Winter
shel'tring nooks and hollow ways, We cheerly pass our Winter
shel'tring nooks and hol-low ways. We cheerly pass our Winter

days. Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire. Come cir-cle round
days. Come cir-cle round
days.
the gipsies' fire, Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire, Our songs
the gipsies' fire, Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire, Our songs
Come cir-cle round the gipsies' fire, Our songs
our sto-ries ne - ver tire, Our songs our sto-ries ne - ver
our sto - ries ne - ver tire. Our songs our stories ne - ver
our sto - ries ne - ver tire. Our songs our stories ne - ver


Slow.
tire. ne-ver tire. Come stain your cheek with nut or
tire. ne - ver tire.
tire. ne - ver tire.
berry, Come stain your cheek with nut or berry, Come stain your
Come stain your cheek with nut or berry, Come stain your
Come stain your
cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,
cheek with nut or berry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,
cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,

You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies
You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies
You'll find the gipsies merry, mer-ry, merry, You'll find the gipsies


merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies' life is mer-ry.
merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gip-sies' life is merry.
merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies' life is mer-ry.


Come stain your cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies,
Come stain your cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies'
Come - - - - - Come - - -

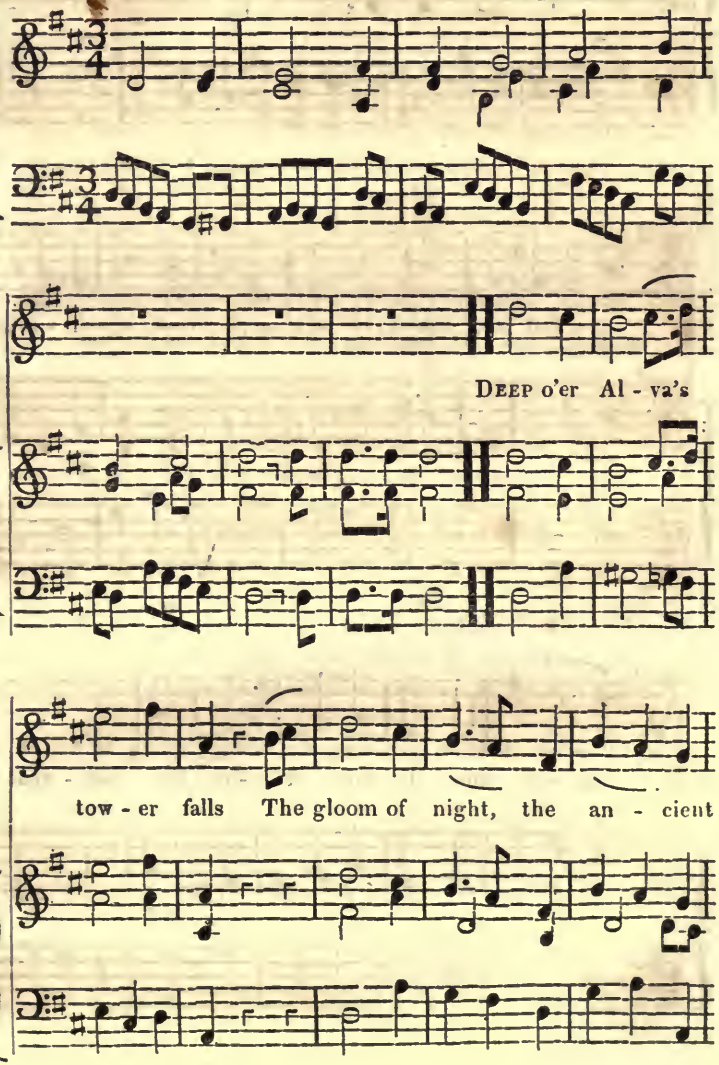
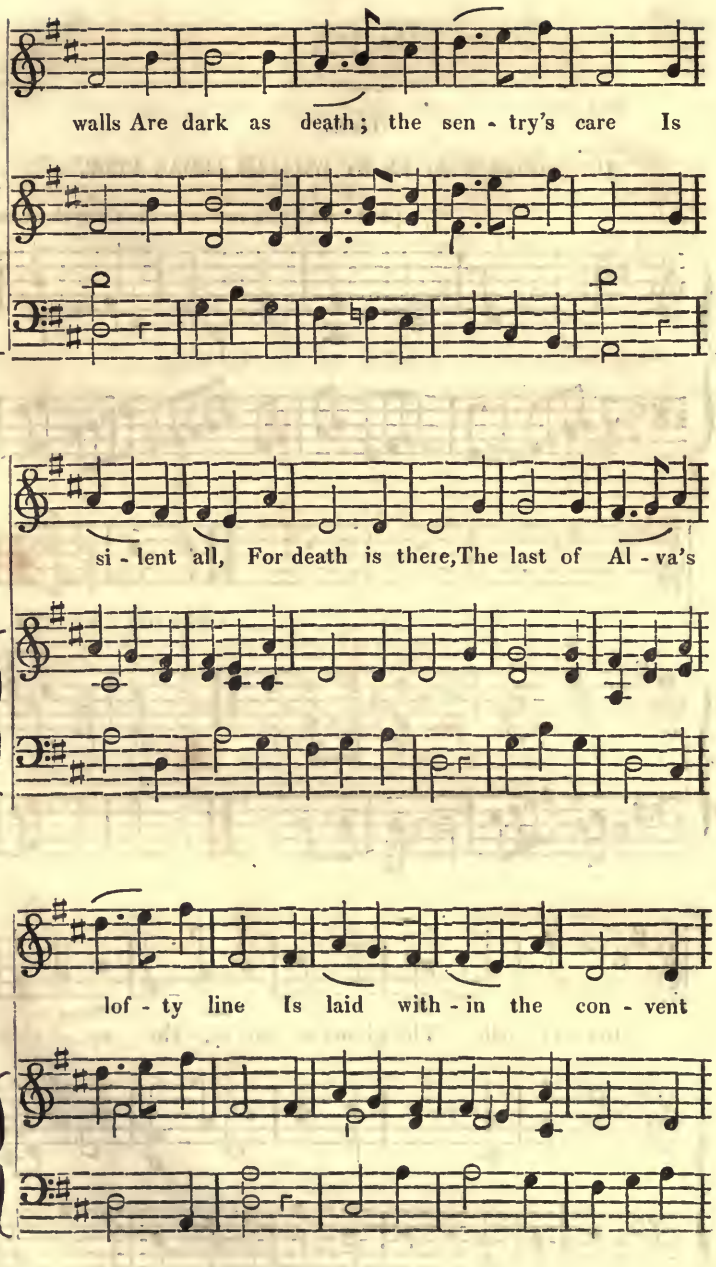

life is merry, Come stain your cheek with nut and ber - ry
life is merry.
Come stain your cheek with nut or ber - ry, Come stain your
Come stain your cheek with nut or ber-ry, Come stain your
Come stain your
cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,
cheek with nut or berry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,
cheek with nut or ber-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is merry,

You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies
You'll find the gipsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gipsies
You'll find the gipsies merry, mer-ry, merry, You'll find the gipsies

mer-ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, You'll find the gip-sies' life is
mer-ry, mer - ry, mer-ry, You'll find the gip-sies' life is
mer-ry, mer - ry, mer-ry, You'll find the gipsies' life is

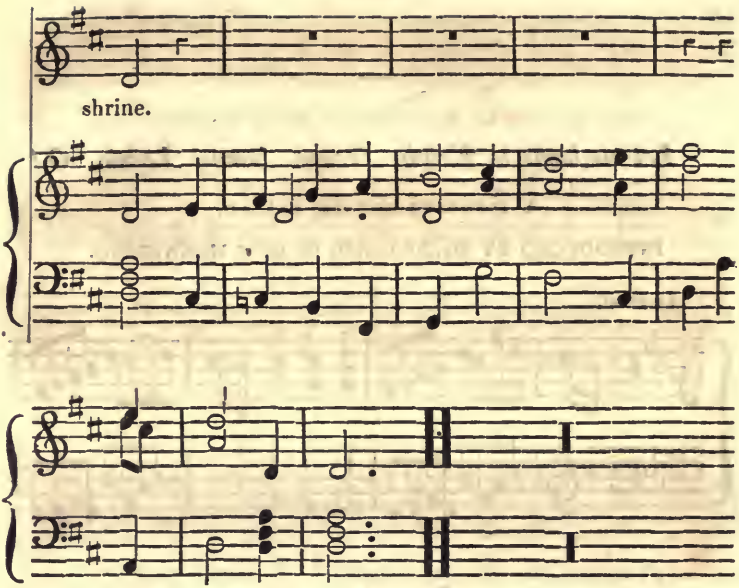

mer-ry.
mer-ry.
mer-ry.

No. VI.

Alva.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Solemn. [AIR—*Rich and rare were the Gems she wore.*

walls Are dark as death; the sen - try's care Is
si - lent all, For death is there, The last of Al - va's
lof - ty line Is laid with - in the con - vent



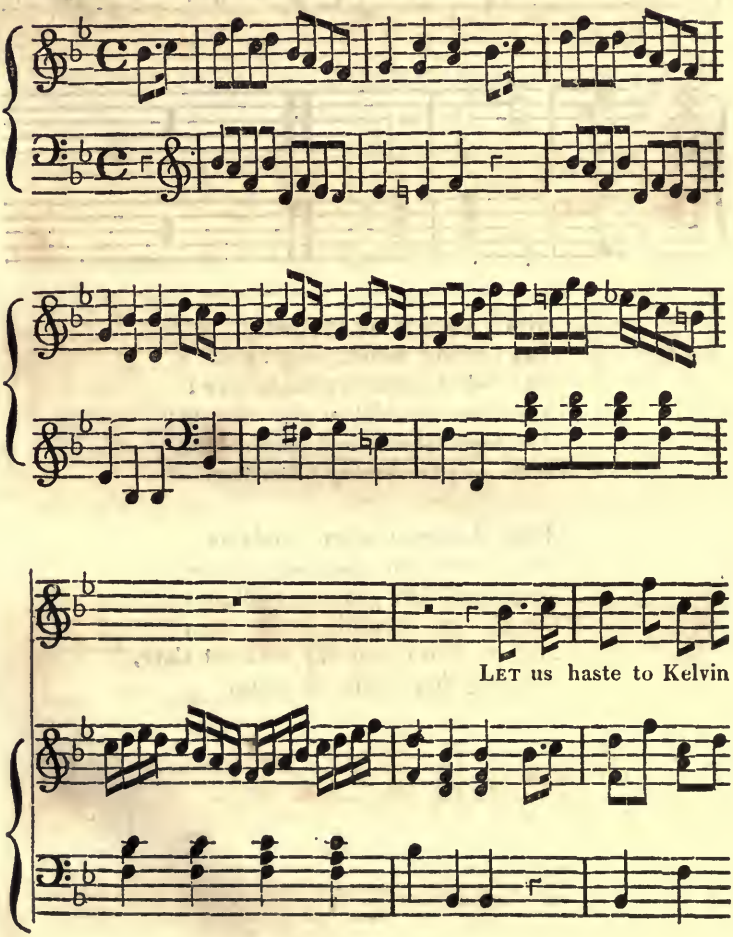
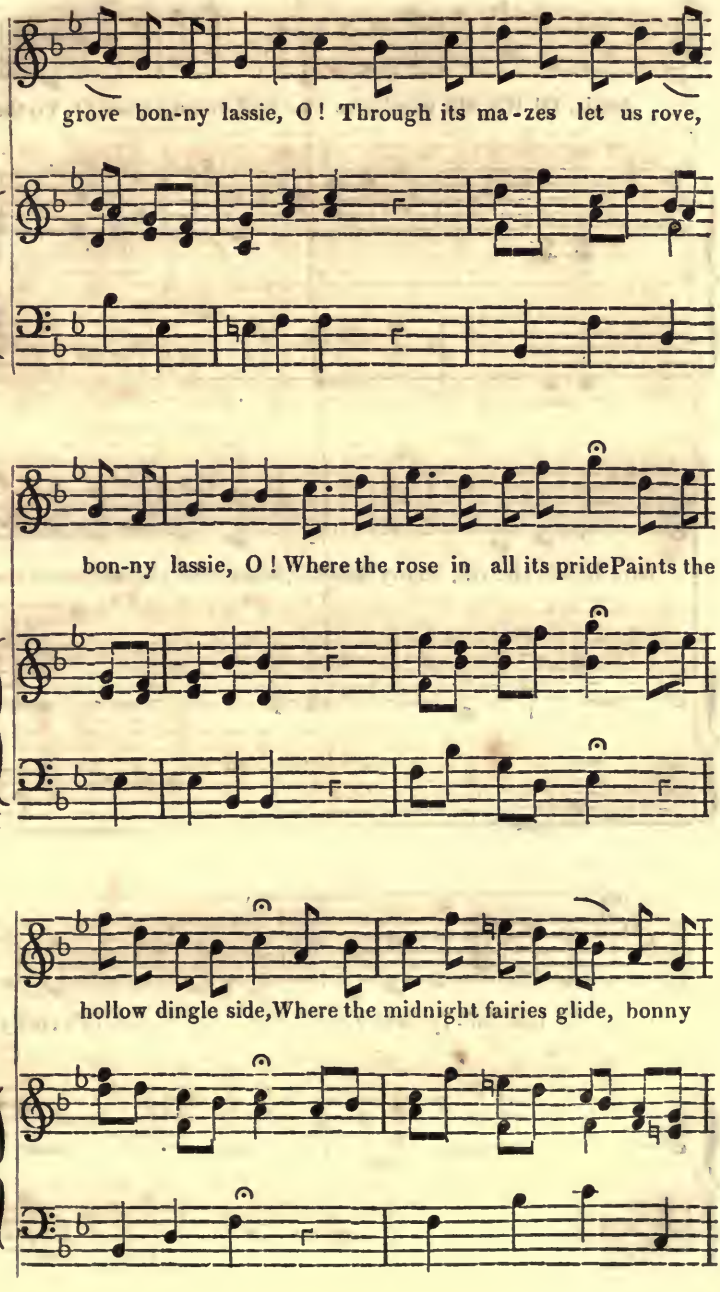
Alva! peace is not for thee,
Thy splendid turrets yonder see,
Thy wide domains are fair to view;
Thou hast no child to give them to;
And thou art old, and sorrow here,
With none to dry thy bitter tear.

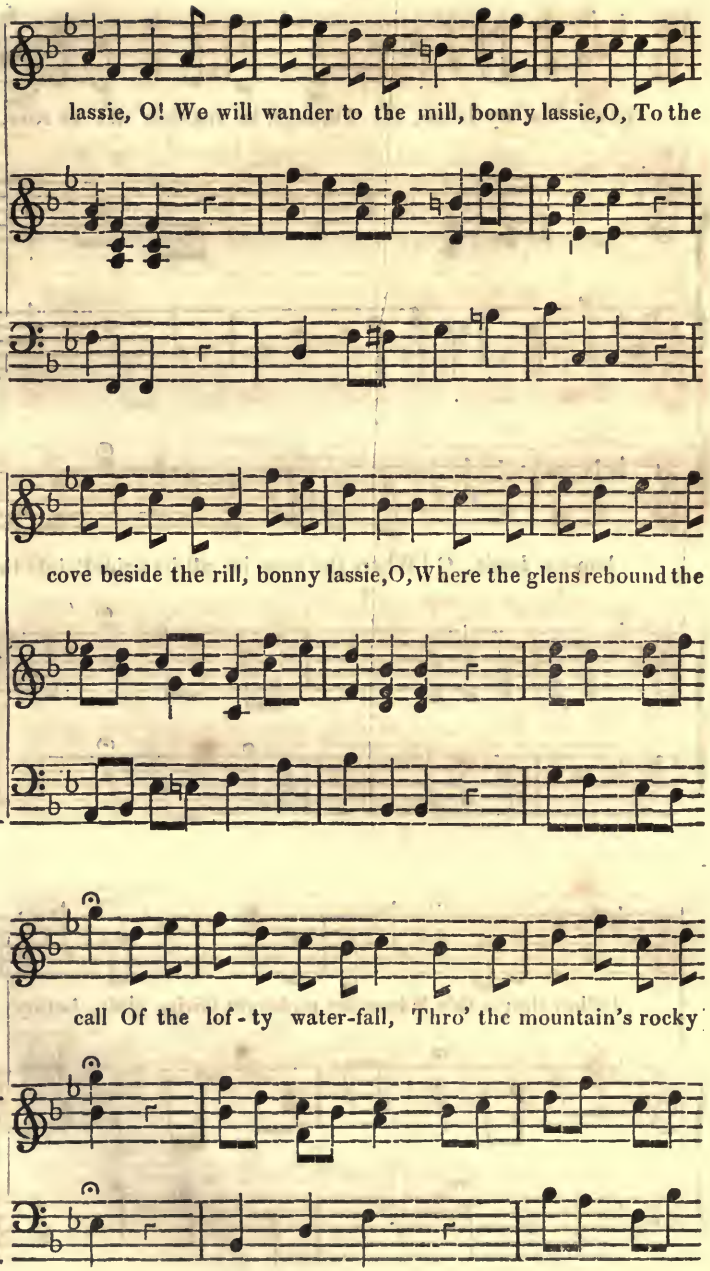
False thou wert in love, and now
Thou reap'st the guerdon of thy vow;
Days shall rise, and suns shall glow,
But pleasure thou wilt never know;
More wretched than thy meanest slave,
Thy only hope is in the grave.

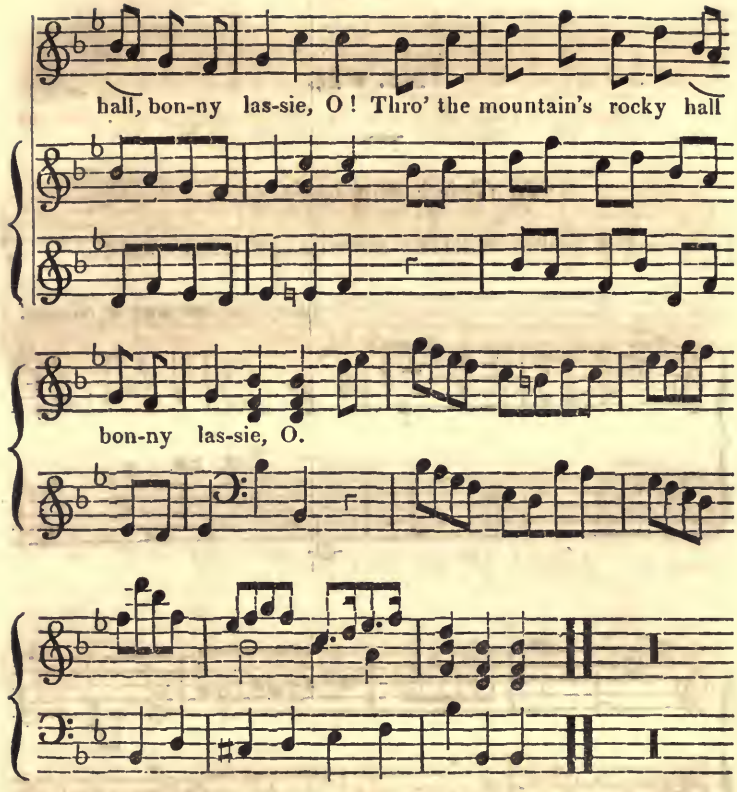
Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonny Lassie, O!

A FAVORITE SCOTCH BALLAD,

INTRODUCED BY Mr. BRAHAM, IN GUY MANNERING.

Affetuoso.


grove bon-ny lassie, O! Through its ma-zes let us rove,
bon-ny lassie, O! Where the rose in all its pride Paints the
hollow dingle side, Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny


lassie, O! We will wander to the mill, bonny lassie, O, To the
cove beside the rill, bonny lassie, O, Where the glens rebound the
call Of the lof-ty water-fall, Thro' the mountain's rocky



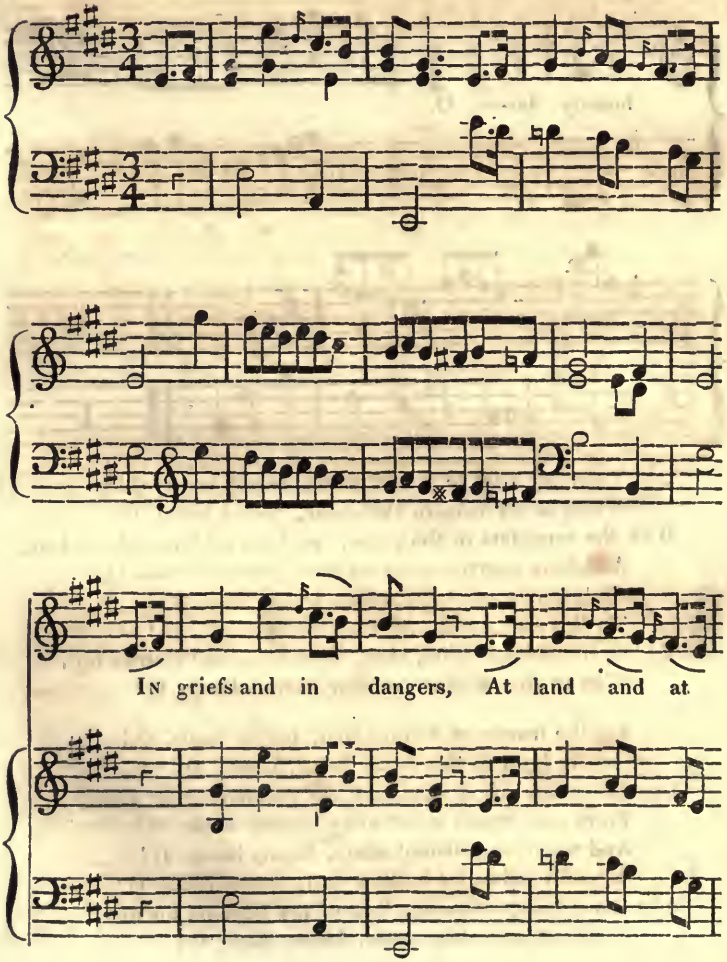
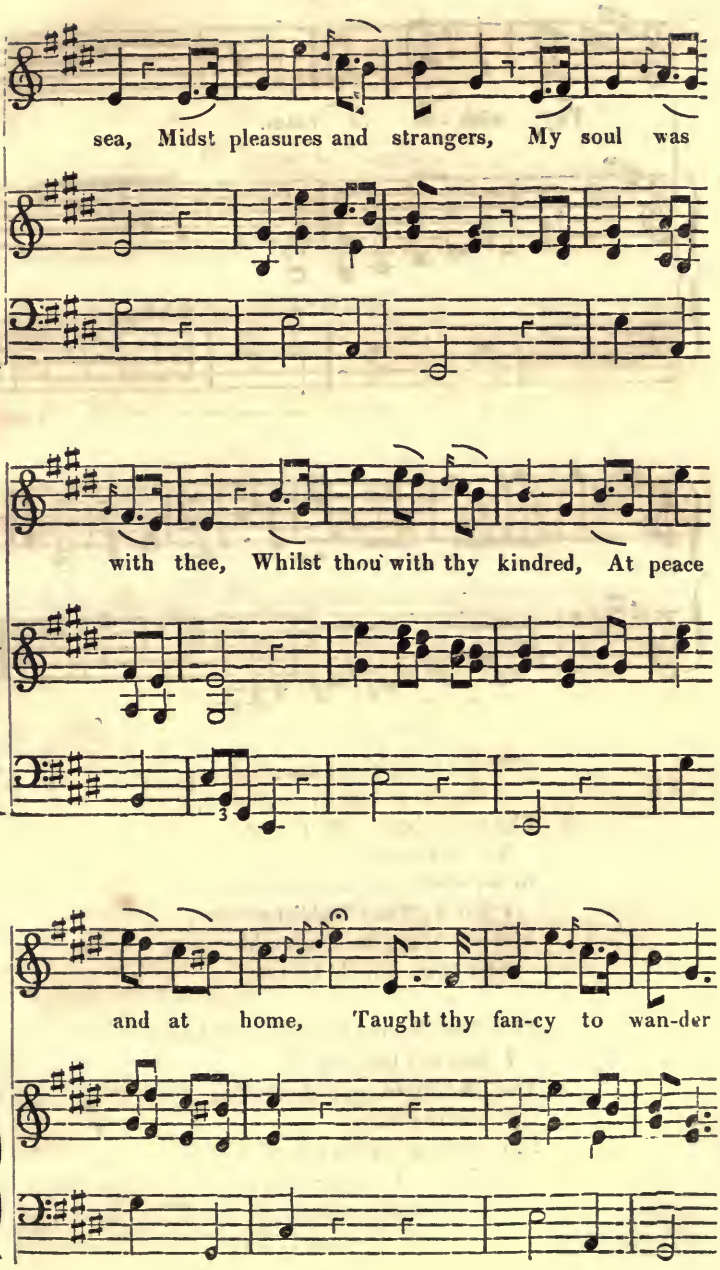
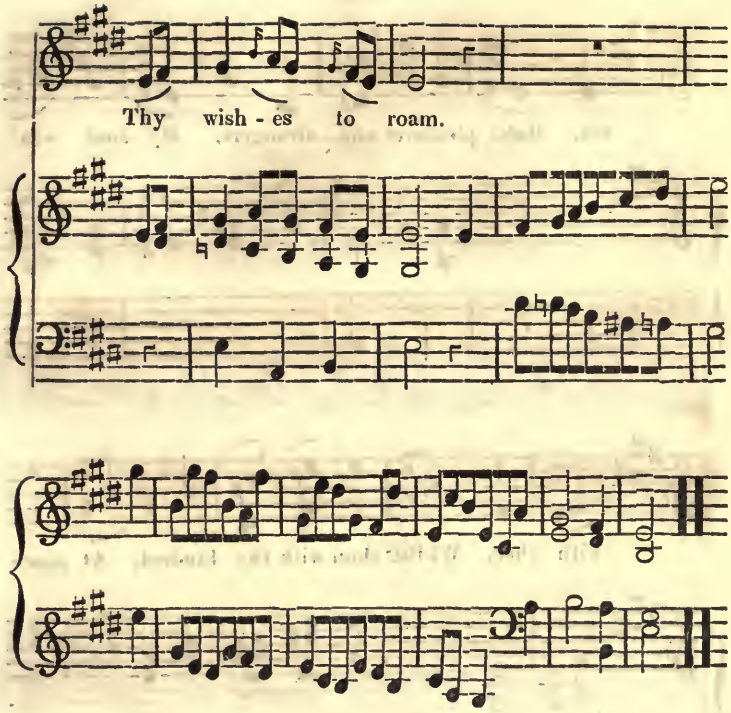
Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O!
Where so oft beneath the shade, bonny lassie, O!
With the songsters in the grove, we have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O!
Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie O!
To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O!
To the streamlet winding clear, to the fragrant scented bri'r
E'en to thee of all most dear, bonny lassie, O!

For the frowns of fortune lour, bonny lassie, O!
On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O!
Ere the golden orb of day wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O!
And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O!
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O!
Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear of thy lover on his bier,
To his mem'ry drop a tear, bonny lassie, O!

No. VII.

In Griefs and in Dangers.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

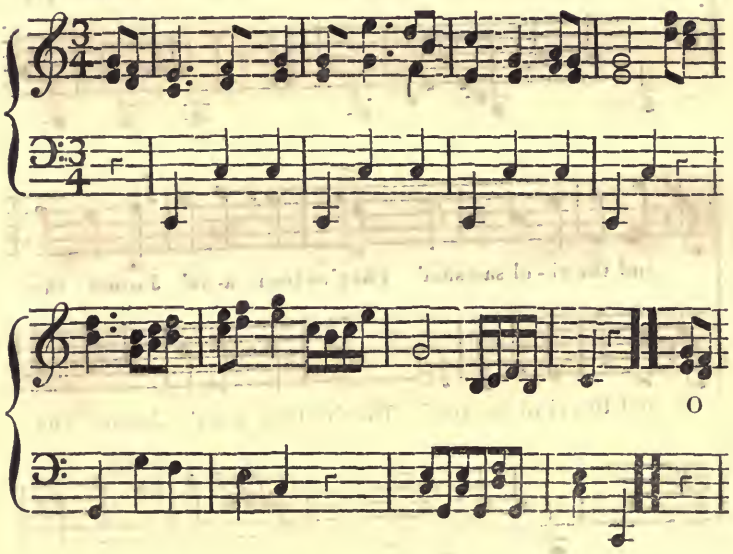
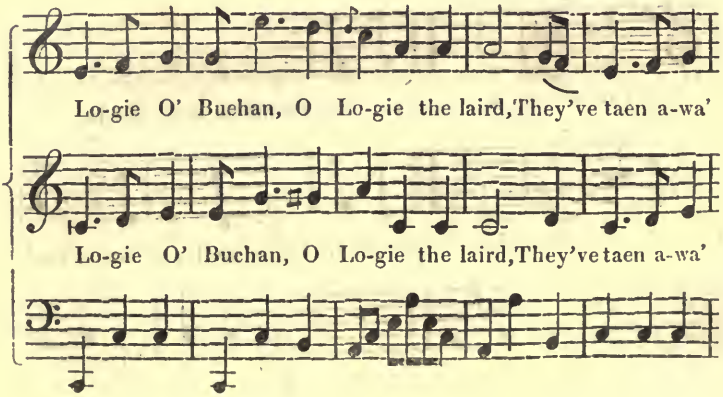
[Air—*The last Rose of Summer.*


sea, Midst pleasures and strangers, My soul was
with thee, Whilst thou with thy kindred, At peace
and at home, Taught thy fan-cy to wan-der

Whilst I suffer'd capture,
Wrong'd wounded, oppress'd,
Thy heart beat with rapture
To Netherville's breast.
In my wants and my sorrows,
I fear'd thou should'st mourn;
And my heart was distress'd
Lest thine should be torn.

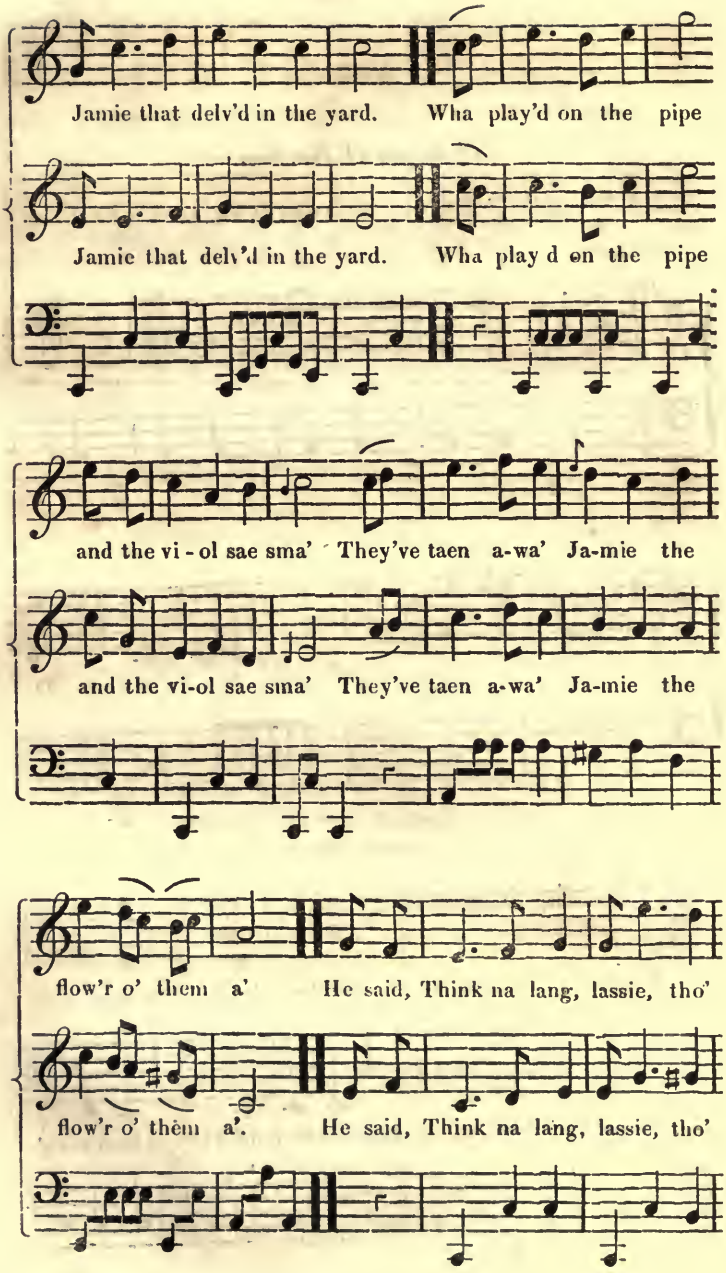
Tho' false friends have decried thee,
I join not their hate;
Tho' the world may deride thee,
I pity thy fate,
I know thou hast wrong'd me—
Will ne'er be my own;
But I feel that I love thee,
And love thee alone!

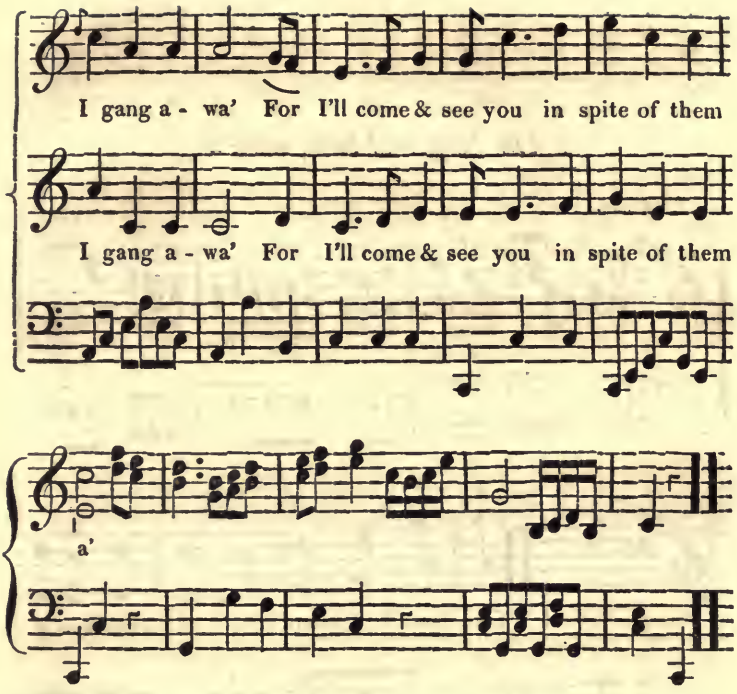
O Logie O' Buchan.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH AIR, ARRANGED AS A DUET.

Grazioso.




Jamie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play'd on the pipe
Jamie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play d on the pipe
and the vi - ol sae sma' They've taen a-wa' Ja-mie the
and the vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a-wa' Ja-mie the
flow'r o' them a' He said, Think na lang, lassie, tho'
flow'r o' them a'. He said, Think na lang, lassie, tho'



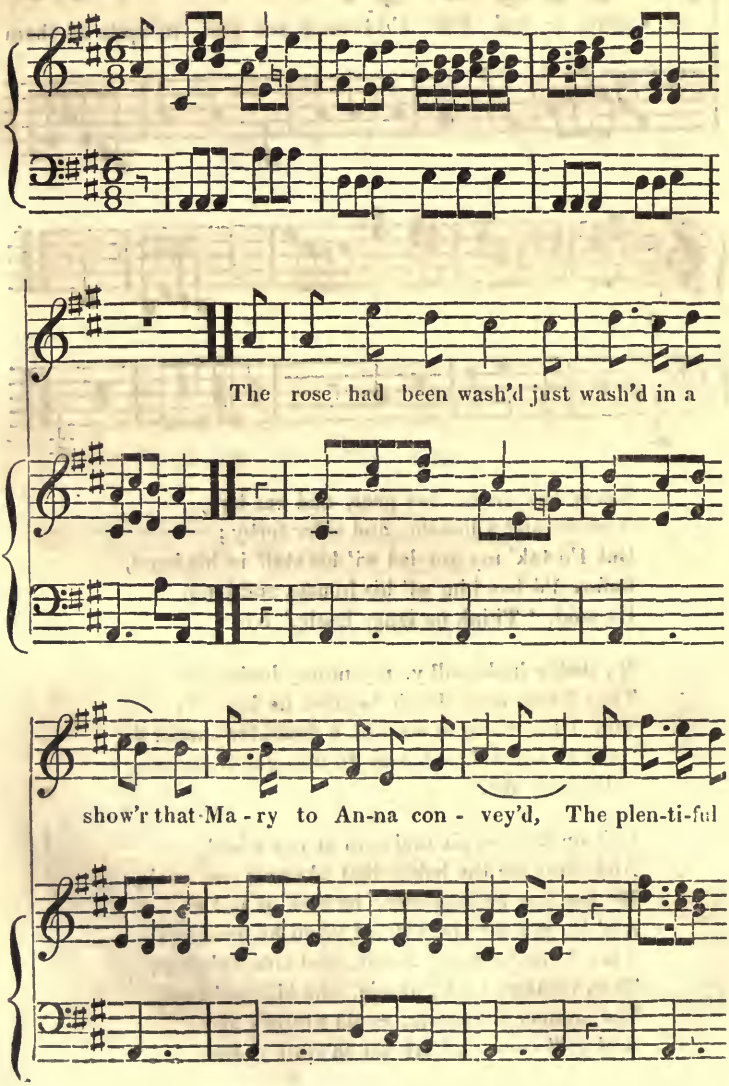
Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a haddin, and siller forby;
But I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.
He said, 'Think na lang, lassie,' &c.

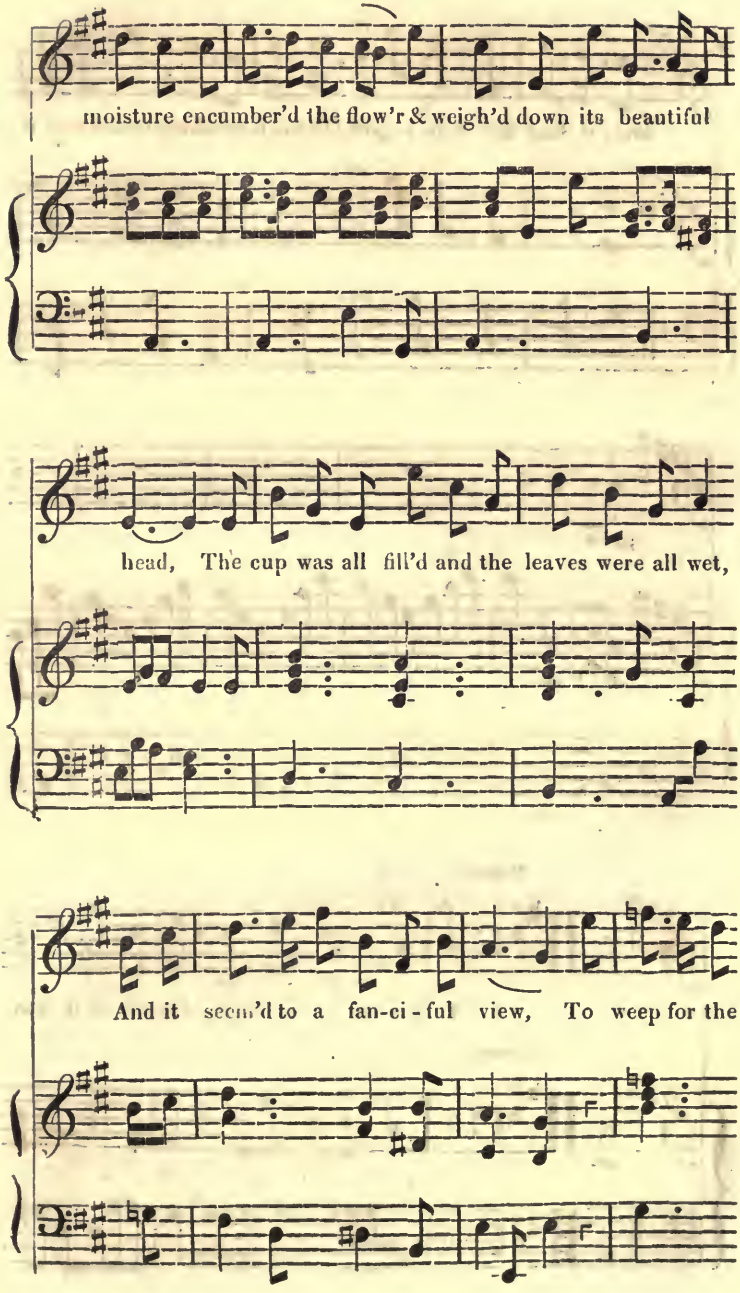
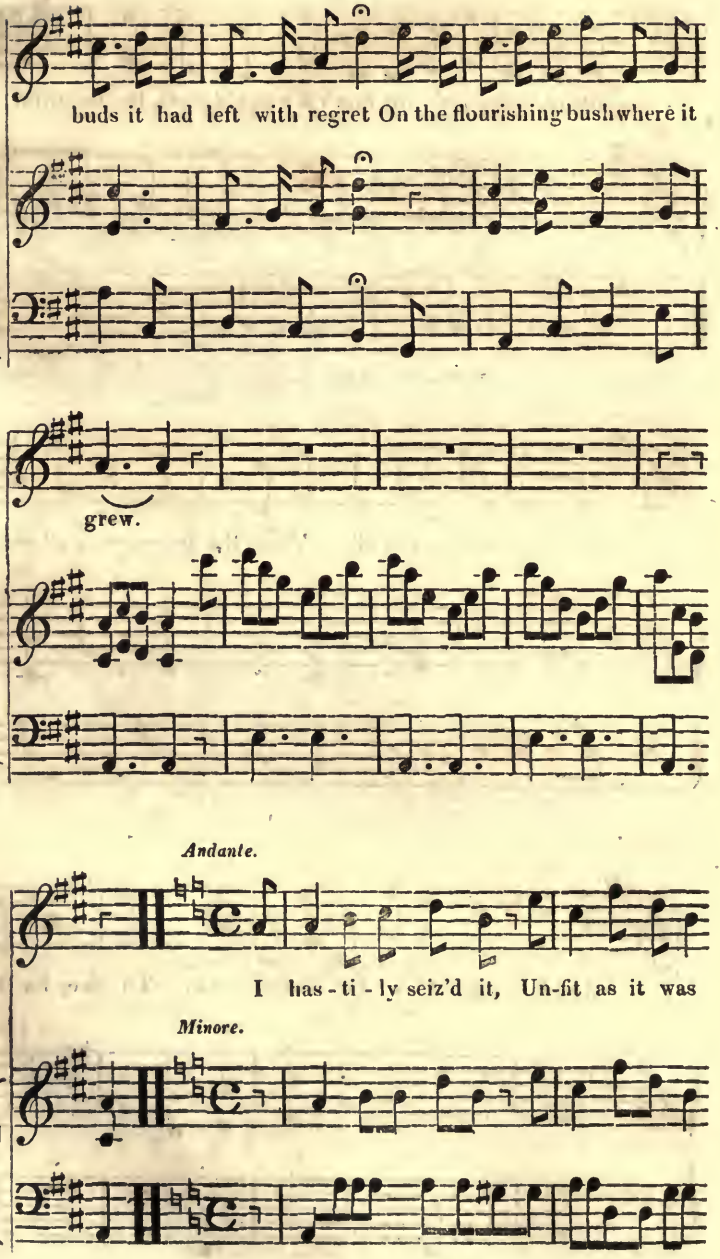
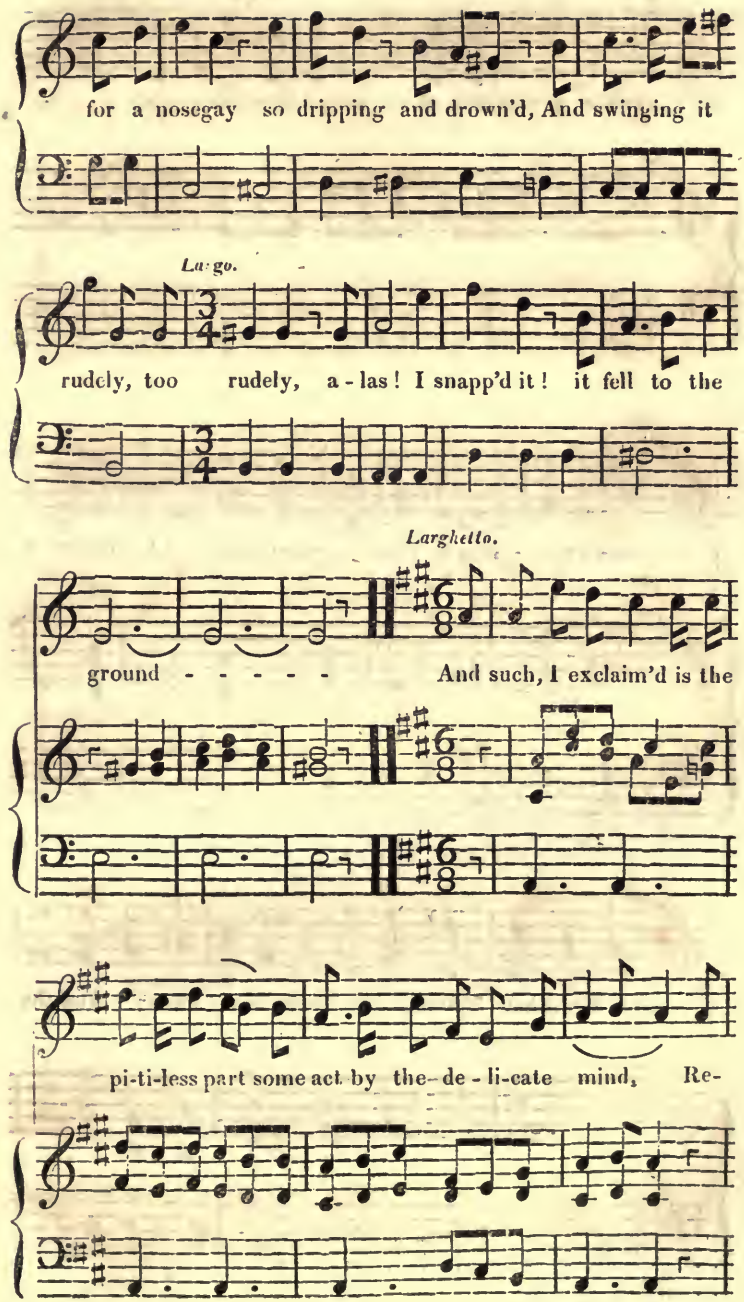
My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Tho' I like them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, &c.

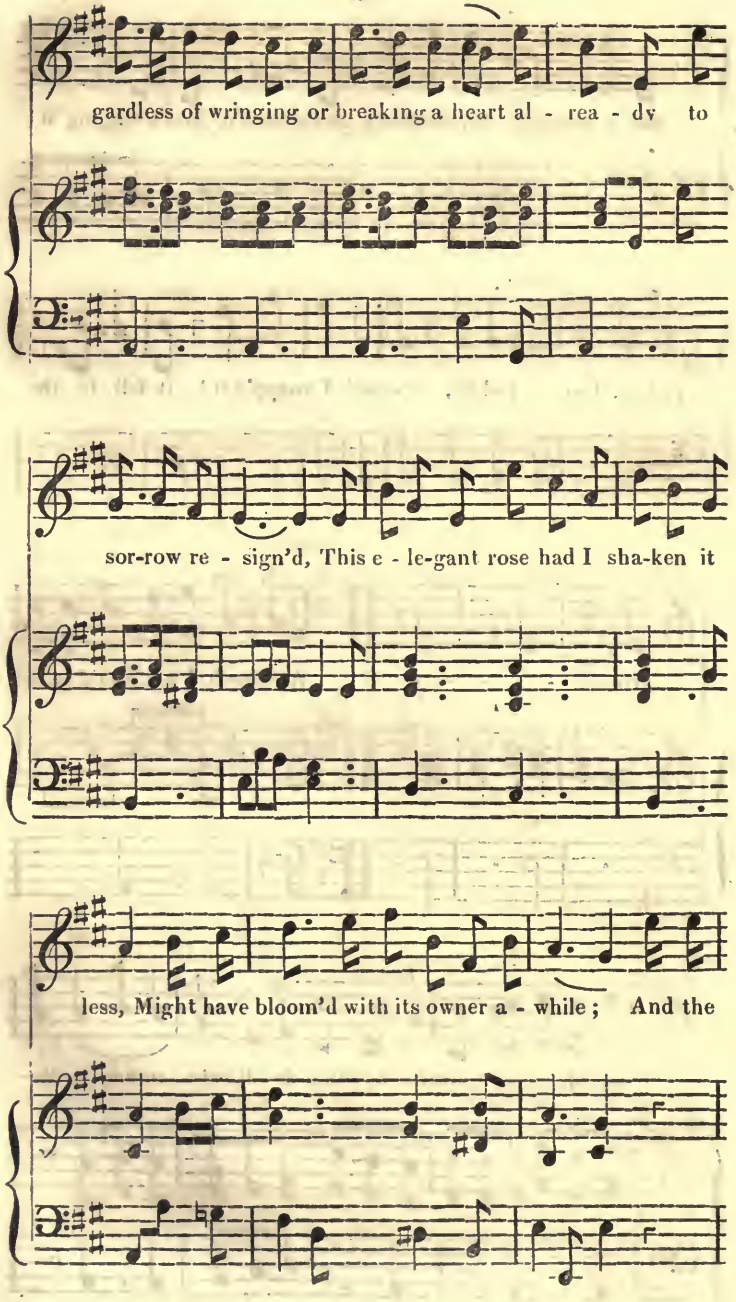
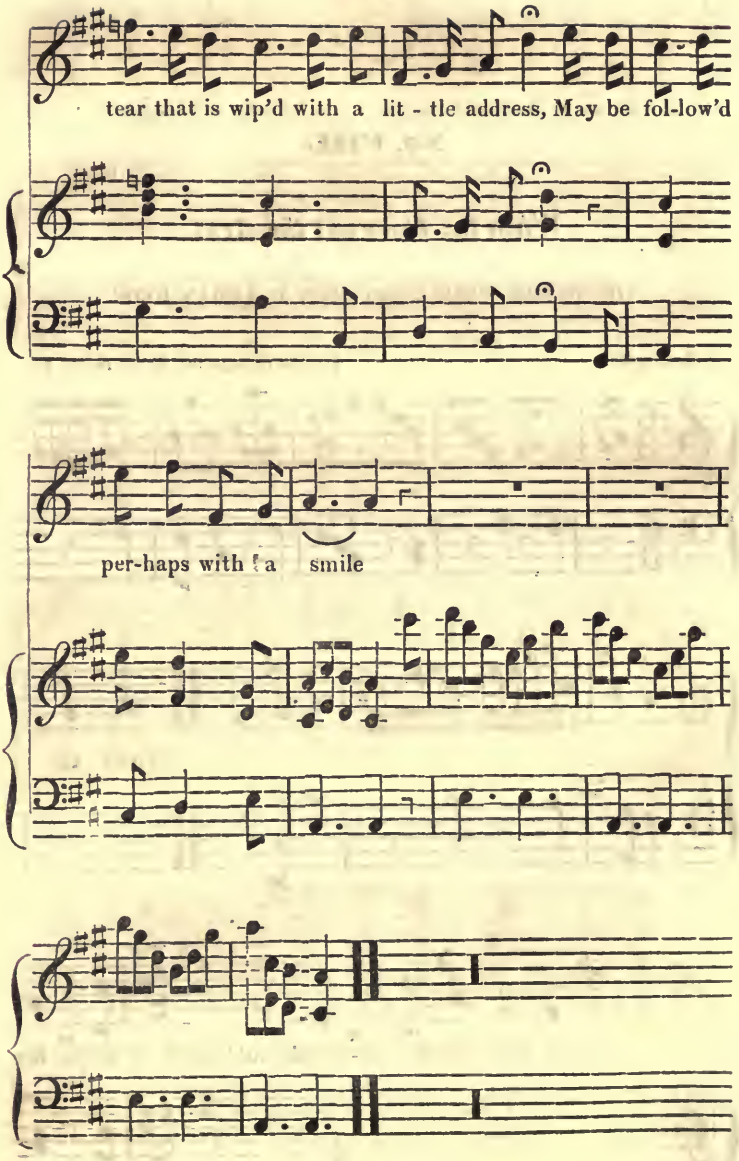
I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that likes me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na' awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na' awa',
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

The Rose had been wash'd.

Larghetto. WEBBE.



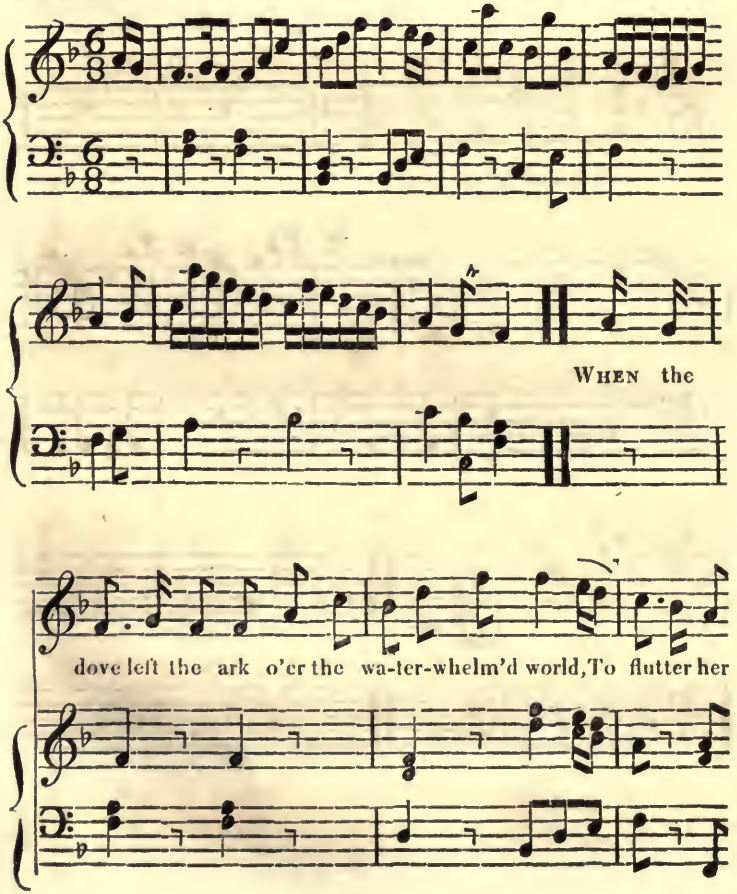
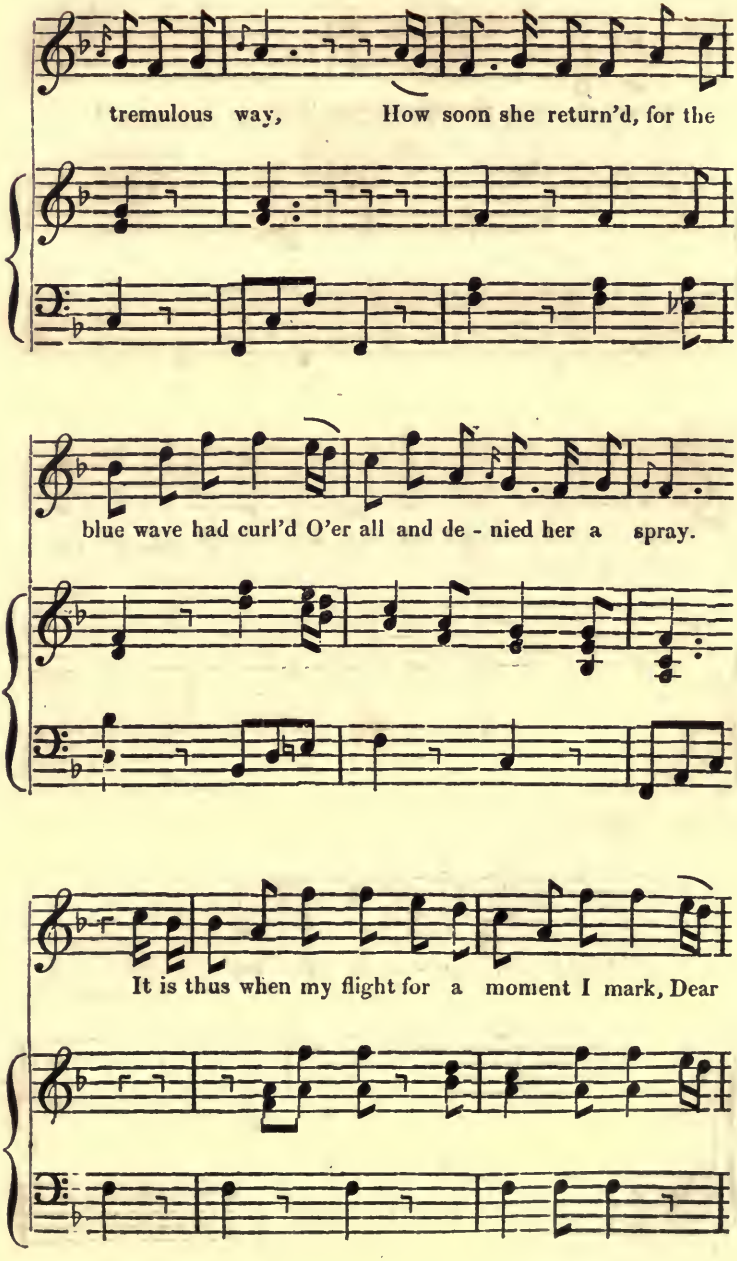
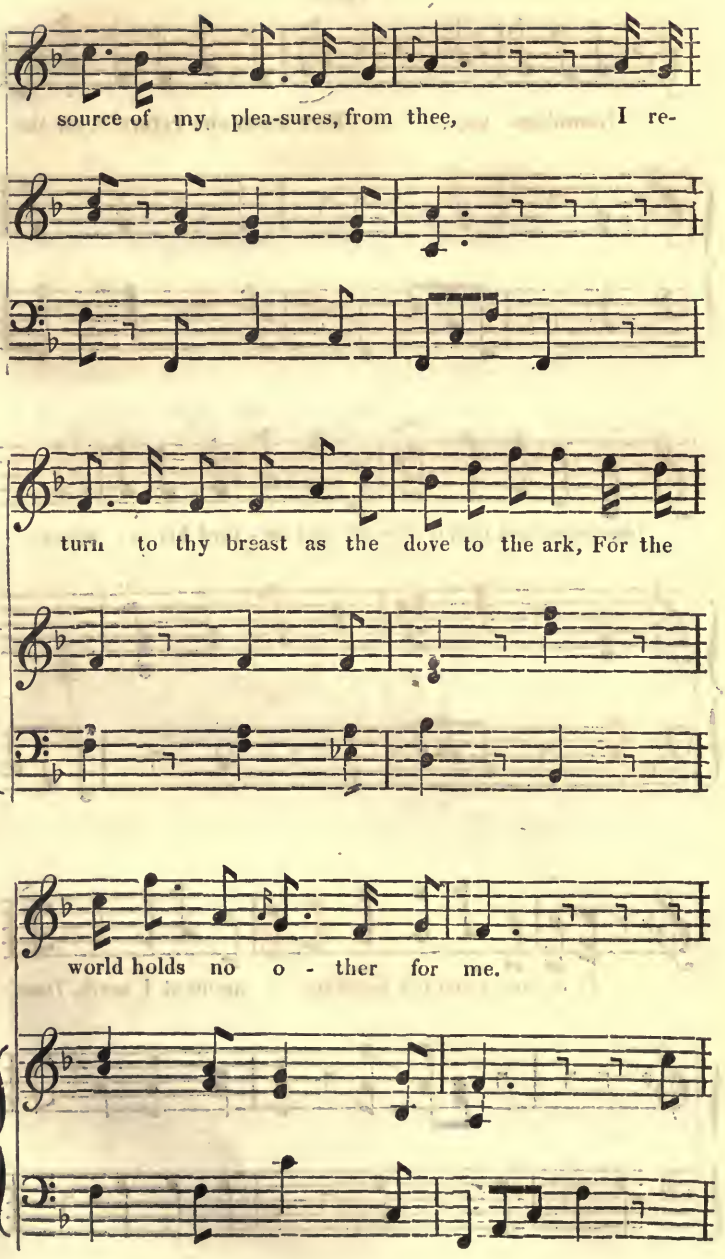
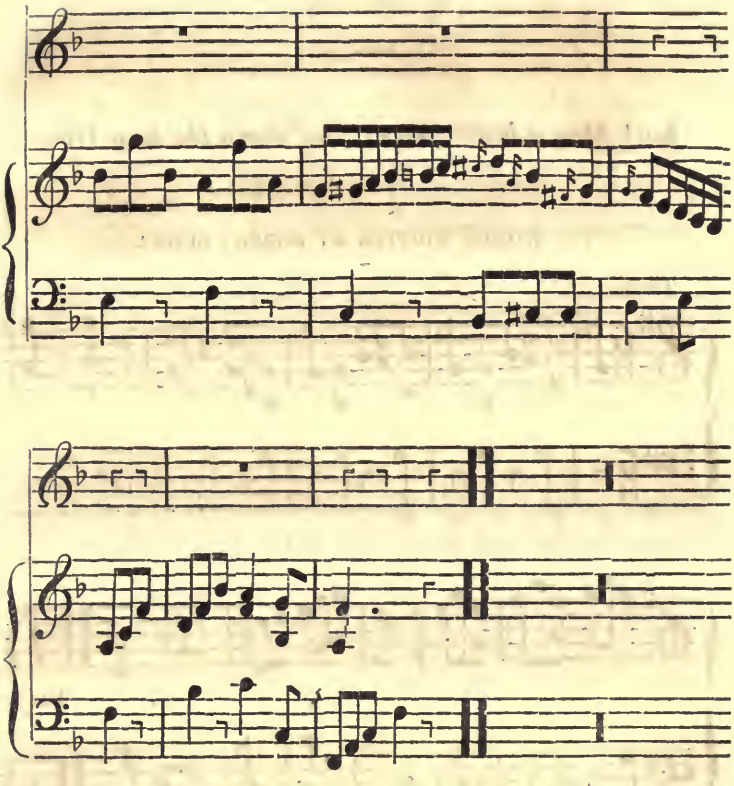

moisture encumber'd the flow'r & weigh'd down its beautiful
head, The cup was all fill'd and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fan-ci-ful view, To weep for the

buds it had left with regret On the flourishing bush where it
grew.
Andante.
I has-ti-ly seiz'd it, Un-fit as it was
Minore.

for a nosegay so dripping and drown'd, And swinging it
Largo.
rudely, too rudely, a-las! I snapp'd it! it fell to the
Larghetto.
ground - - - - - And such, I exclaim'd is the
pi-ti-less part some act by the de-li-cate mind, Re-


gardless of wringing or breaking a heart al - rea - dy to
sor-row re - sign'd, This e - le-gant rose had I sha-ken it
less, Might have bloom'd with its owner a - while; And the

tear that is wip'd with a lit - tle address, May be fol-low'd
per-haps with a smile

No. VIII.

When the Dove left the Ark.

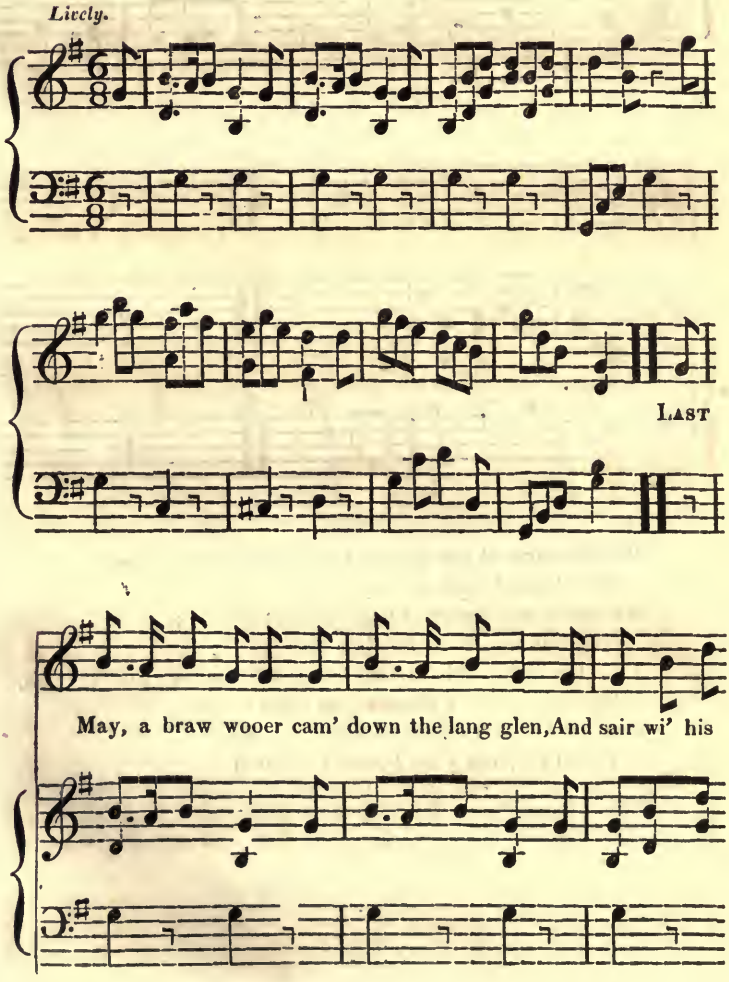
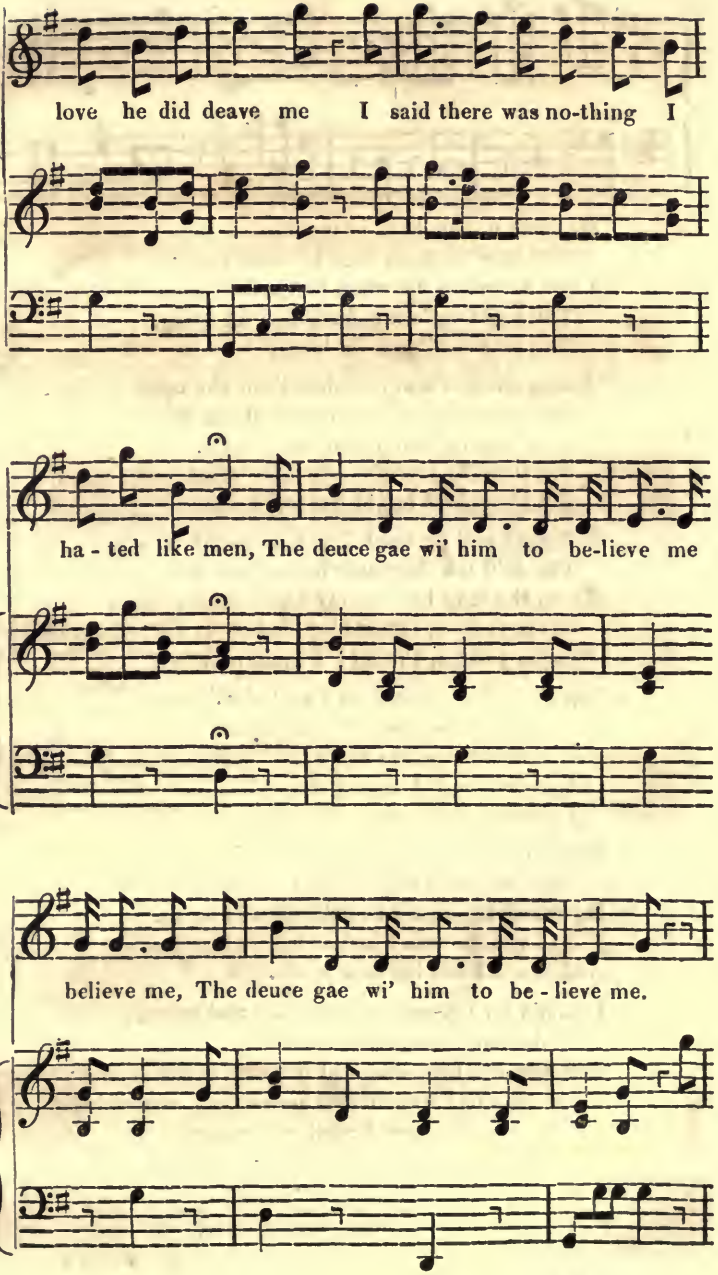
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

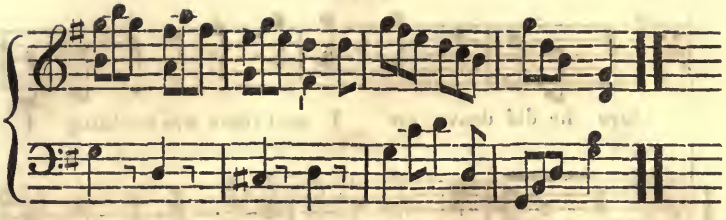
Larghetto. [AIR—*Believe me if all those, &c.*


tremulous way, How soon she return'd, for the
blue wave had curl'd O'er all and de - nied her a spray.
It is thus when my flight for a moment I mark, Dear

source of my plea-sures, from thee, I re-
turn to thy breast as the dove to the ark, For the
world holds no o - ther for me.

But the dove at last fled to the grove's sylvan shade,
Forsaking the ark you will say ;
But was it not Nature whose call she obey'd ;
And how could the flutt'rer stay ?
I shall yet quit this breast, where each warm virtue springs,
That to me ev'ry pleasure has giv'n ;
But, oh ! it will be on eternity's wings—
I shall fly from your bosom to heav'n.

Last May a braw Wooer cam' down the lang Glen.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS.



love he did deave me I said there was no-thing I
ha - ted like men, The deuce gae wi' him to be-lieve me
believe me, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean.
The lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
The lord forgi'e me for lying.

A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff hand were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kend it or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her,
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week, as I petted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there:
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
Leest neebours might say I was saucy:
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

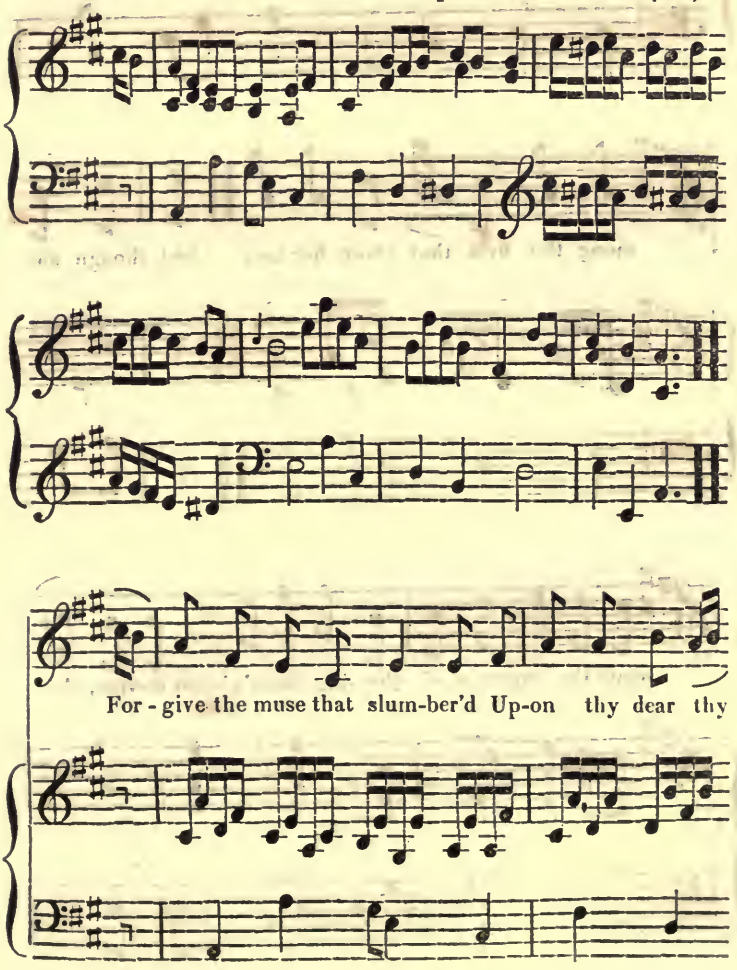
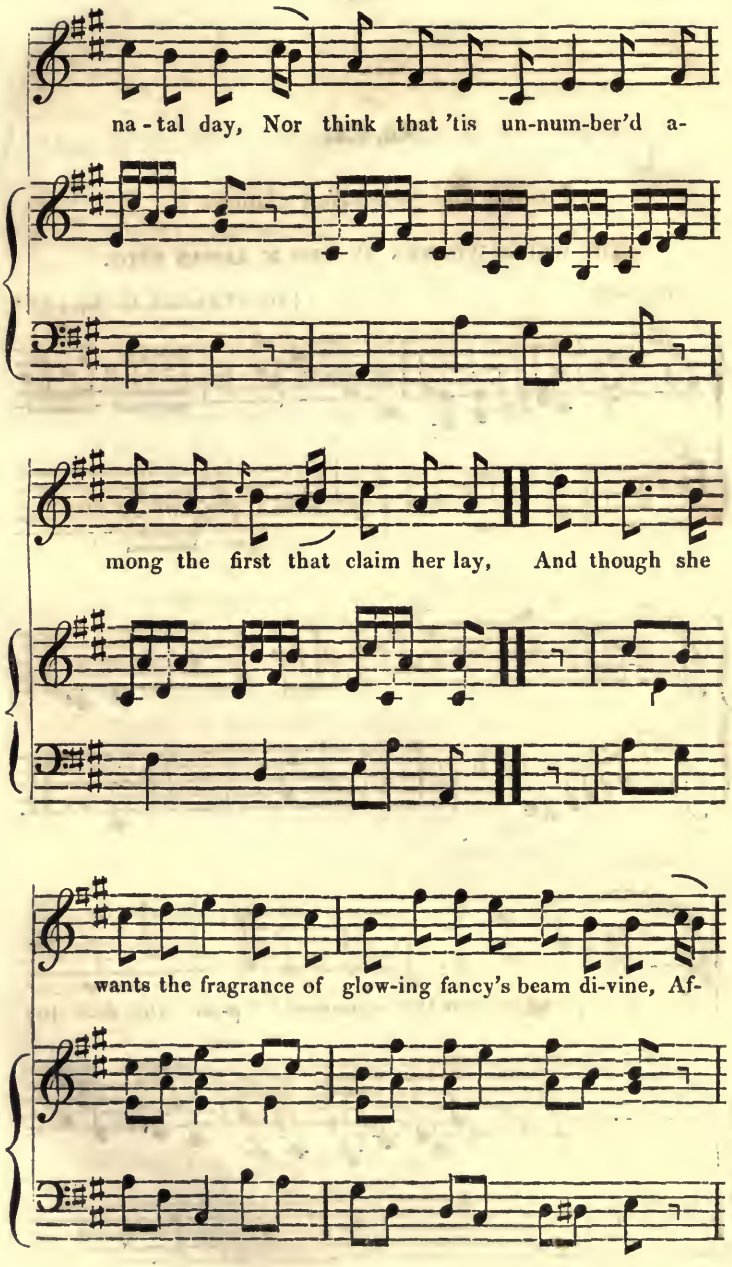
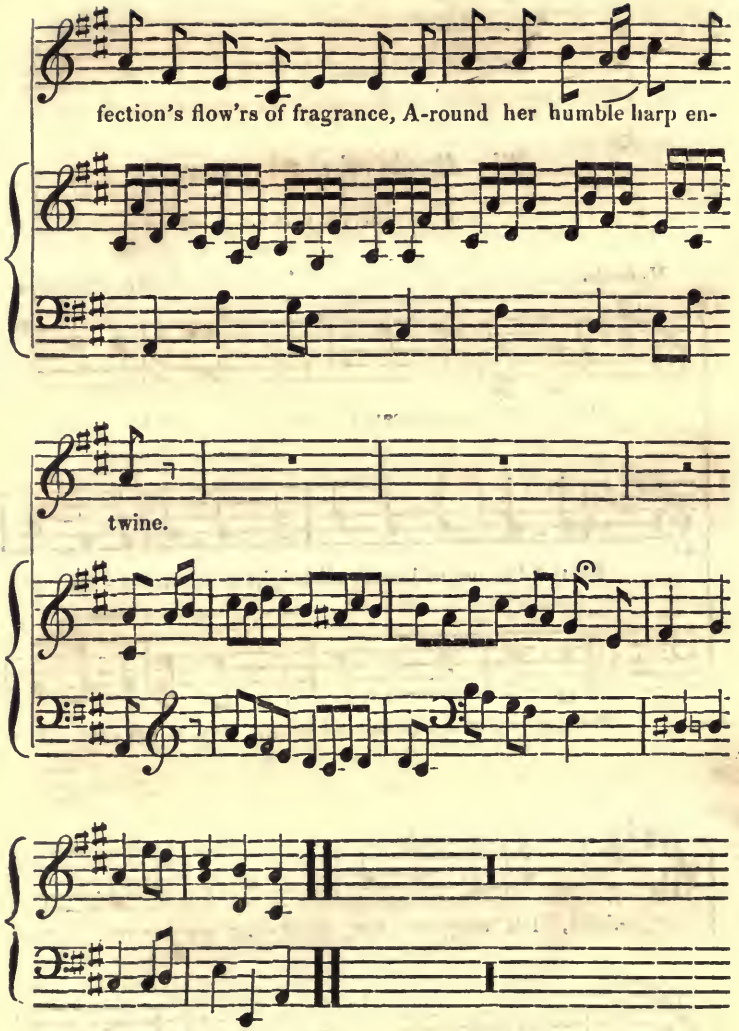
I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
If she had recover'd her hearing,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;
But heav'ns! how he fell a-swearing, a-swearing,
But, heav'ns! how he fell a-swearing.

He begg'd for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

No. IX.

Forgive the Muse that slumber'd.

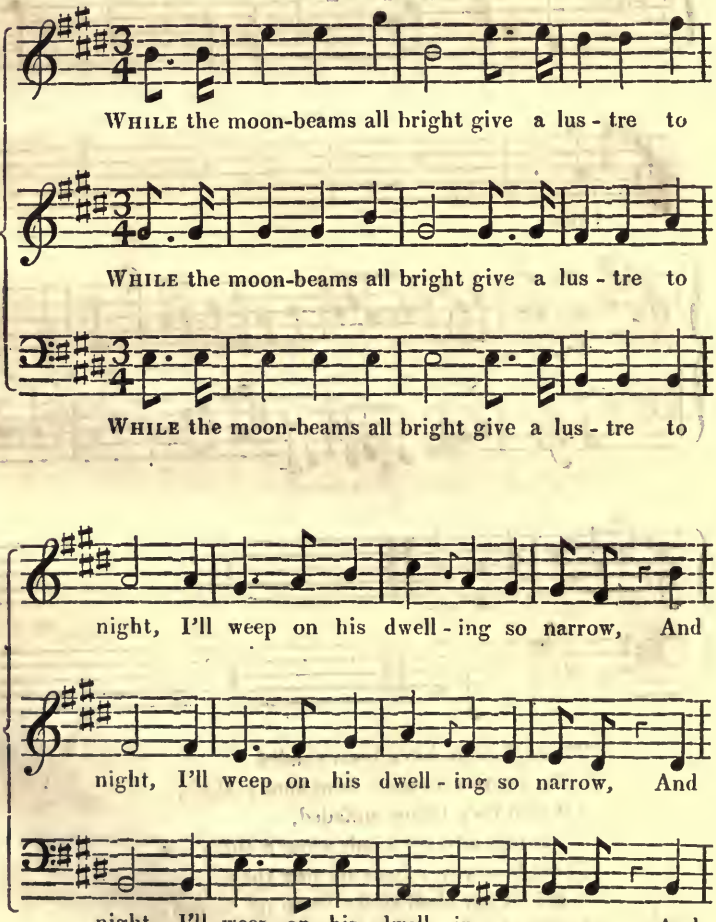
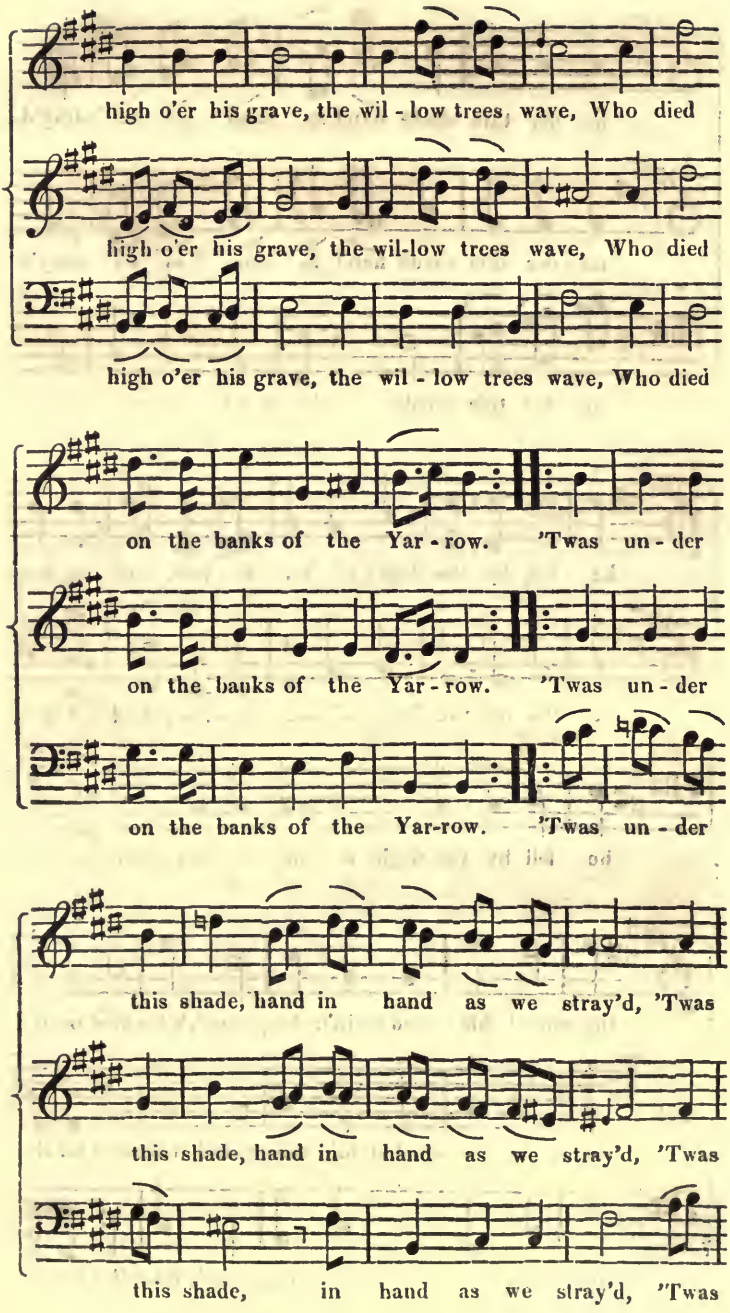
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

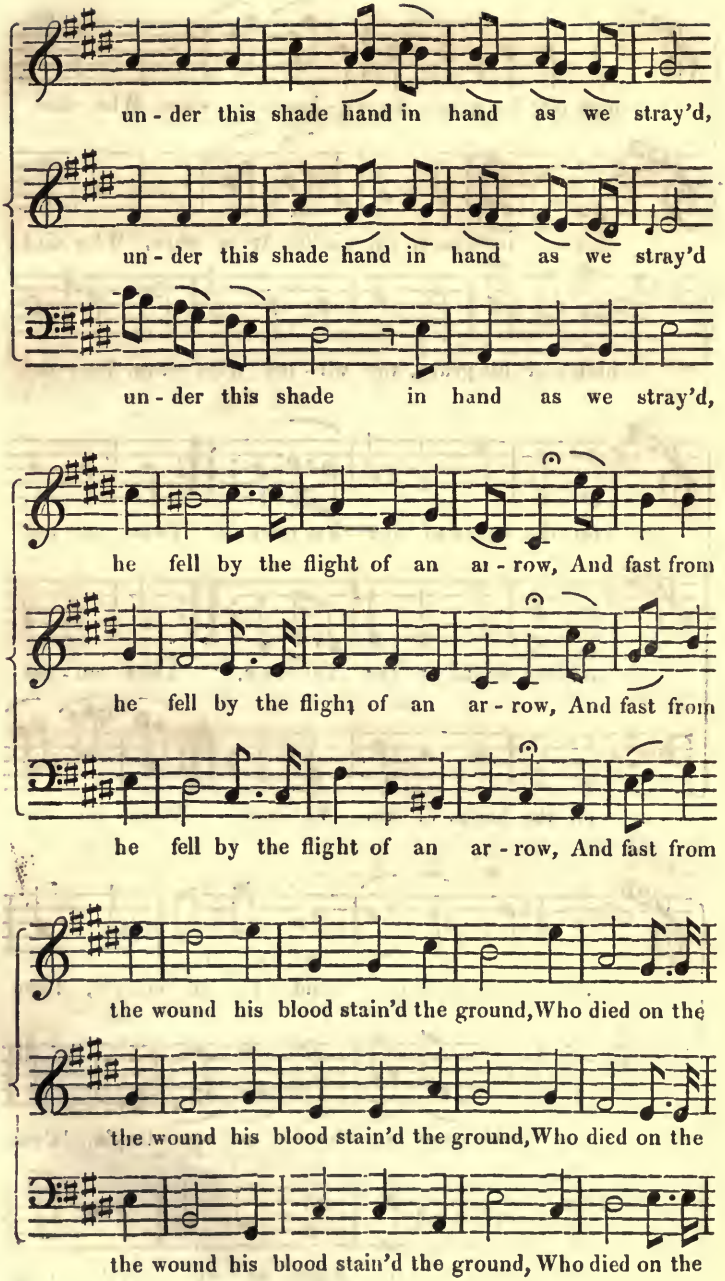
Allegretto. [AIR—*I'd mourn the hopes &c.*

na - tal day, Nor think that 'tis un-num-ber'd a-
mong the first that claim her lay, And though she
wants the fragrance of glow-ing fancy's beam di-vine, Af-

Those flowers have been shaded
By cypress boughs from sunny skies,
Yet still they bloom unfaded,
Though adverse winds around them rise.
Though sorrow's tears oft dew them,
Bright joy shall shake them off to-day,
As thou, if thou couldst view them
With smiles would kiss them all away.

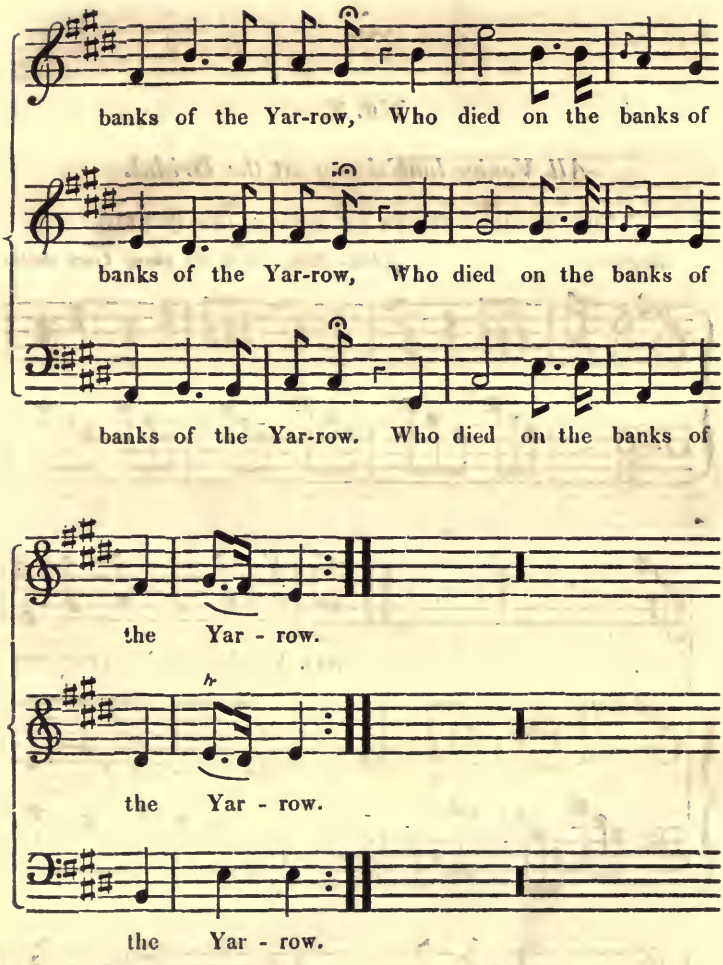
The Banks of the Yarrow.

A FAVORITE GLEE.

Moderato. DR. CALLCOTT.



high o'er his grave, the wil - low trees wave, Who died
high o'er his grave, the wil-low trees wave, Who died
high o'er his grave, the wil - low trees wave, Who died
on the banks of the Yar - row. 'Twas un - der
on the banks of the Yar - row. 'Twas un - der
on the banks of the Yar-row. 'Twas un - der
this shade, hand in hand as we stray'd, 'Twas
this shade, hand in hand as we stray'd, 'Twas
this shade, in hand as we stray'd, 'Twas

un - der this shade hand in hand as we stray'd,
un - der this shade hand in hand as we stray'd
un - der this shade in hand as we stray'd,
he fell by the flight of an ar - row, And fast from
he fell by the flight of an ar - row, And fast from
he fell by the flight of an ar - row, And fast from
the wound his blood stain'd the ground, Who died on the
the wound his blood stain'd the ground, Who died on the
the wound his blood stain'd the ground, Who died on the

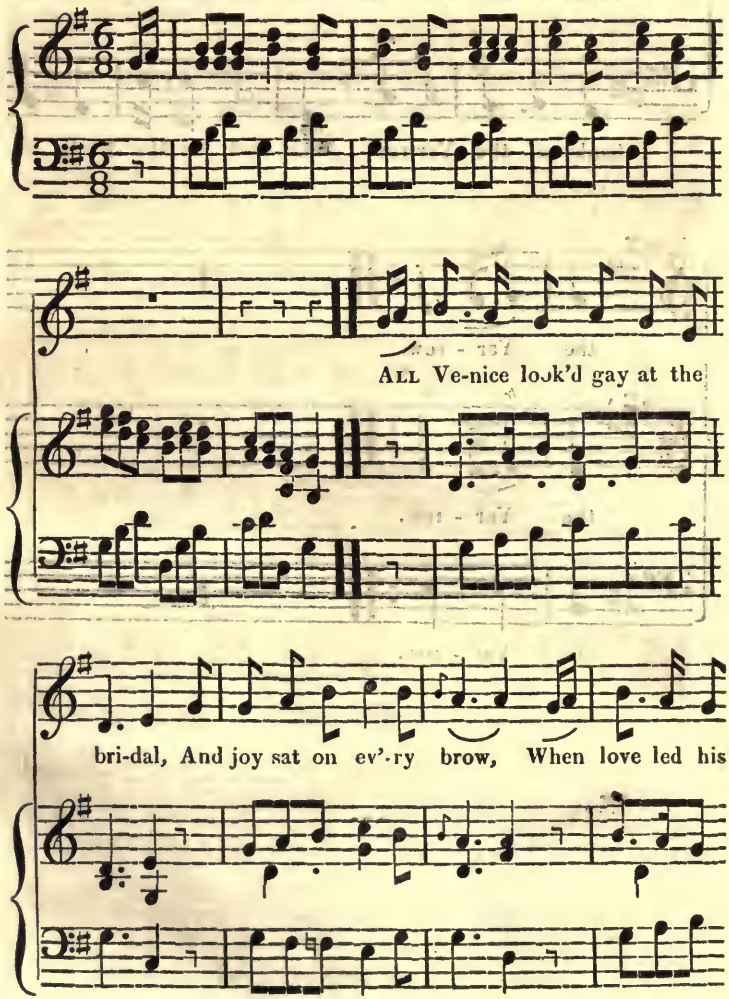
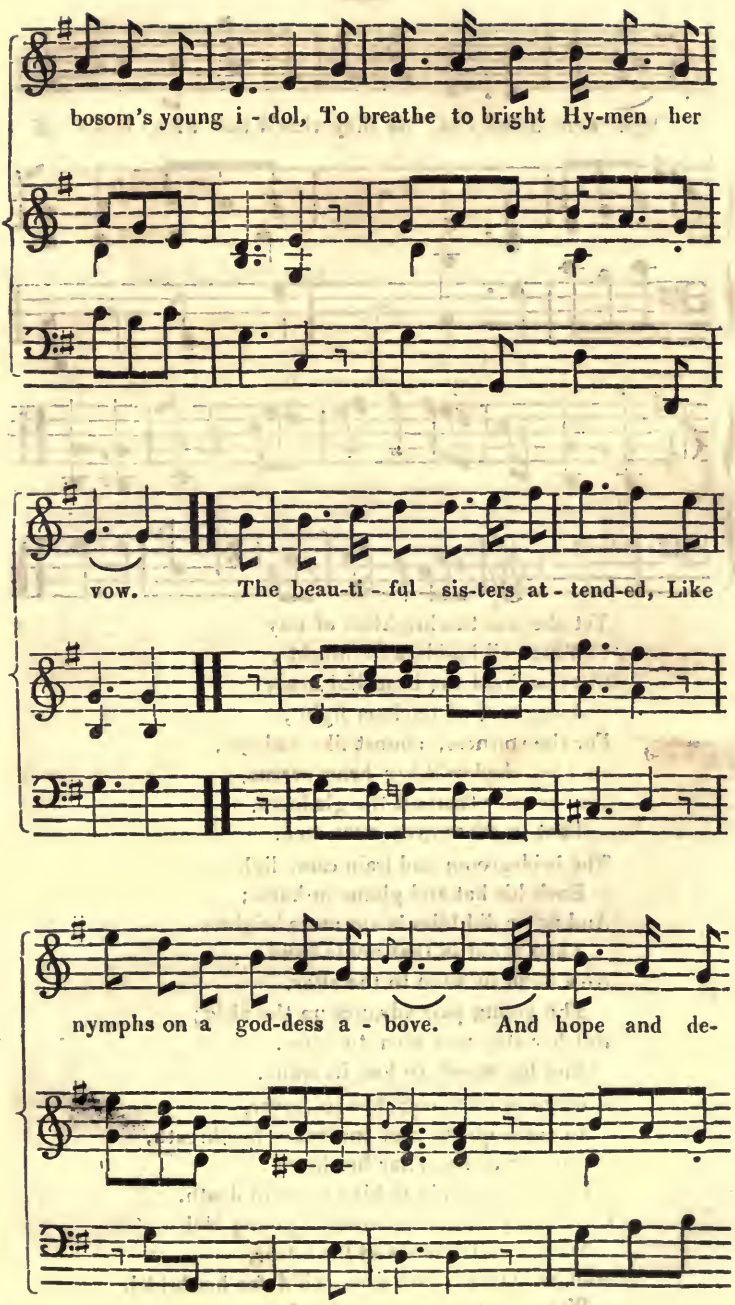

banks of the Yar-row, Who died on the banks of
banks of the Yar-row, Who died on the banks of
banks of the Yar-row. Who died on the banks of
the Yar - row.
the Yar - row.
the Yar - row.

No. X.

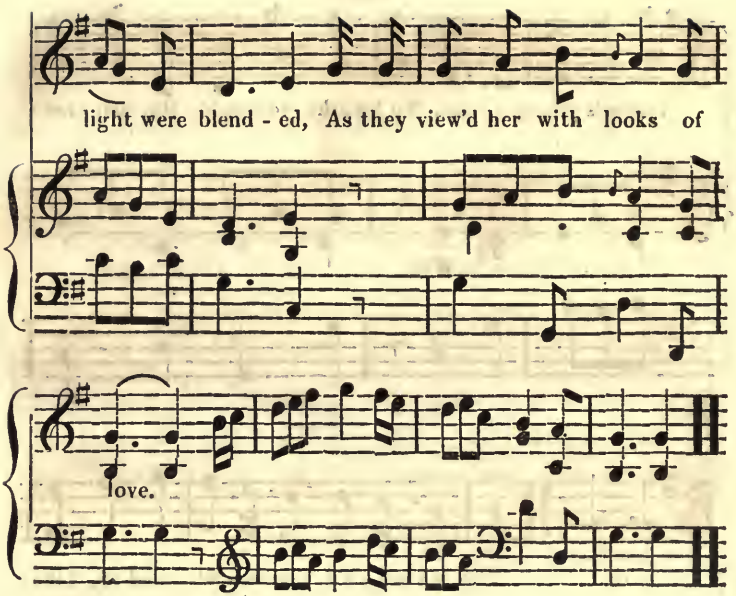
All Venice look'd gay at the Bridal.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded*



bosom's young i - dol, To breathe to bright Hy-men her
vow. The beau-ti - ful sis-ters at - tend-ed, Like
nymphs on a god-dess a - bove. And hope and de-



Yet she was the brightest of any
Where all beside were bright;
She rose 'mid the beautiful many
A creature of tenderer light;
For the softness, almost like sadness,
That shadow'd her brow serene,
Was sweeter than all the gladness,
That in other eyes were seen.

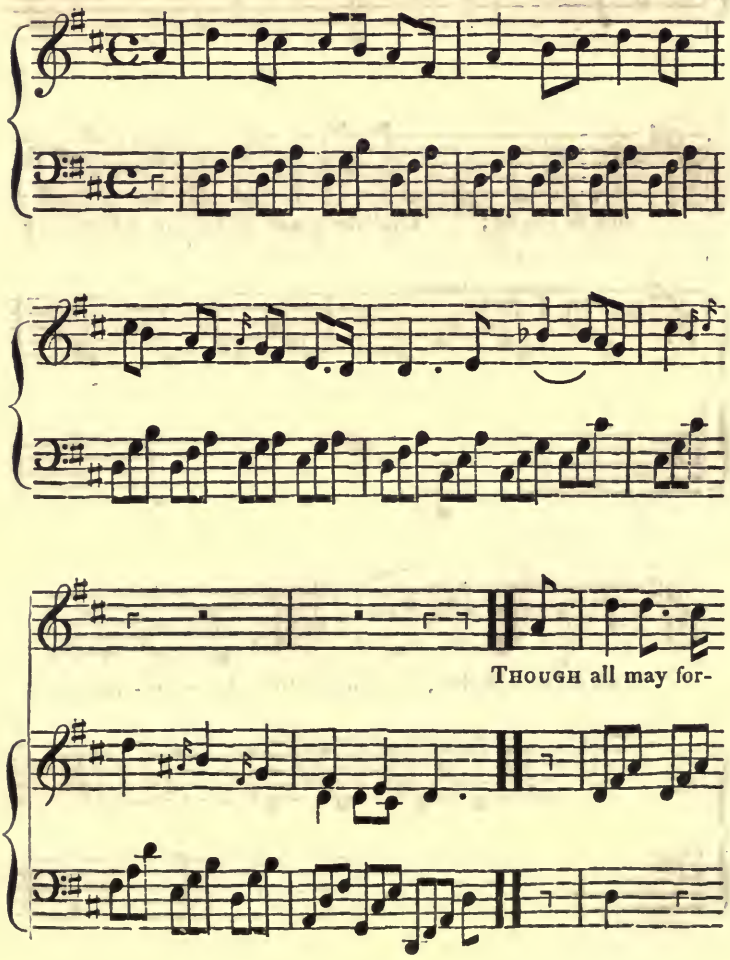
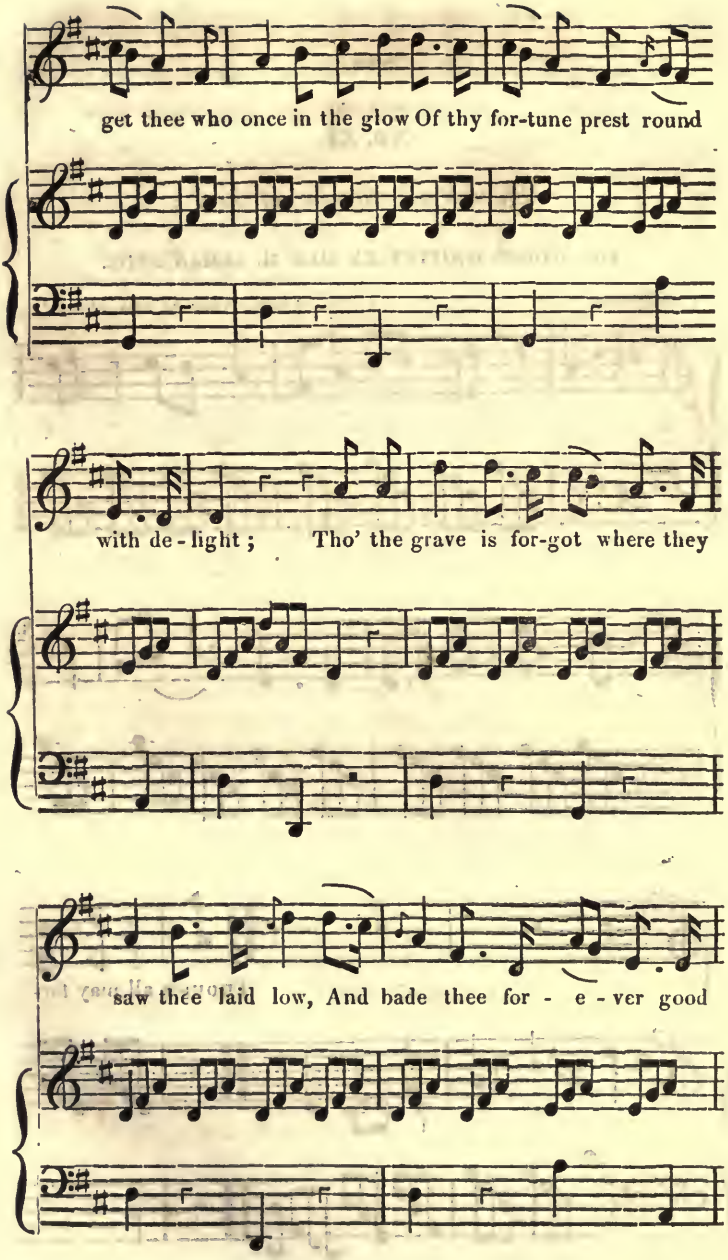
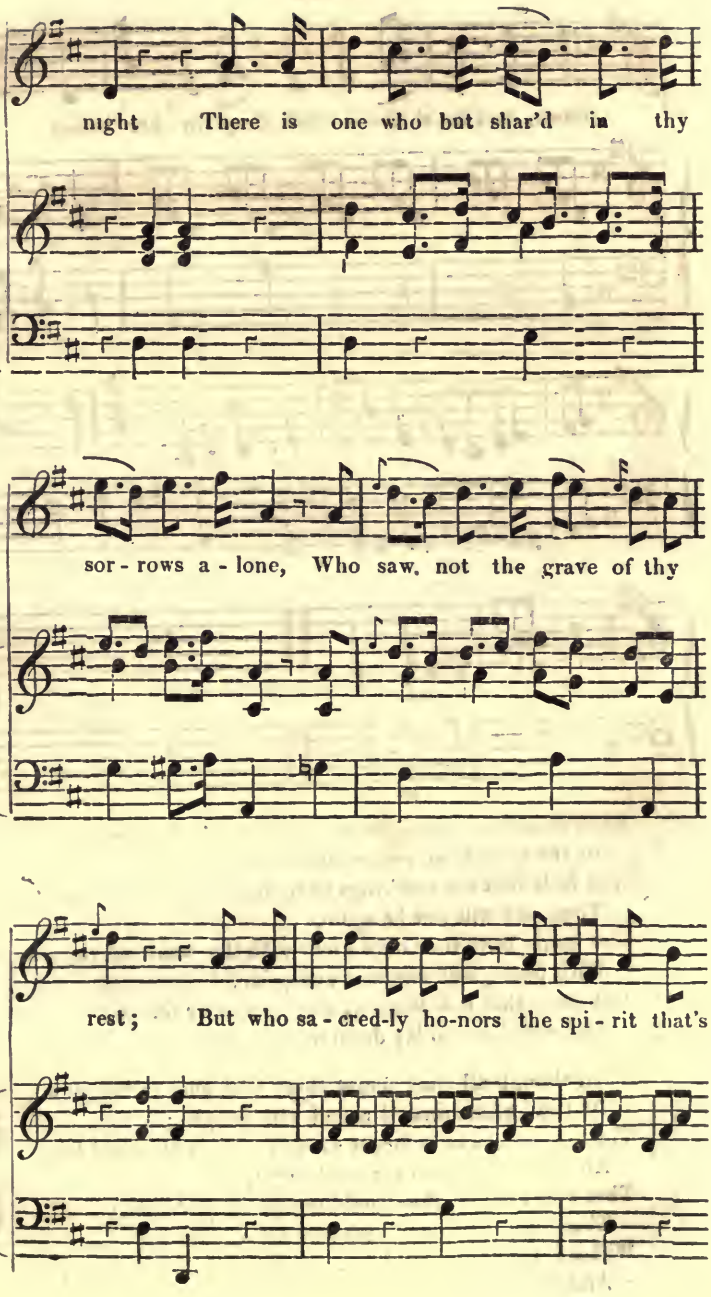
The bridegroom and train came lightly,
Each his hat and plume in hand;
And never did bliss beam more brightly
Than it did in that noble band.
Now hand in hand to the altar,
The young pair advance up the aisle;
But her step was seen to falter,
And her cheek to lose its smile.

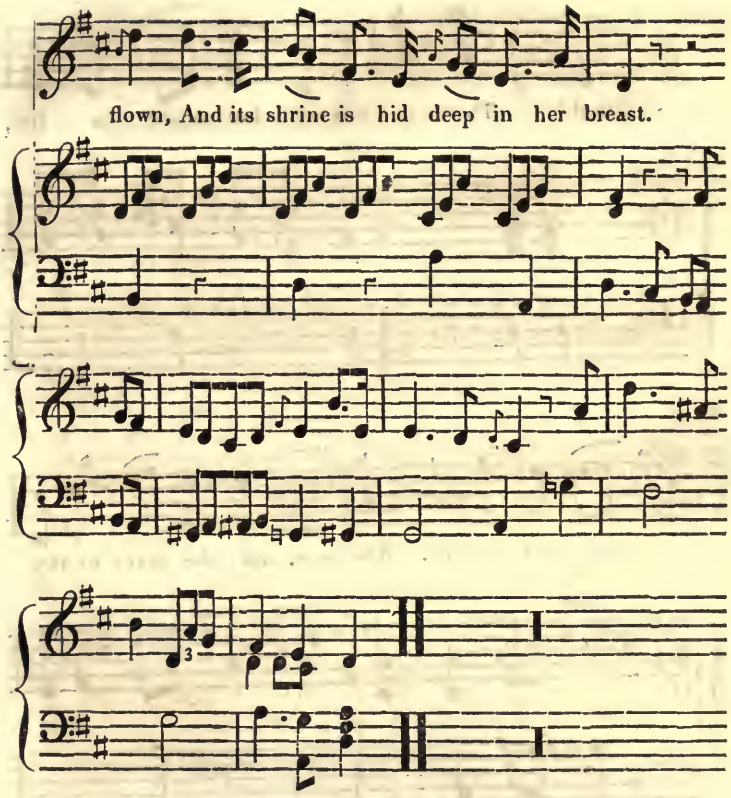
A terror seem'd o'er her to hover,
In sighs quick, and low came her breath,
When just at the altar her lover
Caught her cold to his bosom in death.
Oh! he gaz'd on his bosom's young idol
With anguish too wild for a tear,
And the flowers that were cull'd for her bridal,
Were silently strewn on her bier

No. XI.

Though all may forget thee.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*When he who adores thee.*


get thee who once in the glow Of thy for-tune prest round
with de - light ; Tho' the grave is for-got where they
saw thee laid low, And bade thee for - e - ver good

night There is one who but shar'd in thy
sor - rows a - lone, Who saw, not the grave of thy
rest; But who sa - cred-ly ho-nors the spi - rit that's



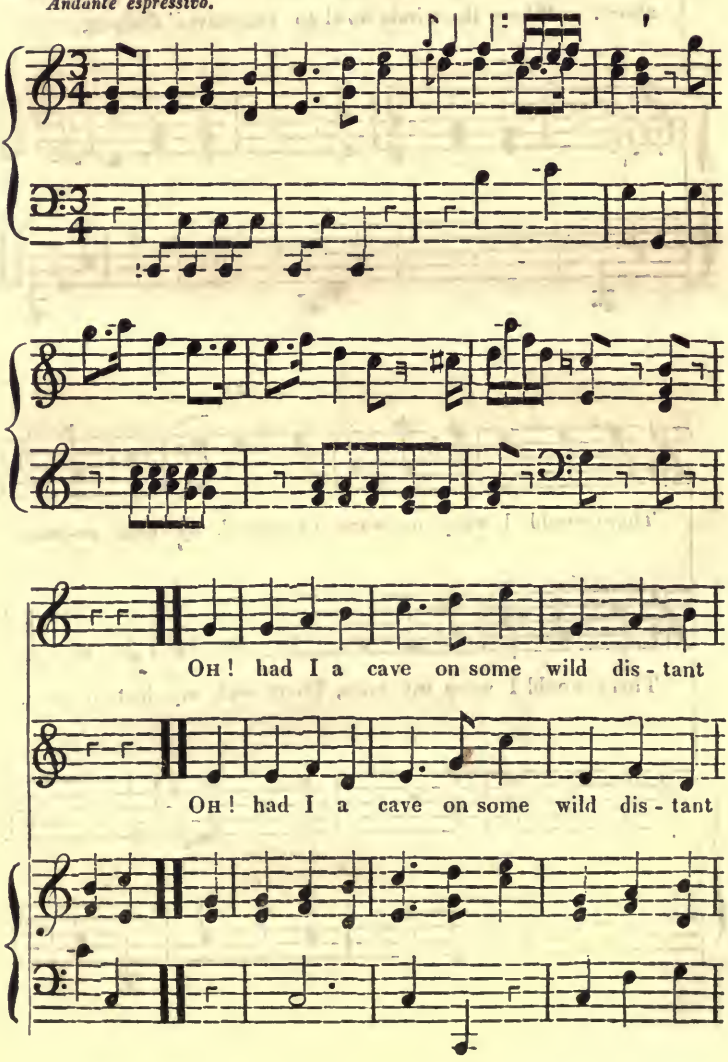
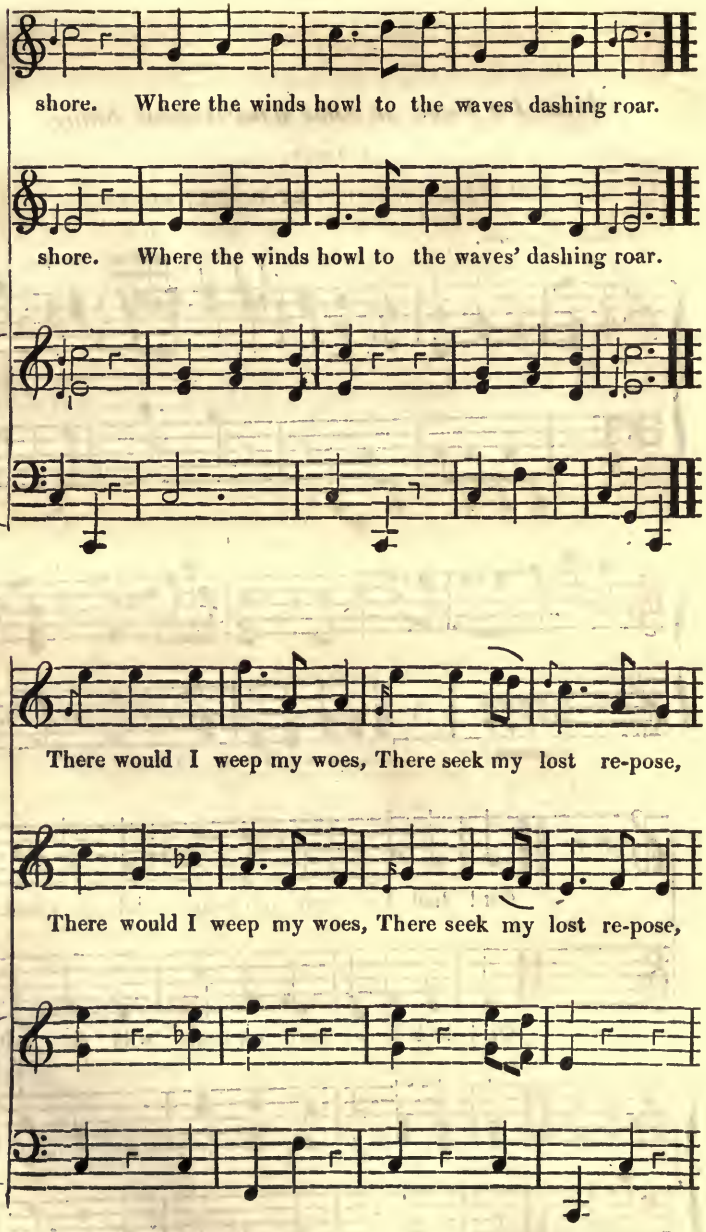
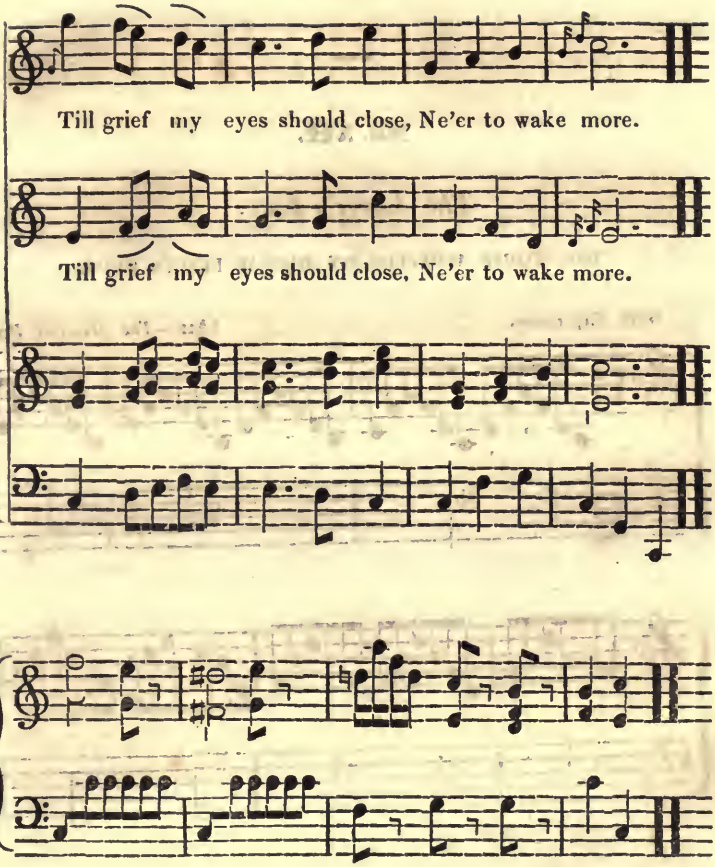
She remembers thy sighs as they breath'd on her ear,
In the accents of sorrow and pain;
And feels that thy suff'rings have made thee more dear
Than any will e'er be again.
She would have thee once more with the waste of thy woe,
With feelings of fondness and pride,
But since that is a thought she must ever forego,
She would joy to lay down by thy side.

Then though all may forget thee, who once in the glow
Of thy fortune press'd round with delight;
Though the grave is forgot where they saw thee laid low,
And bade thee for ever good night,
That one who for thee could resign ev'ry dream,
That from youth and ambition arise,
Will still think on thee here, as her life's dearest beam,
And her beacon of worlds in the skies.

Had I a Cave on some wild distant Shore.

A DUET.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS

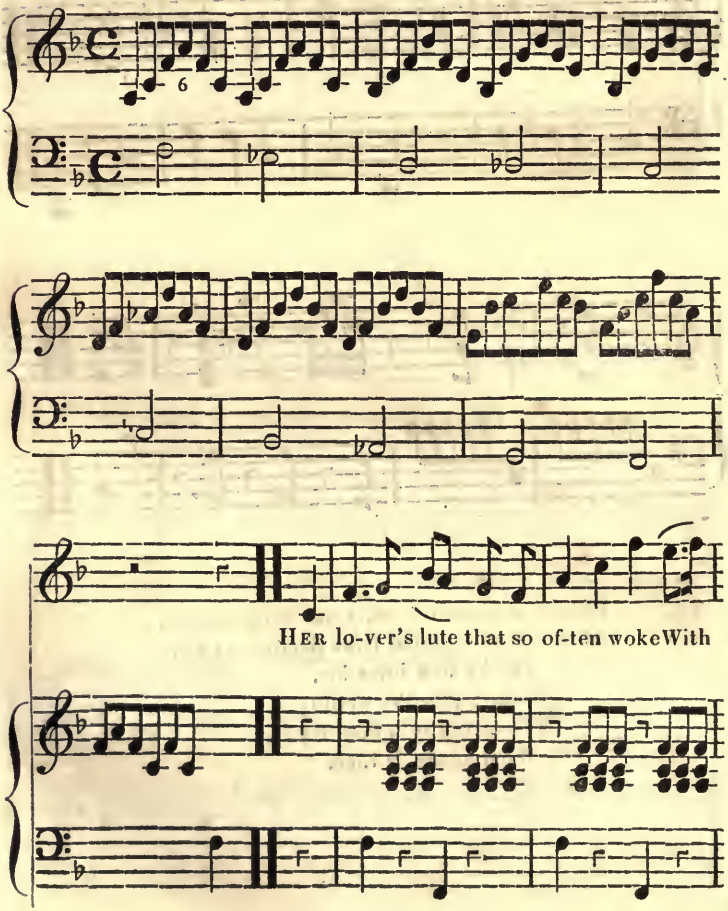
Andante espressivo.


shore. Where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar.
shore. Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar.
There would I weep my woes, There seek my lost re-pose,
There would I weep my woes, There seek my lost re-pose,

Falsest of woman kind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air.
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there.

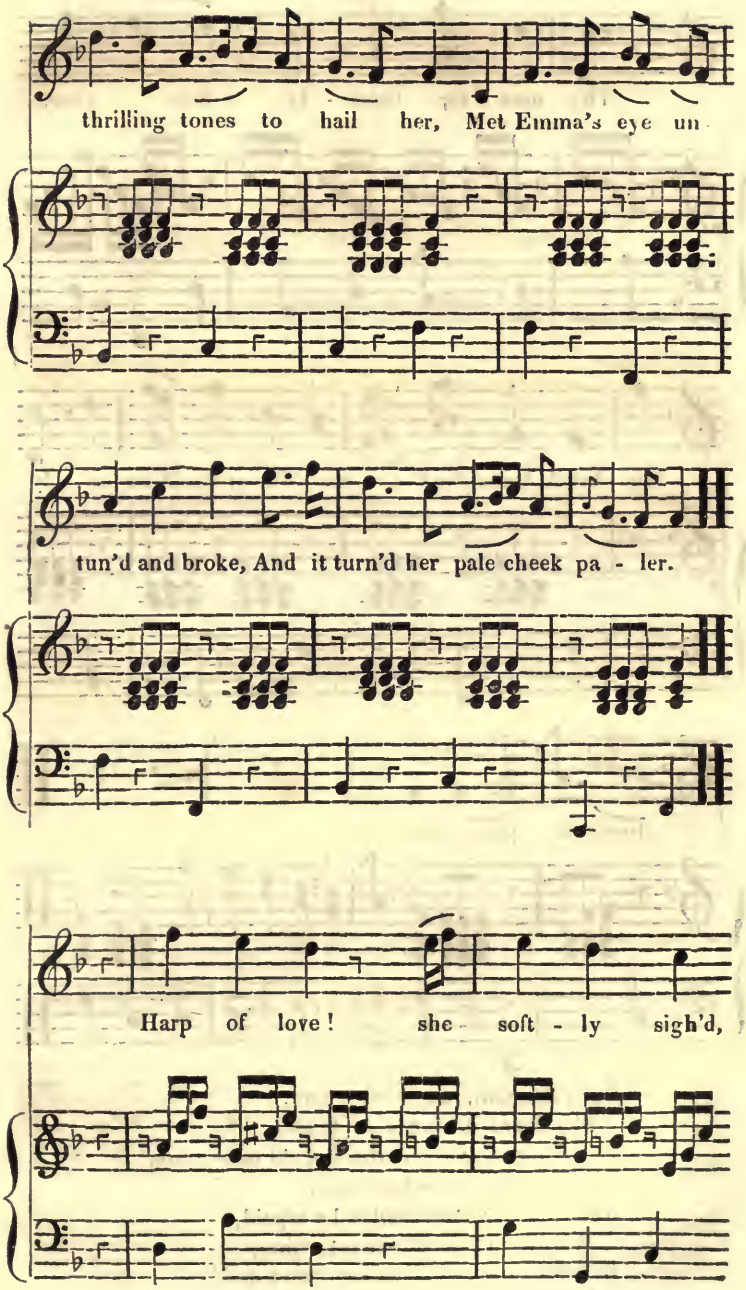
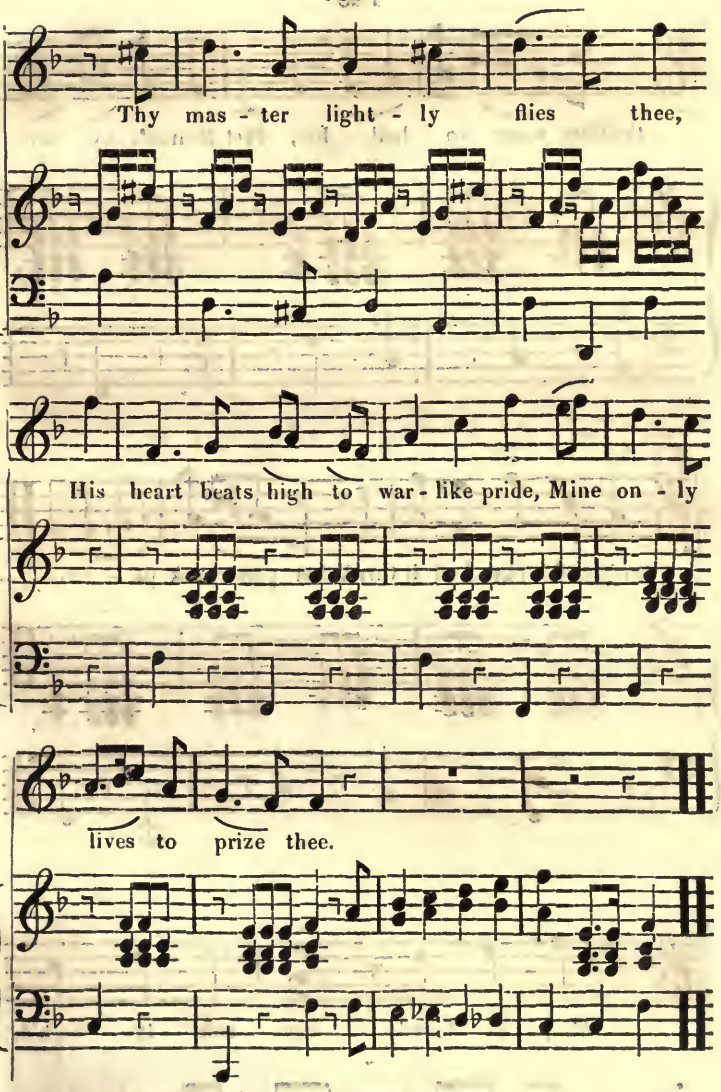
No. XII.

The Lover's Lute.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

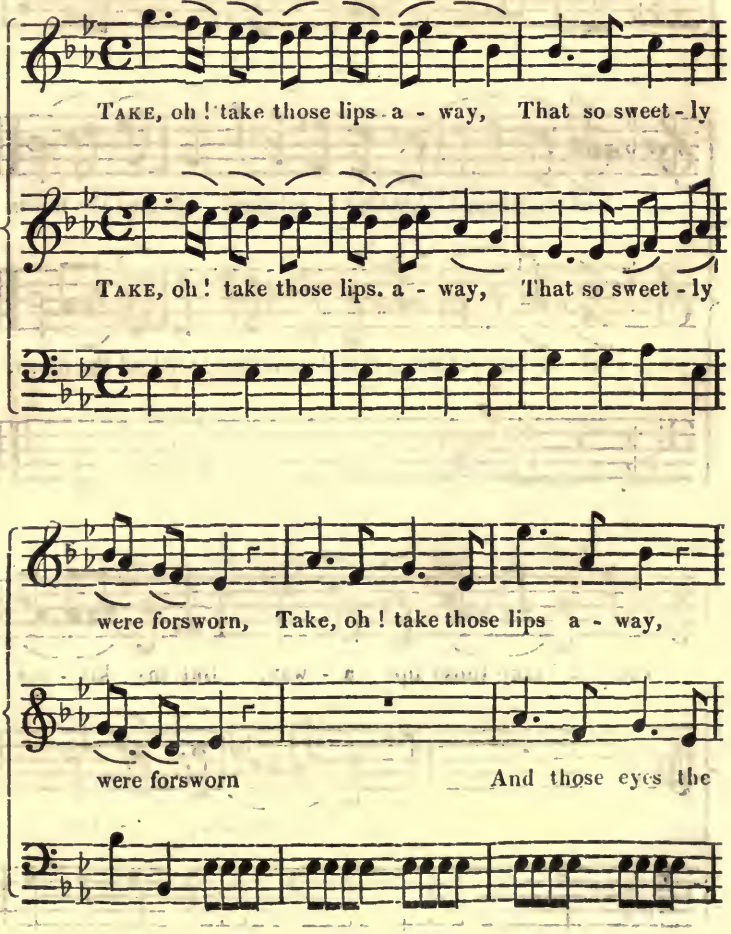
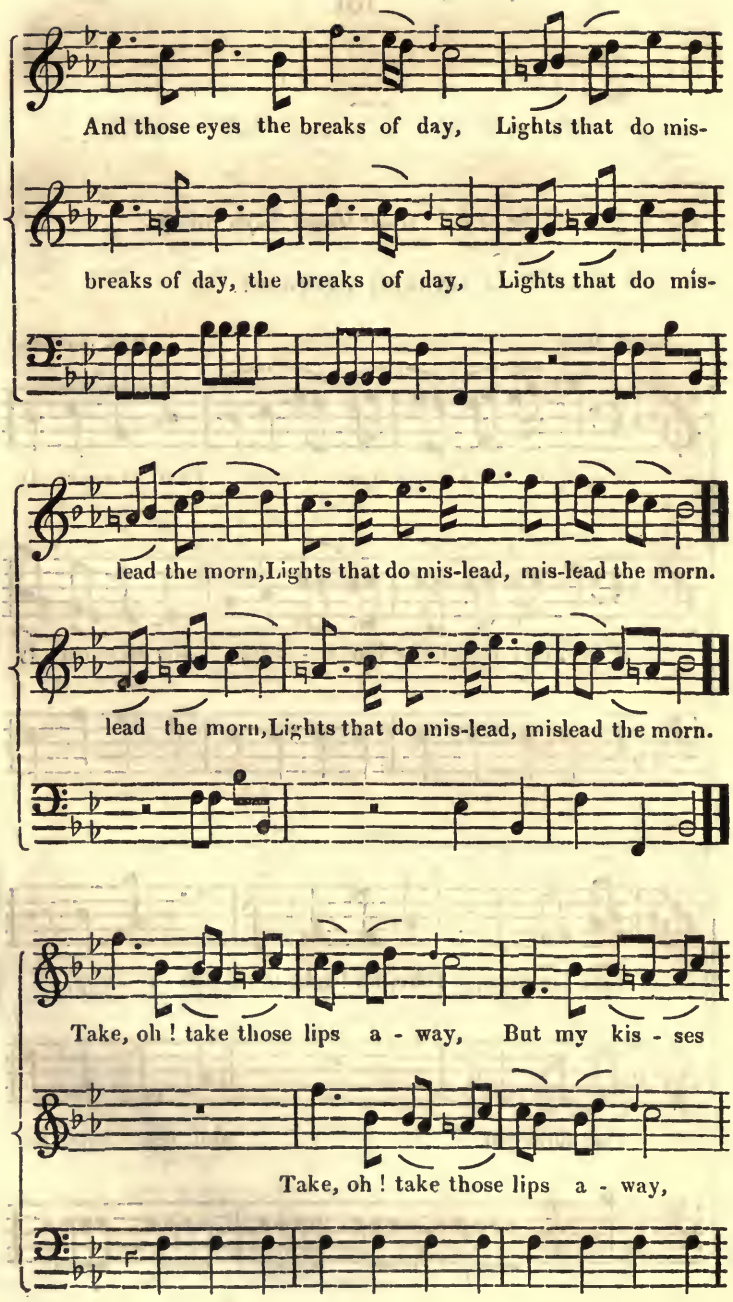
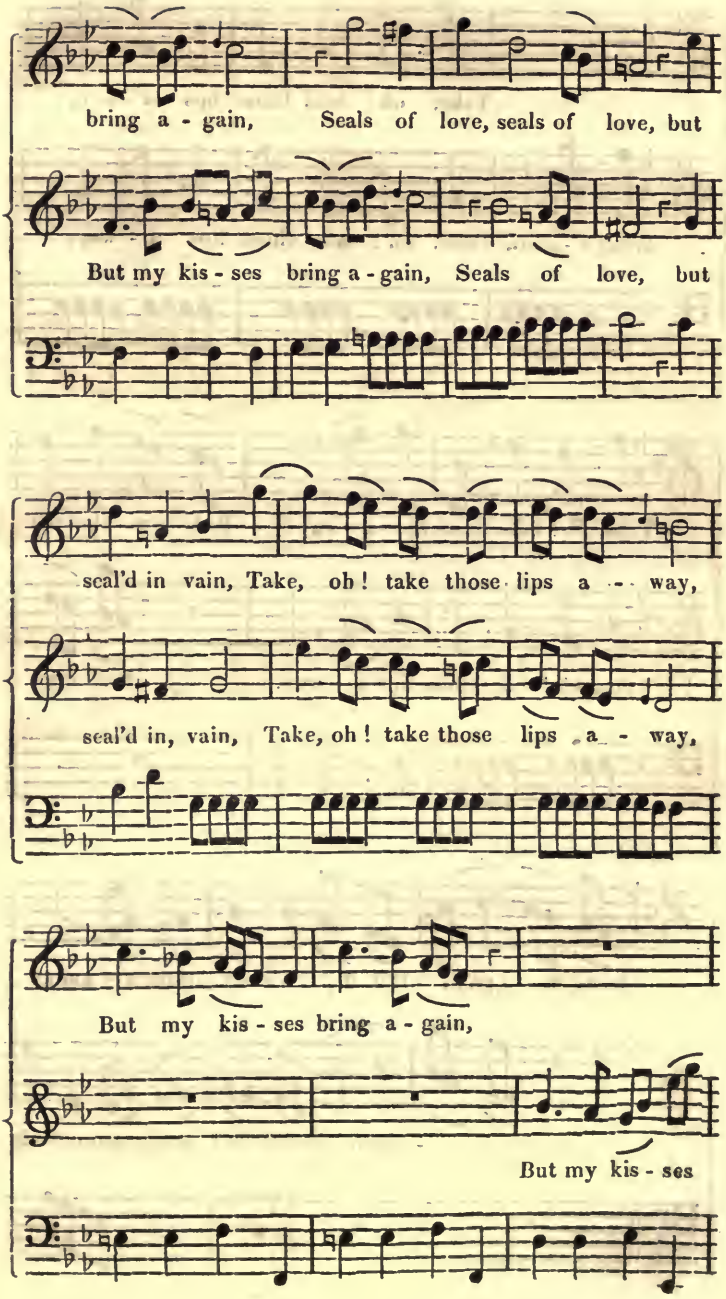
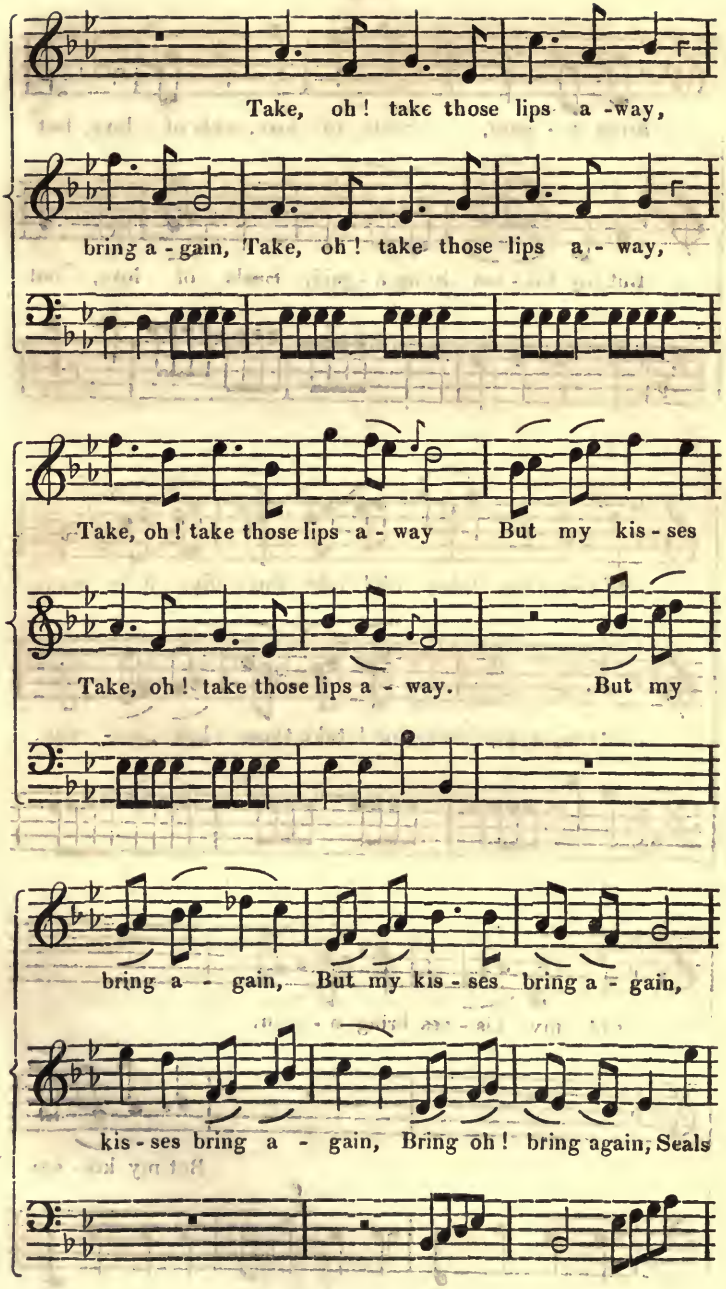
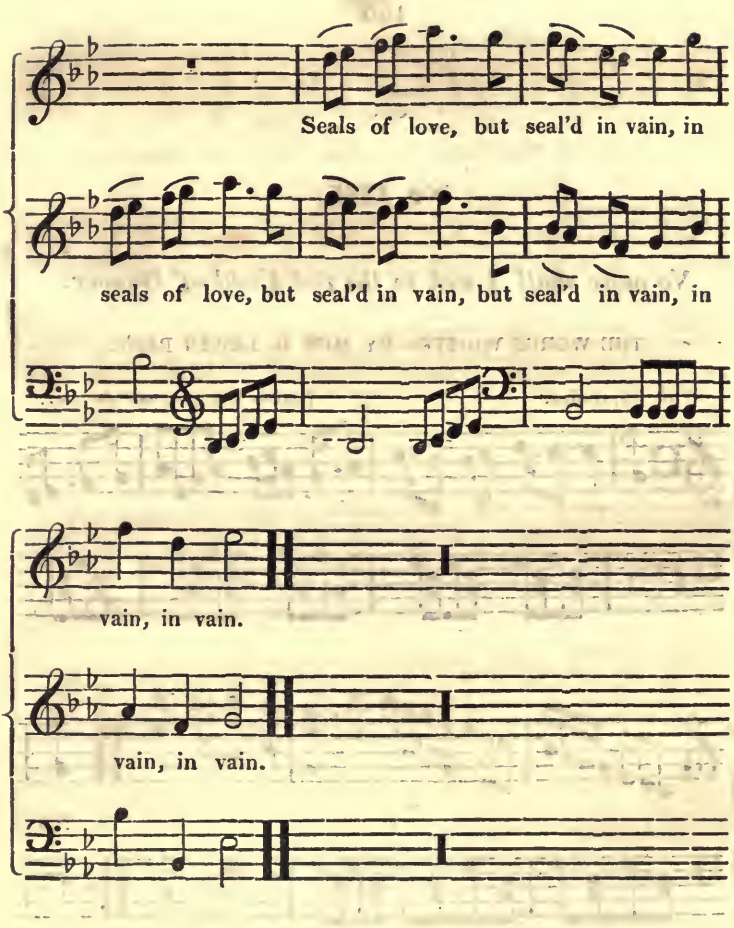
With Expression. [AIR—*The Minstrel Boy*




thrilling tones to hail her, Met Emma's eye un
tun'd and broke, And it turn'd her pale cheek pa - ler.
Harp of love! she soft - ly sigh'd,

But yet again, as so oft before,
She heard its notes so tender,
When her warrior-youth return'd once more,
His country's best defender.
And sung—"How well is he repaid,
Who from toil of war returning,
Beholds in eyes like thine, sweet maid,
Love's brightest, warmest welcome burning.'

Take, oh! take those Lips away.

A FAVORITE CANZONET.

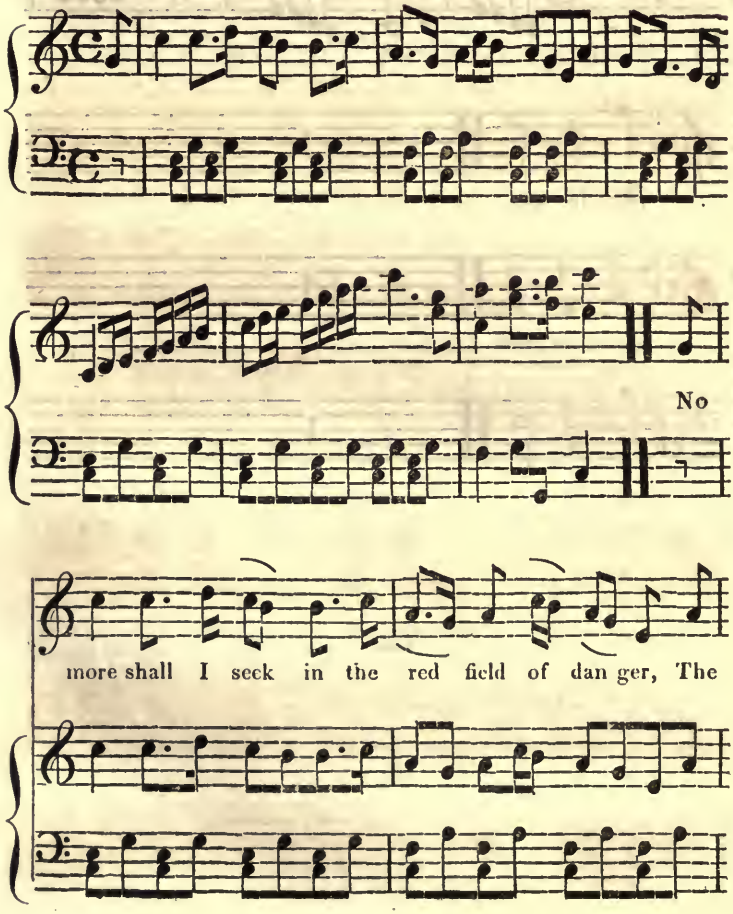
Allegro Molto — *Wm. Jackson.*

And those eyes the breaks of day, Lights that do mis-
breaks of day, the breaks of day, Lights that do mis-
lead the morn, Lights that do mis-lead, mis-lead the morn.
lead the morn, Lights that do mis-lead, mislead the morn.
Take, oh! take those lips a - way, But my kis - ses
Take, oh! take those lips a - way,

bring a - gain, Seals of love, seals of love, but
But my kis - ses bring a - gain, Seals of love, but
seal'd in vain, Take, oh! take those lips a - way,
seal'd in, vain, Take, oh! take those lips a - way,
But my kis - ses bring a - gain,
But my kis - ses

Take, oh! take those lips a-way,
bring a-gain, Take, oh! take those lips a-way,
Take, oh! take those lips a-way But my kis-ses
Take, oh! take those lips a-way. But my
bring a-gain, But my kis-ses bring a-gain,
kis-ses bring a-gain, Bring oh! bring again, Seals

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, in
seals of love, but seal'd in vain, but seal'd in vain, in
vain, in vain.
vain, in vain.

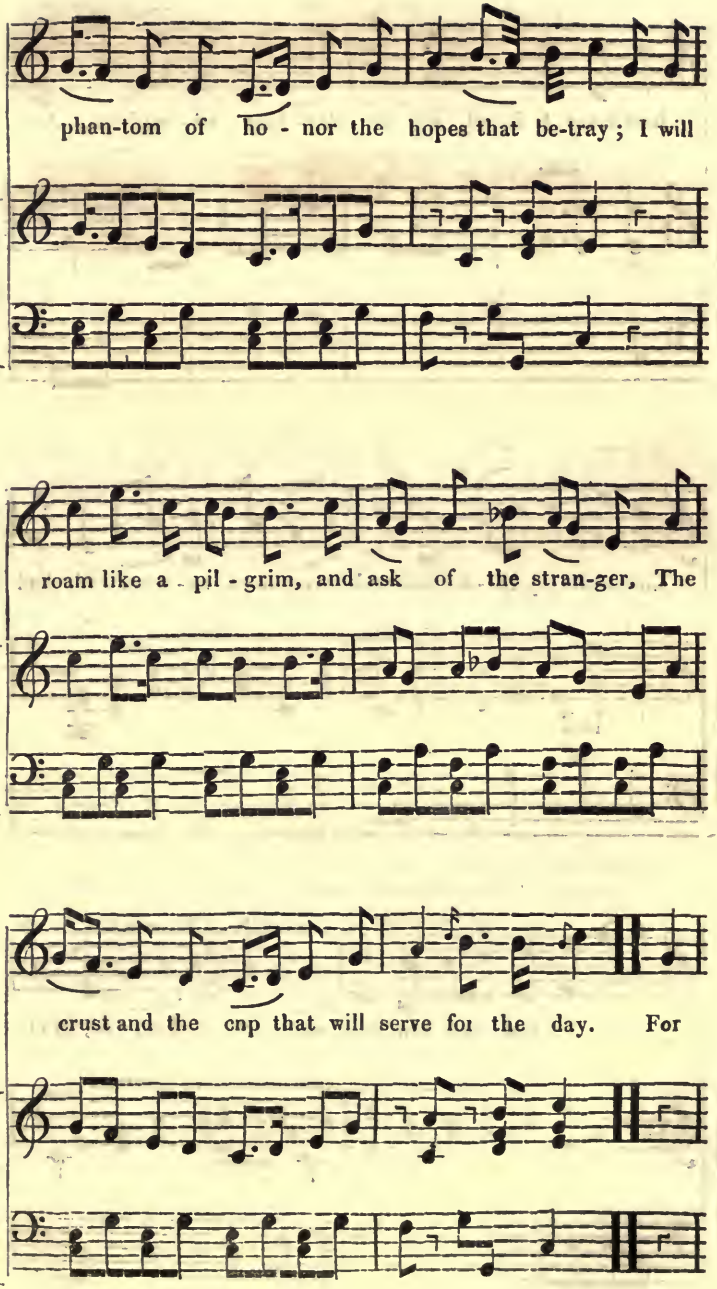
No. XIII.

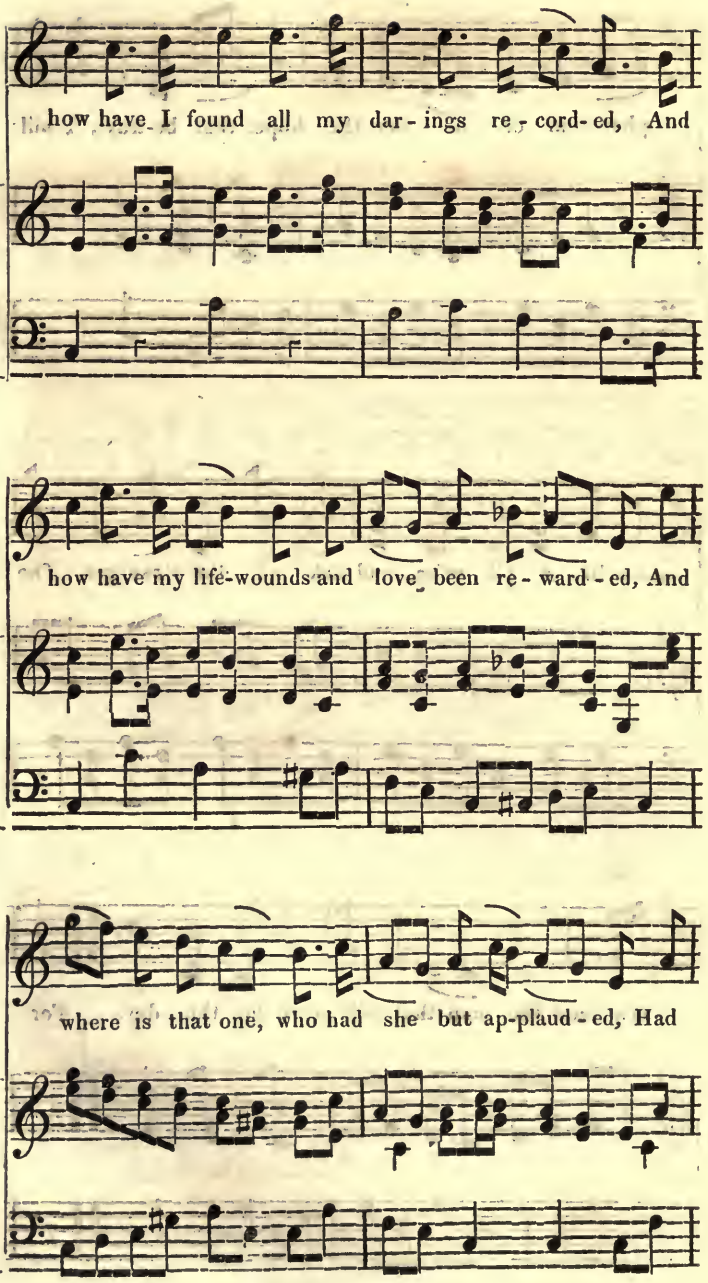
No more shall I seek in the red Field of Danger.

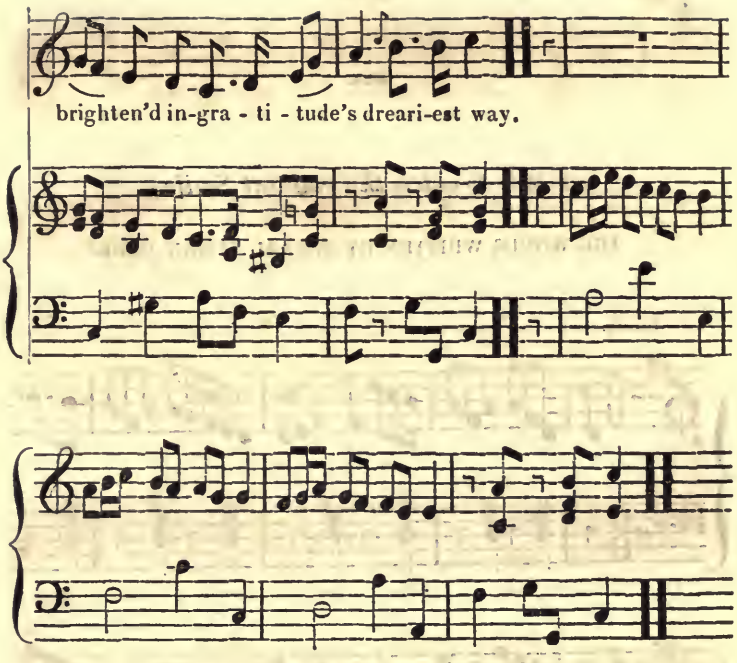
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

With Expression. [AIR—*'Tis gone and for ever.*




phan-tom of ho - nor the hopes that be-tray; I will
roam like a - pil - grim, and ask of the stran-ger, The
crust and the cup that will serve for the day. For


how have I found all my dar - ings re - cord - ed, And
how have my life-wounds and love been re - ward - ed, And
where is that one, who had she but ap-plaud - ed, Had

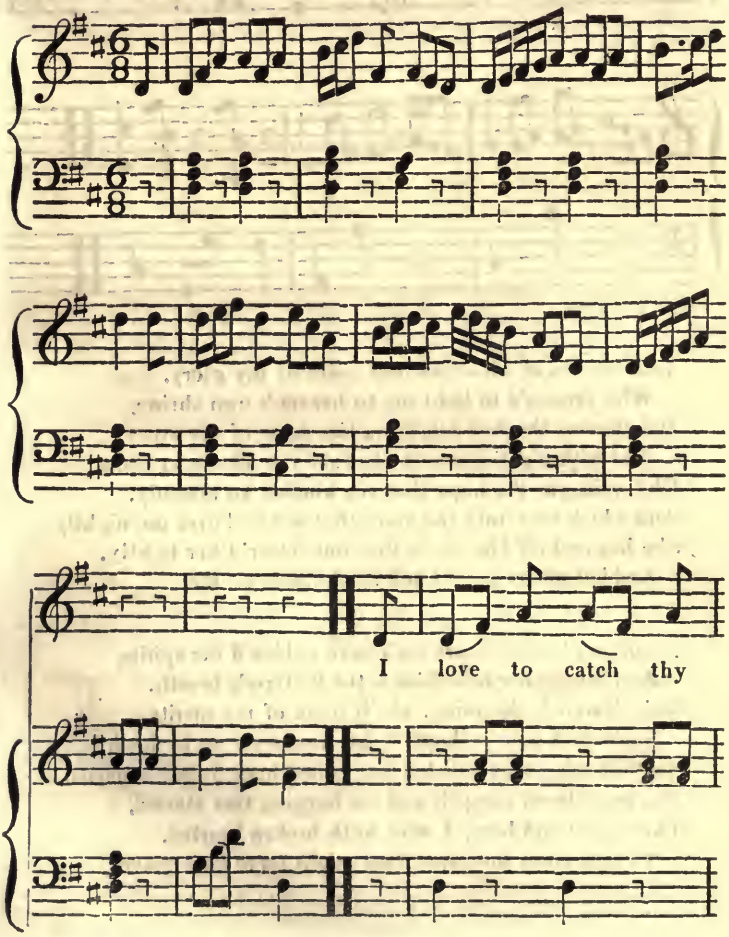
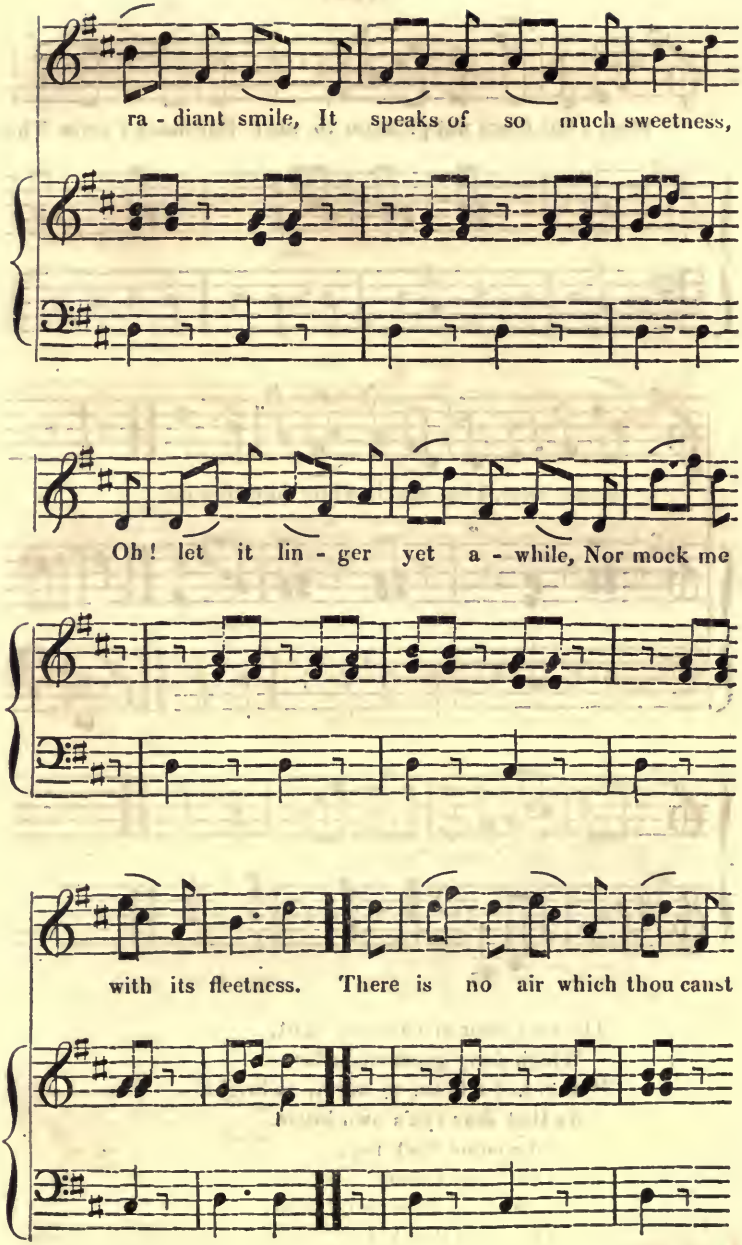
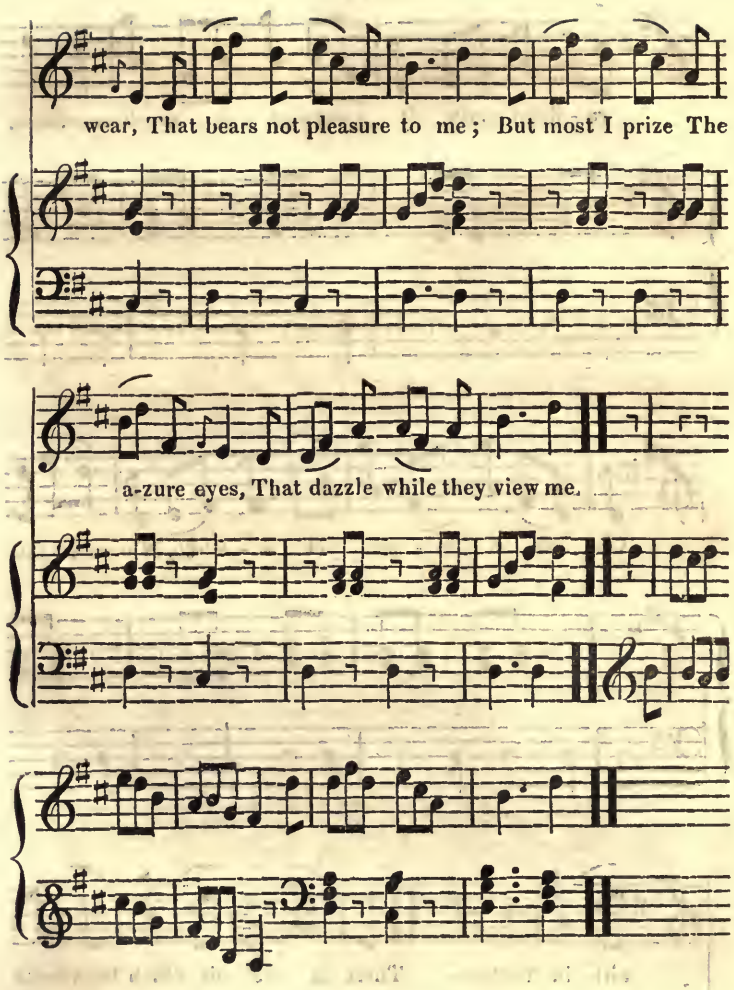


That chosen of all—that best beam of my glory,
Who promis'd to light me to heaven's own shrine,
Has thrown the first blight on the dawn of my story,
And wither'd the wreath that she taught me to twine.
Oh! vain was the hope that she kindled so brightly,
And which rose 'mid the stars that watch'd over me nightly
She has cast off the chain that but fetter'd her lightly,
And left all its weight and its chillness on me.

No matter! when years shall have sadden'd her spirits,
And taught her how false is the flatterer's breath,
Sad, deserted, declining, she'll think of my merits,
She'll seek me, perhaps,—she must seek me in death!
She will ask—they will tell her, when hope from life parted,
One heart-burst escap'd, and *one* burning tear started,
Then silent and lone, I went forth broken hearted,
To seek some lone spot that might serve for a grave

I love to catch thy radiant Smile.

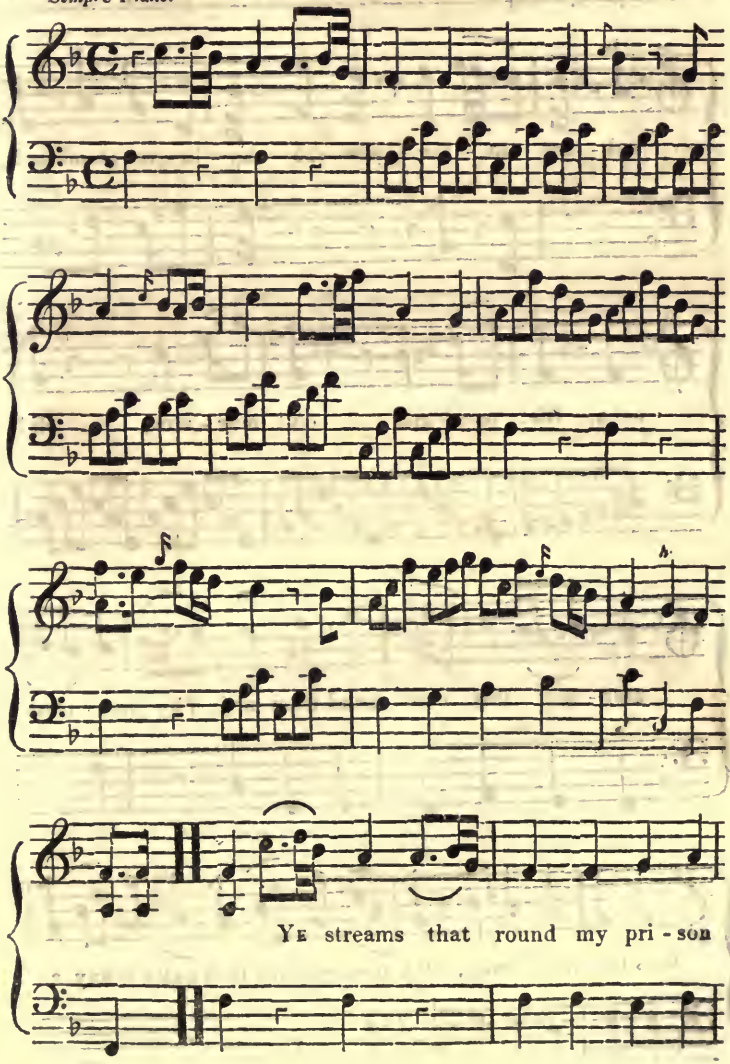
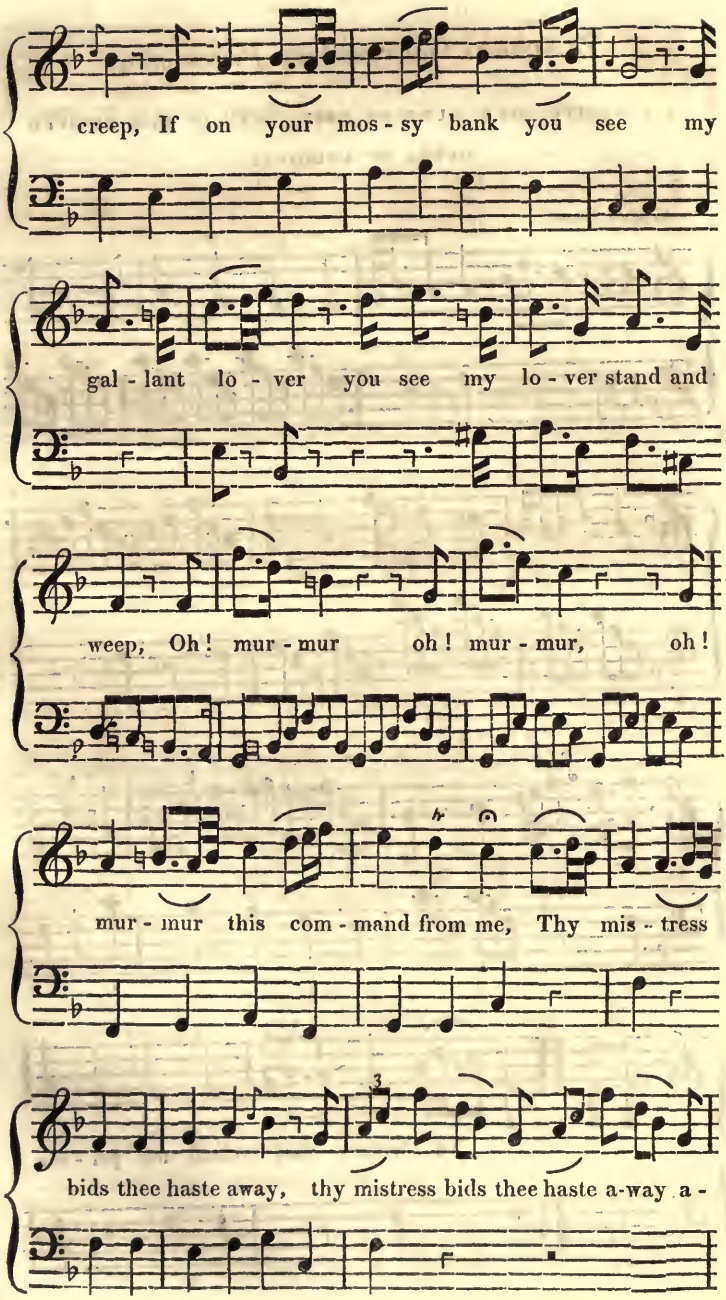
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

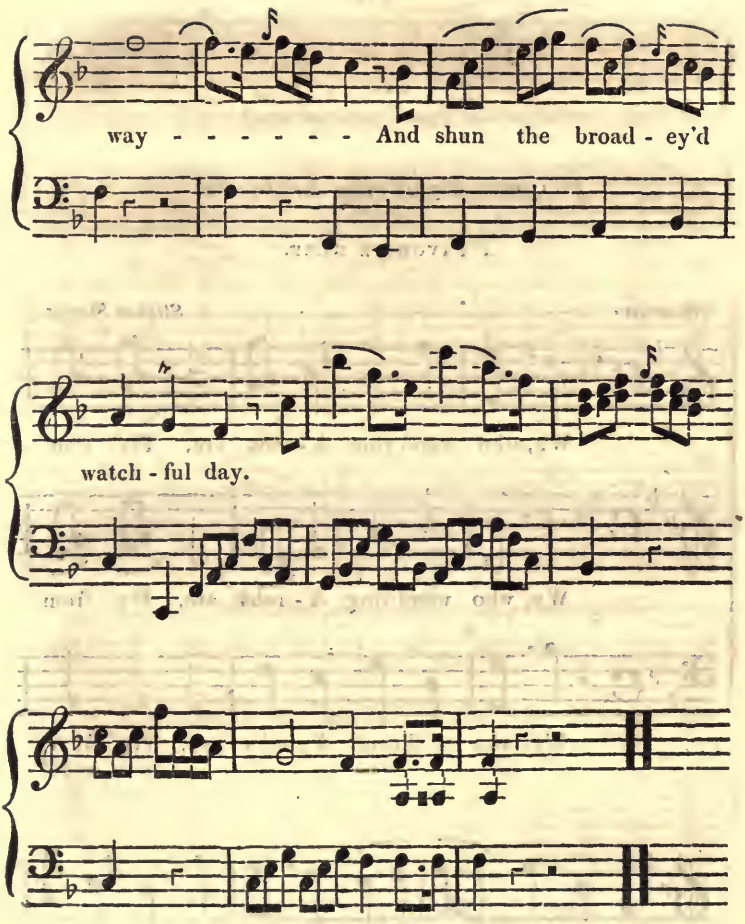
Lively.

ra - diant smile, It speaks of so much sweetness,
Oh! let it lin - ger yet a - while, Nor mock me
with its fleetness. There is no air which thou canst

The rosy hour of dawning light,
Which dewy gems encluster,
Boasts not a beam so warm, so bright,
As that dear eye's own lustre.
Like some fleet ray,
That breaks away
From clouds of fleecy whiteness,
The beam that hid
Beneath thy lid,
Breaks forth all warmth and brightness.

Ye Streams that round my Prison creep.

A FAVORITE SONG, SUNG BY MISS TOVEY IN THE REVIVED OPERA OF LODOISKA.

Sempre Piano.

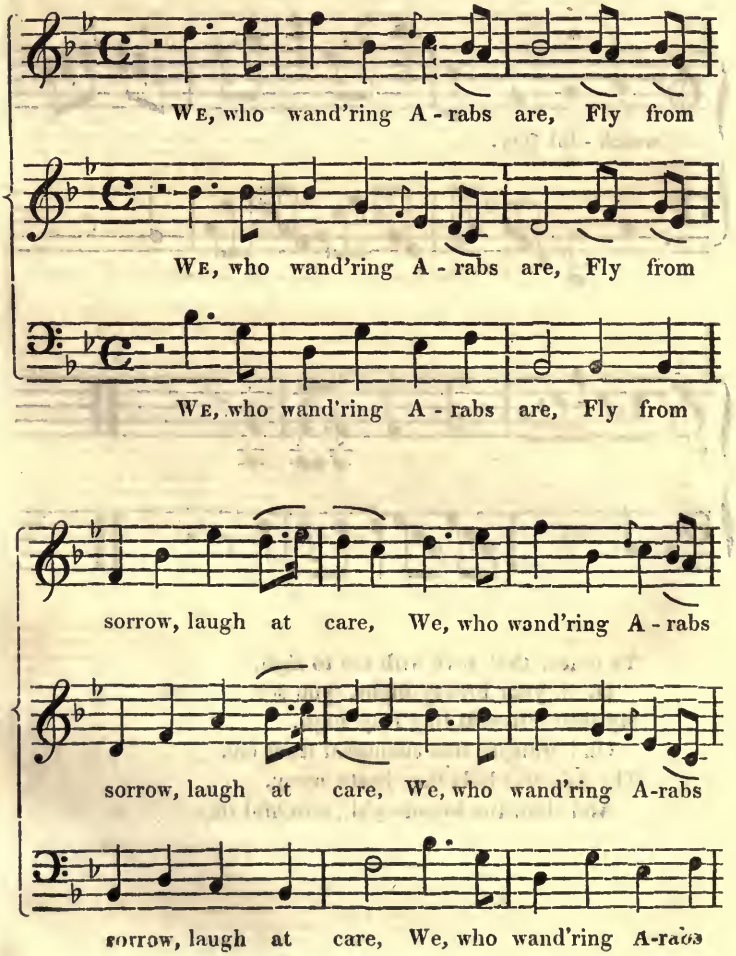


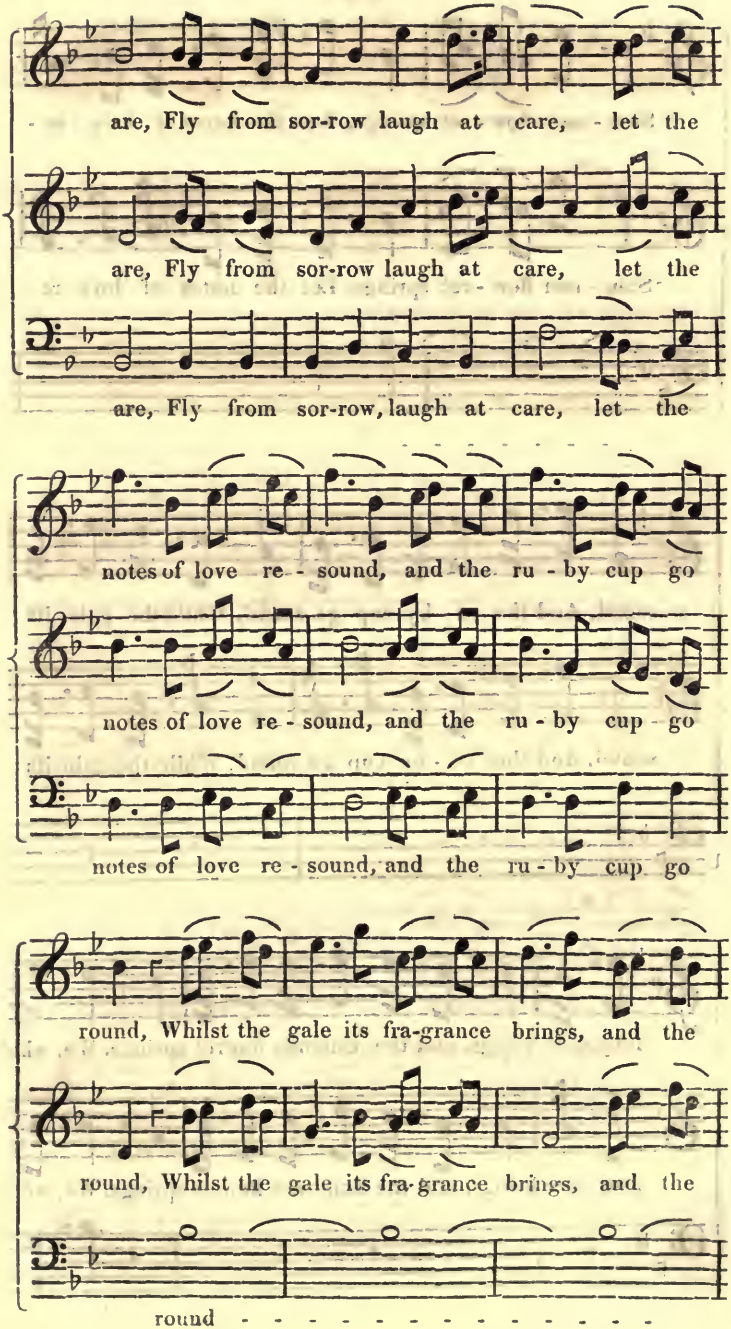
creep, If on your mos - sy bank you see my
gal - lant lo - ver you see my lo - ver stand and
weep, Oh! mur - mur oh! mur - mur, oh!
mur - mur this com - mand from me, Thy mis - tress
bids thee haste away, thy mistress bids thee haste a-way a -

Ye gales, that love with me to sigh,
If, in your breezy flight, you see
My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,
Oh! whisper this command from me,
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-ey'd, watchful day.

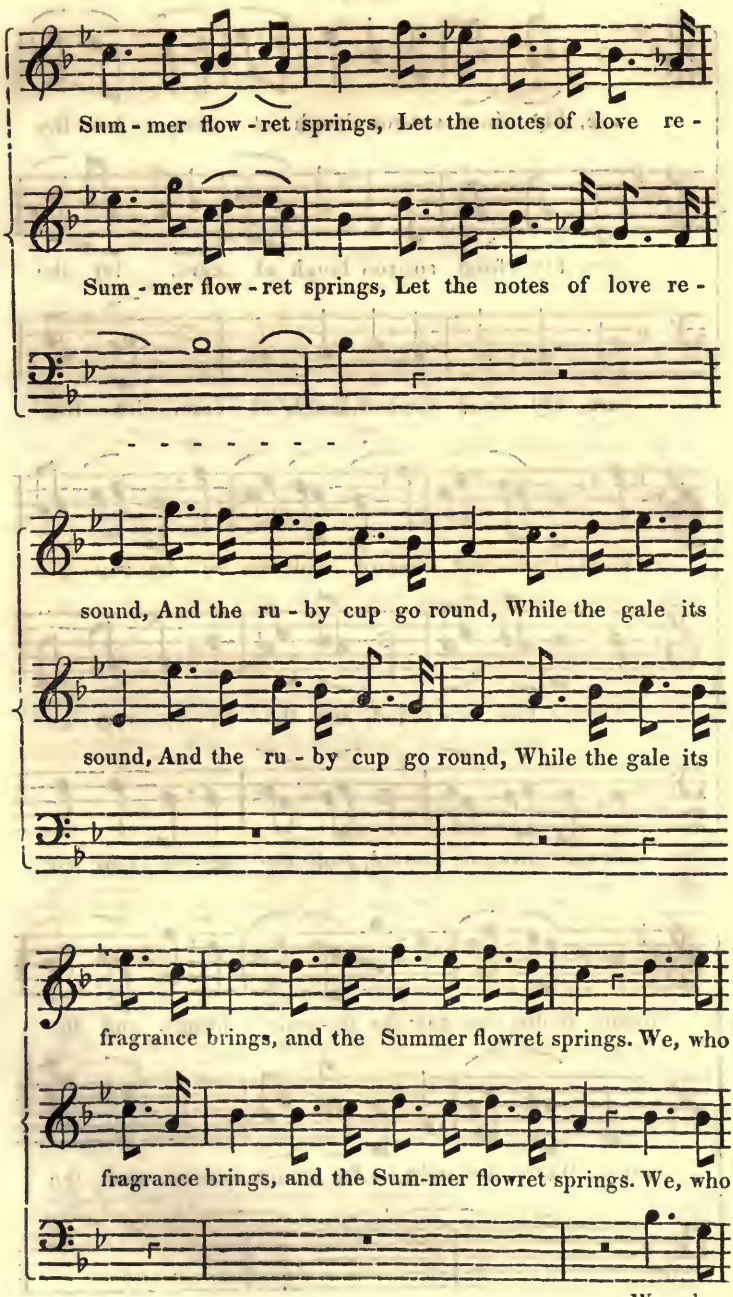
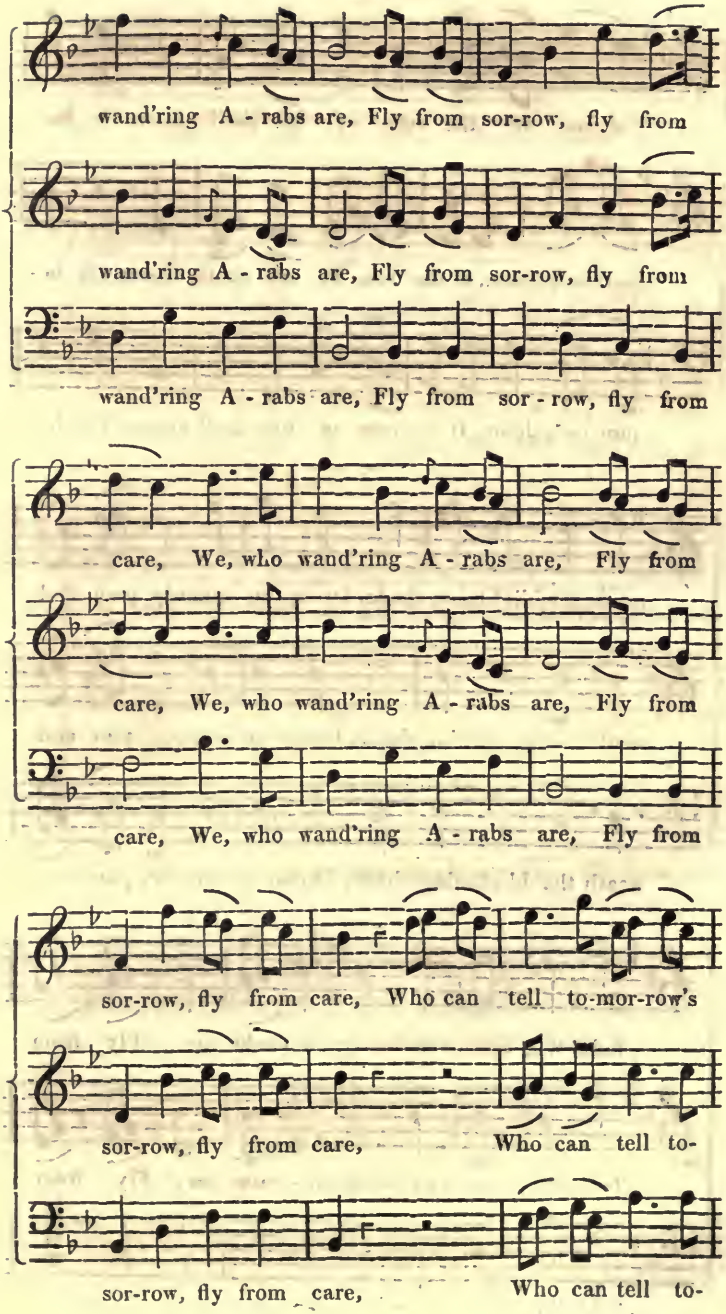
We, who wand'ring Arabs are.

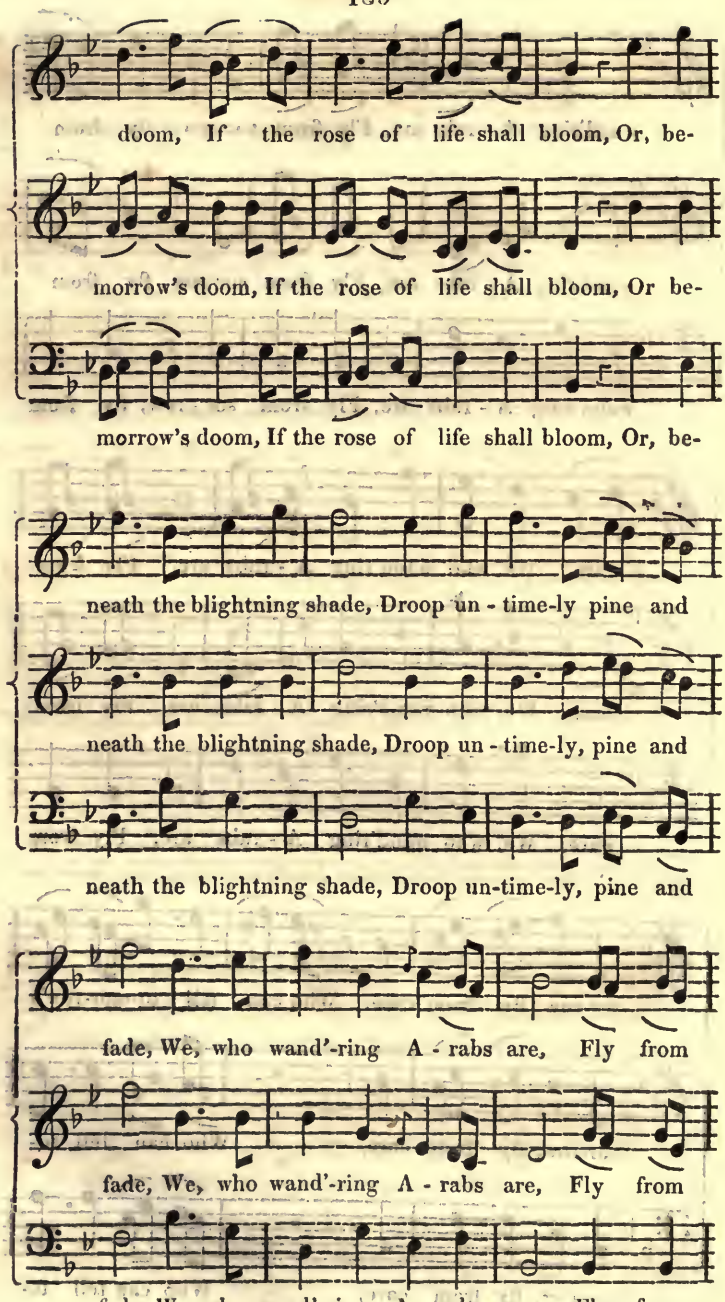
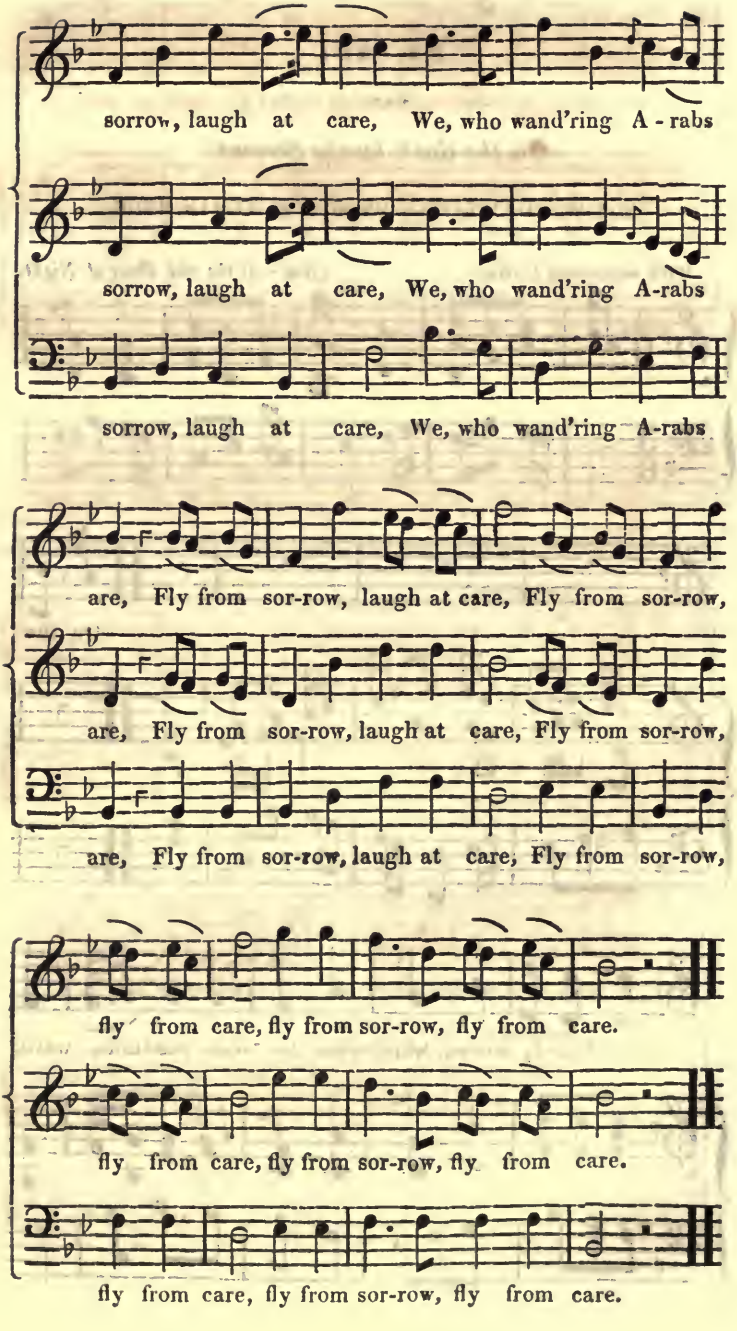
A FAVORITE GLEE.

Allegretto *Stephen Storace.*




are, Fly from sor-row laugh at care, let the
are, Fly from sor-row laugh at care, let the
are, Fly from sor-row, laugh at care, let the
notes of love re - sound, and the ru - by cup go
notes of love re - sound, and the ru - by cup go
notes of love re - sound, and the ru - by cup go
round, Whilst the gale its fra-grance brings, and the
round, Whilst the gale its fra-grance brings, and the
round - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -


Sum - mer flow - ret springs, Let the notes of love re -
Sum - mer flow - ret springs, Let the notes of love re -
sound, And the ru - by cup go round, While the gale its
sound, And the ru - by cup go round, While the gale its
fragrance brings, and the Summer flowret springs. We, who
fragrance brings, and the Sum-mer flowret springs. We, who
We, who

wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from sor-row, fly from
wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from sor-row, fly from
wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from sor - row, fly from
care, We, who wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from
care, We, who wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from
care, We, who wand'ring A - rabs are, Fly from
sor-row, fly from care, Who can tell to-mor-row's
sor-row, fly from care, Who can tell to-
sor-row, fly from care, Who can tell to-

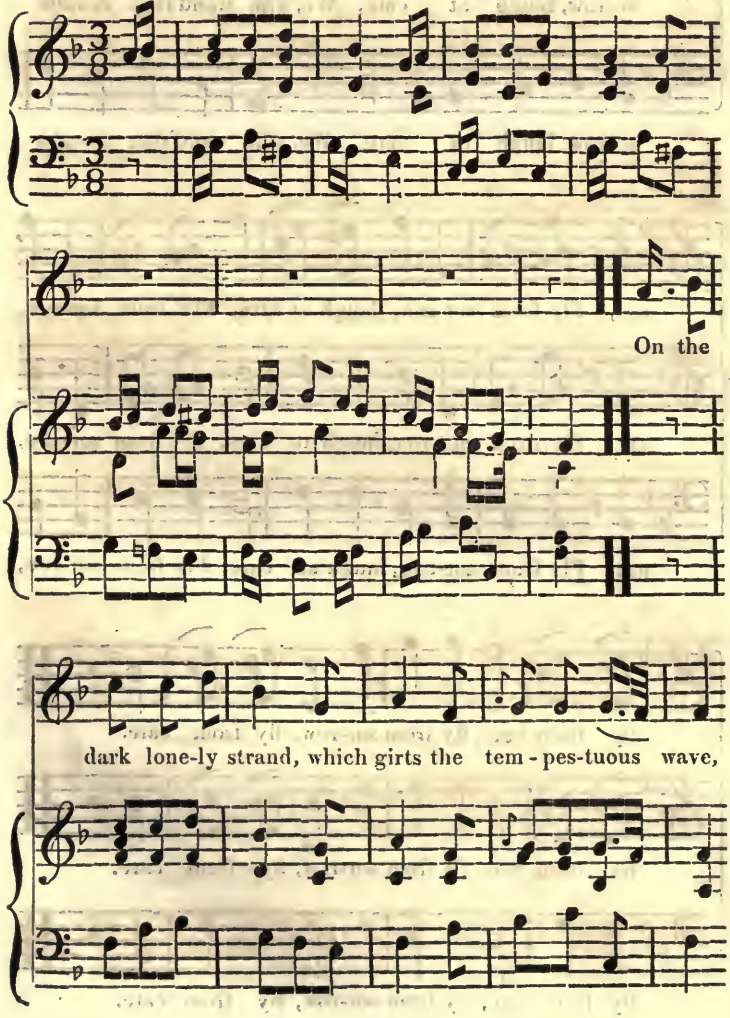

doom, If the rose of life shall bloom, Or, be-
morrow's doom, If the rose of life shall bloom, Or be-
morrow's doom, If the rose of life shall bloom, Or, be-
neath the blightning shade, Droop un - time-ly pine and
neath the blightning shade, Droop un - time-ly, pine and
neath the blightning shade, Droop un-time-ly, pine and
fade, We, who wand'-ring A - rabs are, Fly from
fade, We, who wand'-ring A - rabs are, Fly from
fade, We, who wand'-ring A - rabs are, Fly from

sorrow, laugh at care, We, who wand'ring A - rabs
sorrow, laugh at care, We, who wand'ring A-rabs
sorrow, laugh at care, We, who wand'ring A-rabs
are, Fly from sor-row, laugh at care, Fly from sor-row,
are, Fly from sor-row, laugh at care, Fly from sor-row,
are, Fly from sor-row, laugh at care, Fly from sor-row,
fly from care, fly from sor-row, fly from care.
fly from care, fly from sor-row, fly from care.
fly from care, fly from sor-row, fly from care.

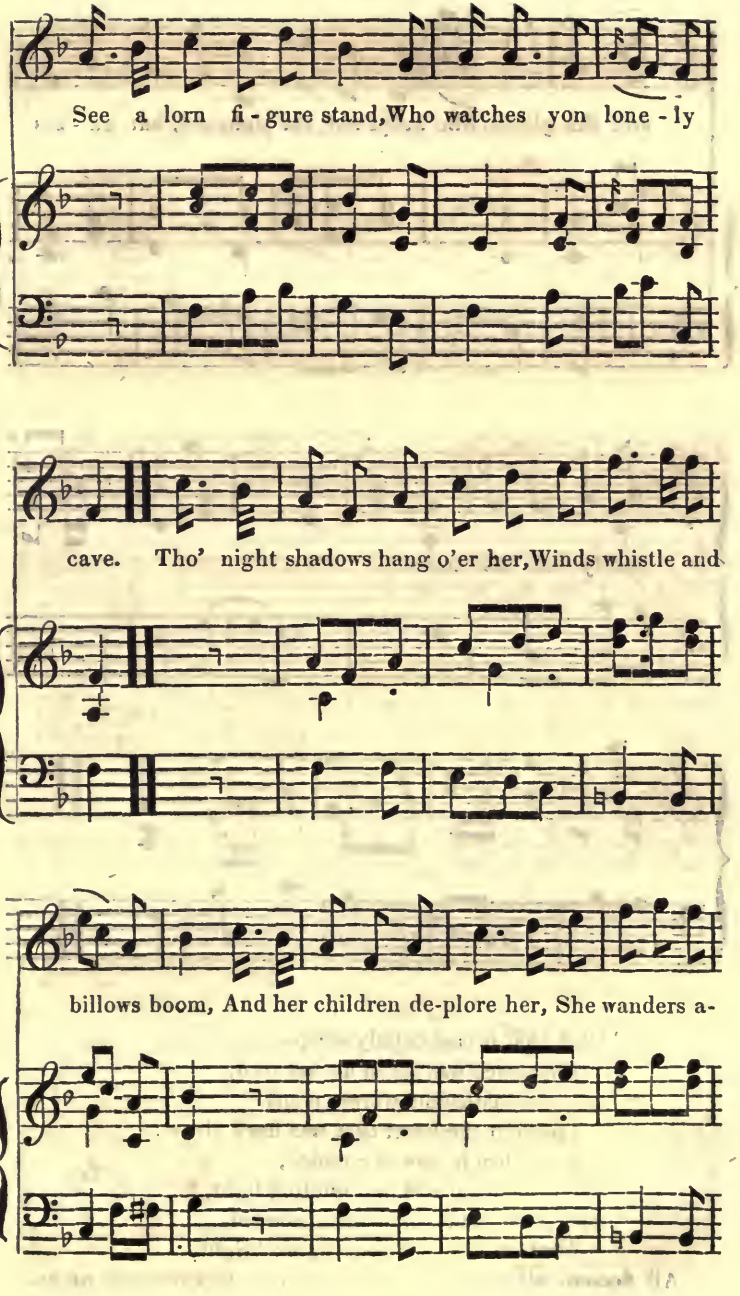
No. XIV.

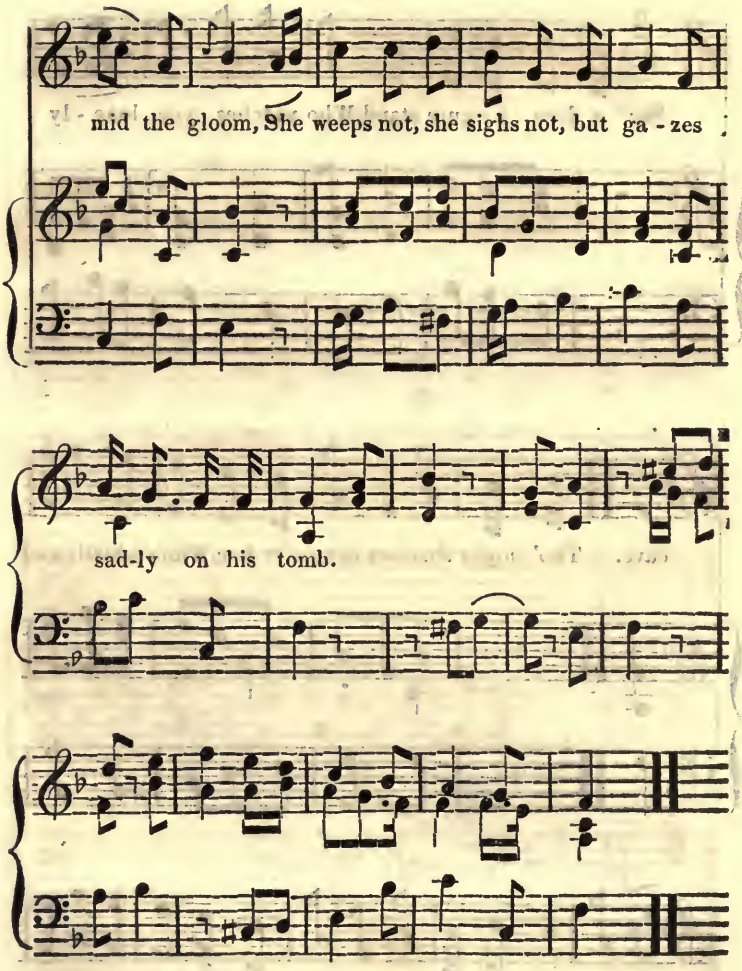
On the dark lonely Strand.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

With melancholy Feeling. [AIR—*At the mid Hour of Night.*



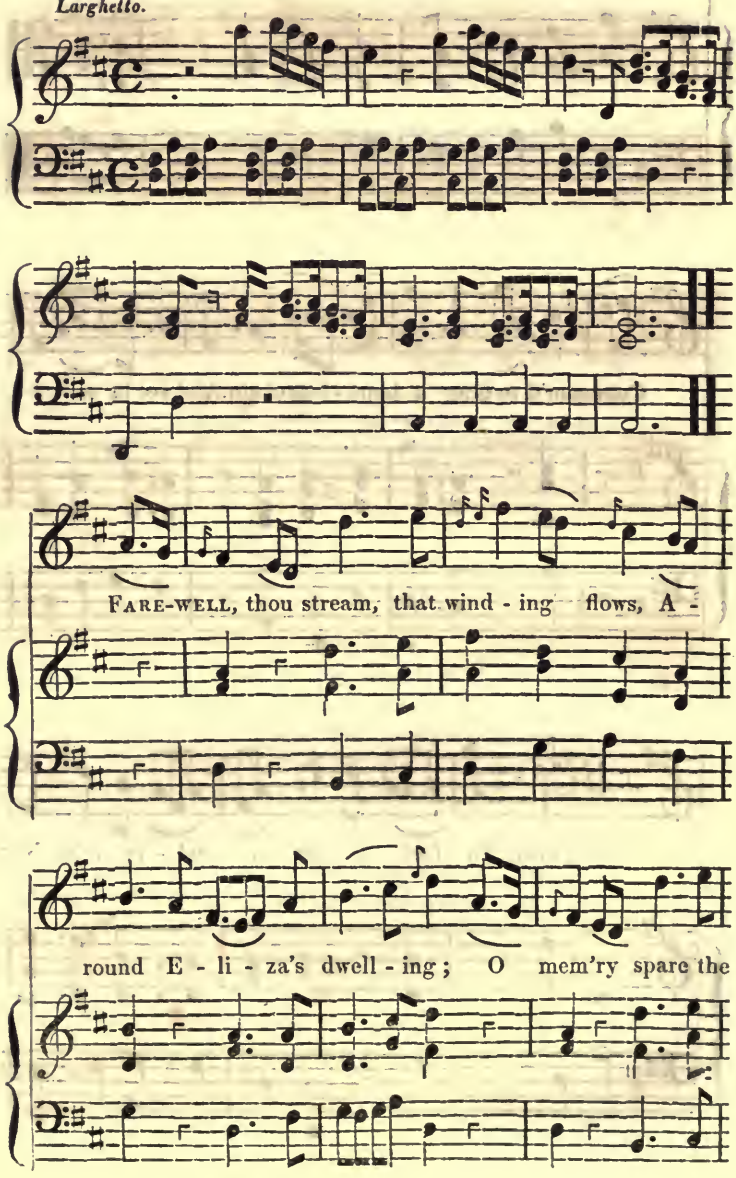
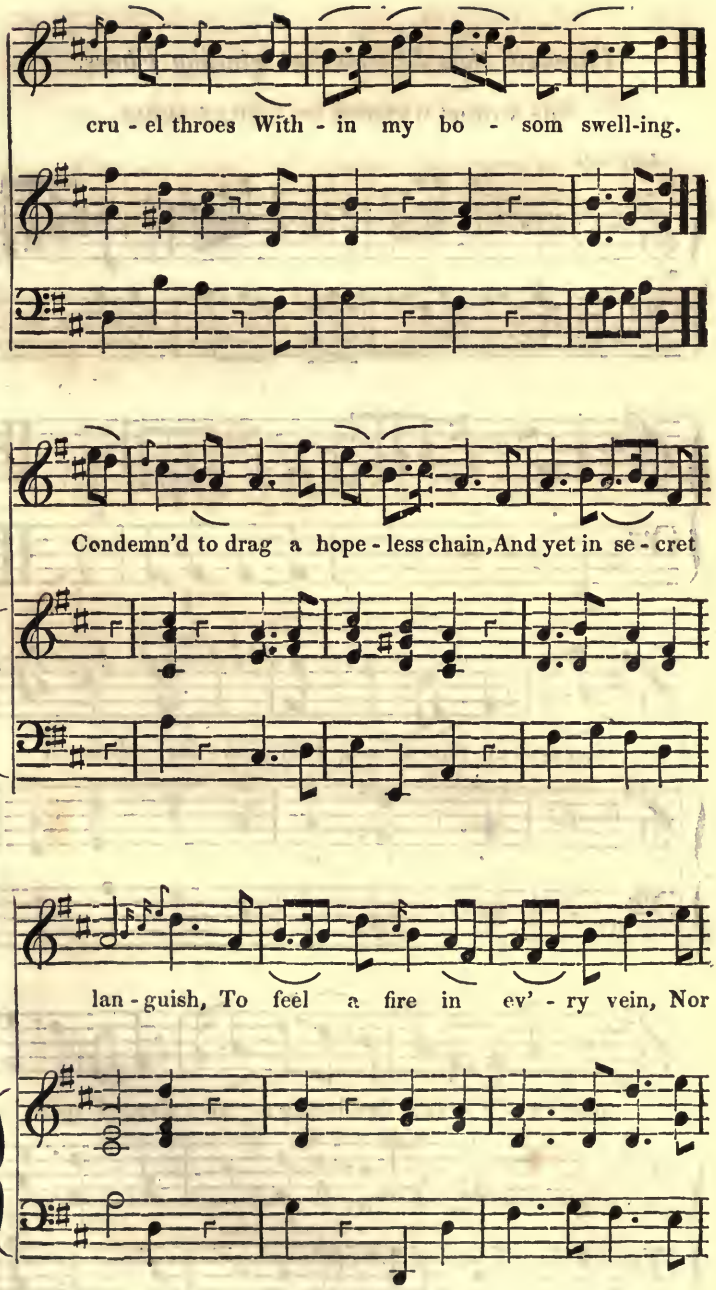
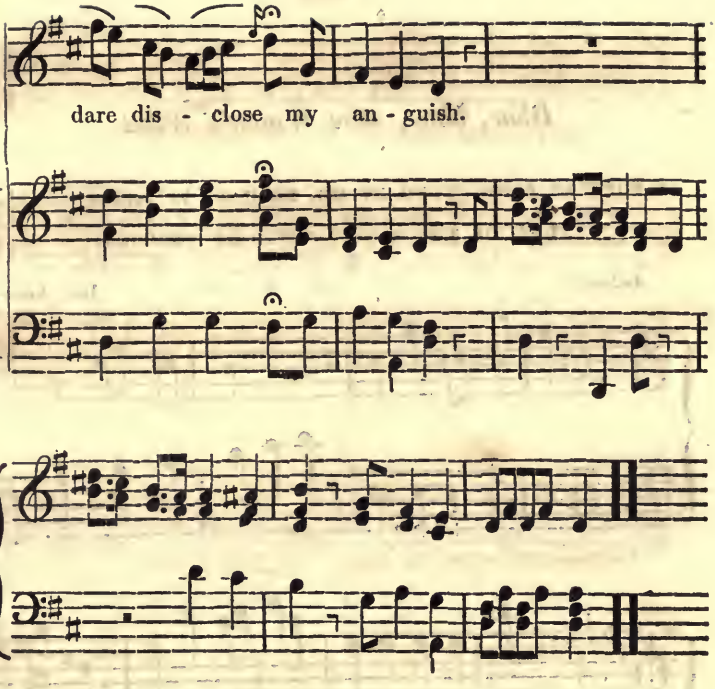

See a lorn fi - gure stand, Who watches yon lone - ly
cave. Tho' night shadows hang o'er her, Winds whistle and
billows boom, And her children de-plore her, She wanders a-



Oh ! that breast calmly sleeps,
That once was warm as her own,
And the loathsome worm creeps
Through the heart that was her's alone ;
And the bright eye is clouded,
Whose beam was her guiding light,
And those smiles now are shrouded,
That made every beam more bright,
All fleeted, all perished, and left her in darkness and night.

Farewell, thou Stream that winding Flows.

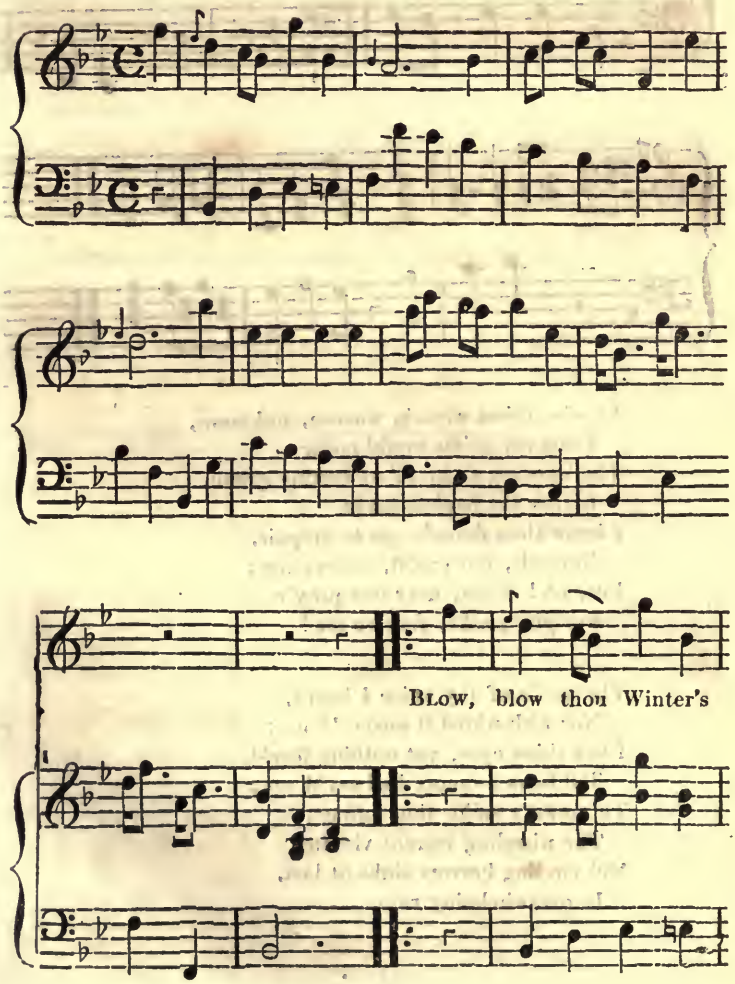
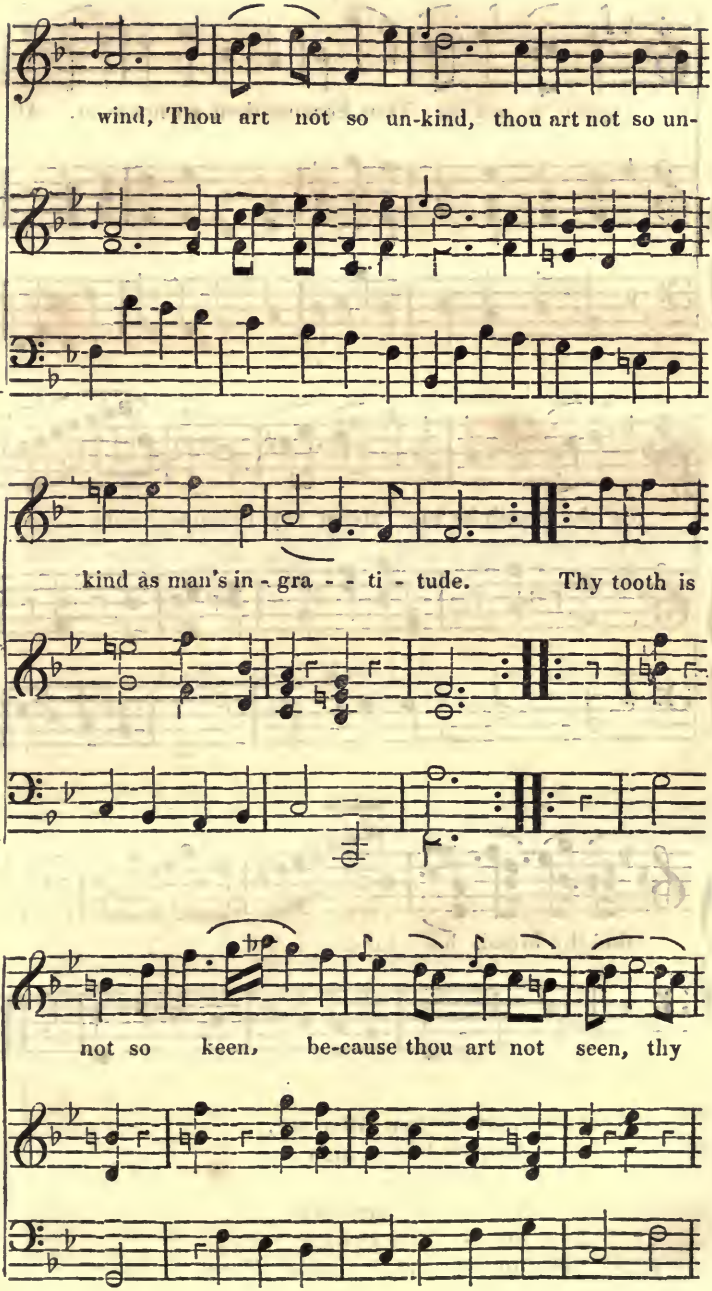
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS

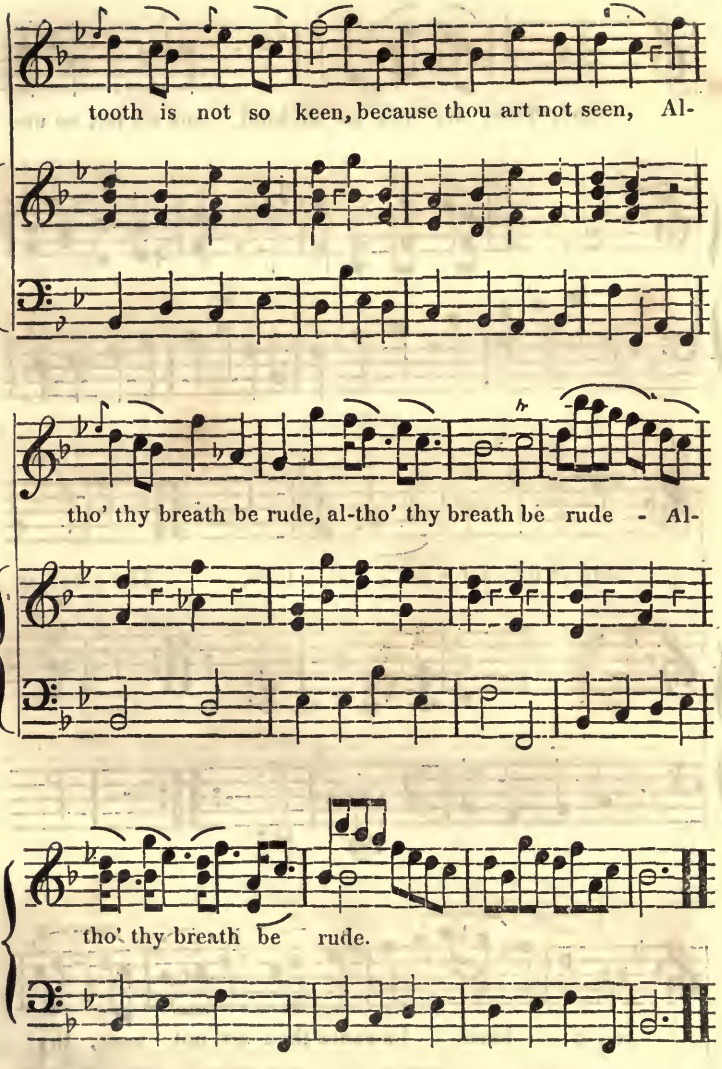
Larghetto.


cru - el throes With - in my bo - som swell-ing.
Condemn'd to drag a hope - less chain, And yet in se - cret
lan - guish, To feel a fire in ev' - ry vein, Nor

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor can'st, relieve me;
But, oh! Eliza, hear one pray'r—
For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wish whilst it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd.
Till fears no more had sav'd me:
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
Mid circling horrors sinks at last,
In overwhelming ruin,

Blow, blow, thou Winter's Wind.

A POPULAR SONG, SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM, IN SHAKSPEARE'S PLAY, OF THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Andante. DR. ARNE.


wind, Thou art not so un-kind, thou art not so un-
kind as man's in - gra - - ti - tude. Thy tooth is
not so keen, be-cause thou art not seen, thy

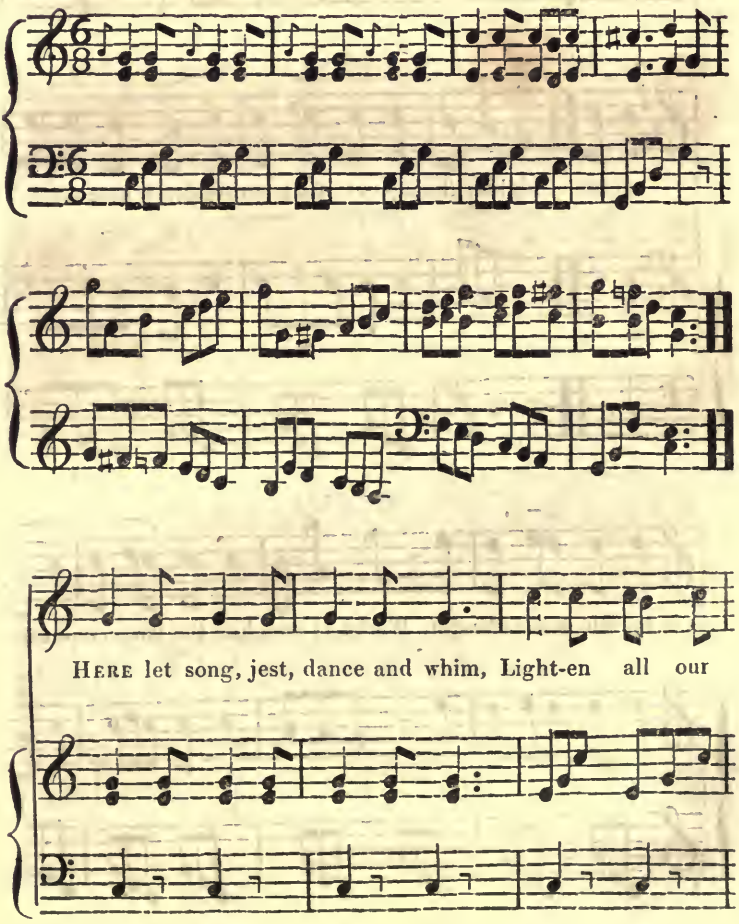


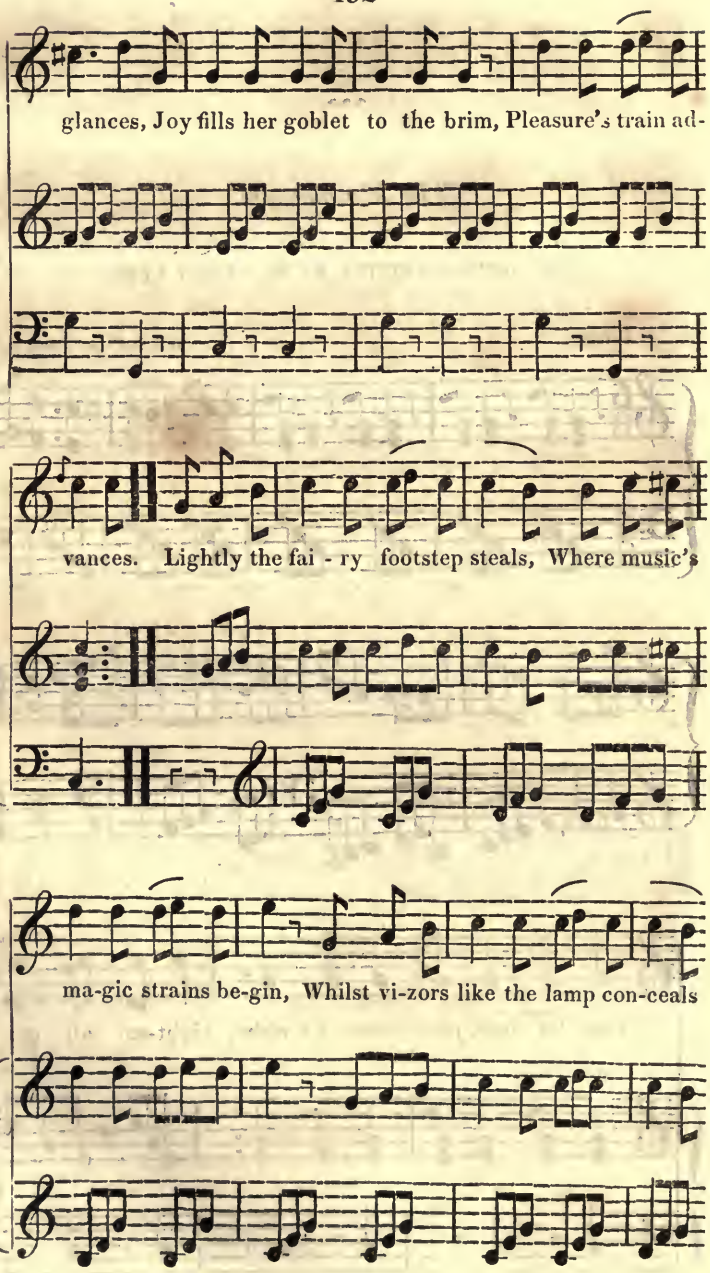
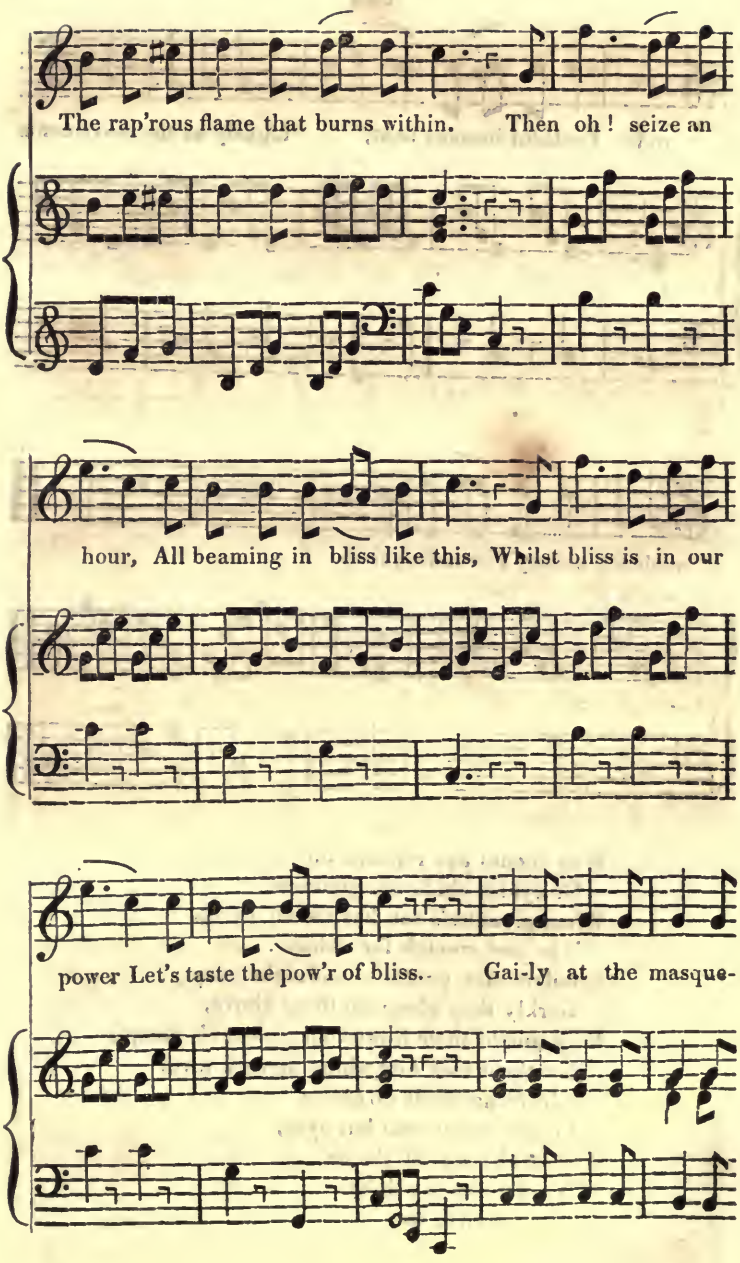
Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friends remember'd not.

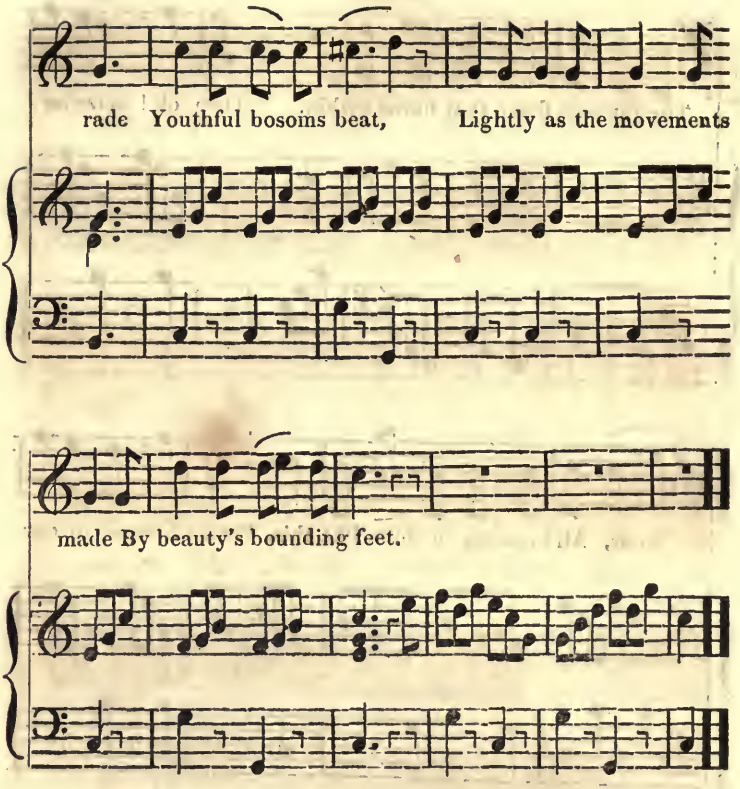
The Masquerade.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY W. LEMAN REDE.

Lively. AIR—*C'est l'Amour.*




glances, Joy fills her goblet to the brim, Pleasure's train ad-
vances. Lightly the fai - ry footstep steals, Where music's
ma-gic strains be-gin, Whilst vi-zors like the lamp con-ceals

The rap'rous flame that burns within. Then oh! seize an
hour, All beaming in bliss like this, Whilst bliss is in our
power Let's taste the pow'r of bliss. Gai-ly at the masque-

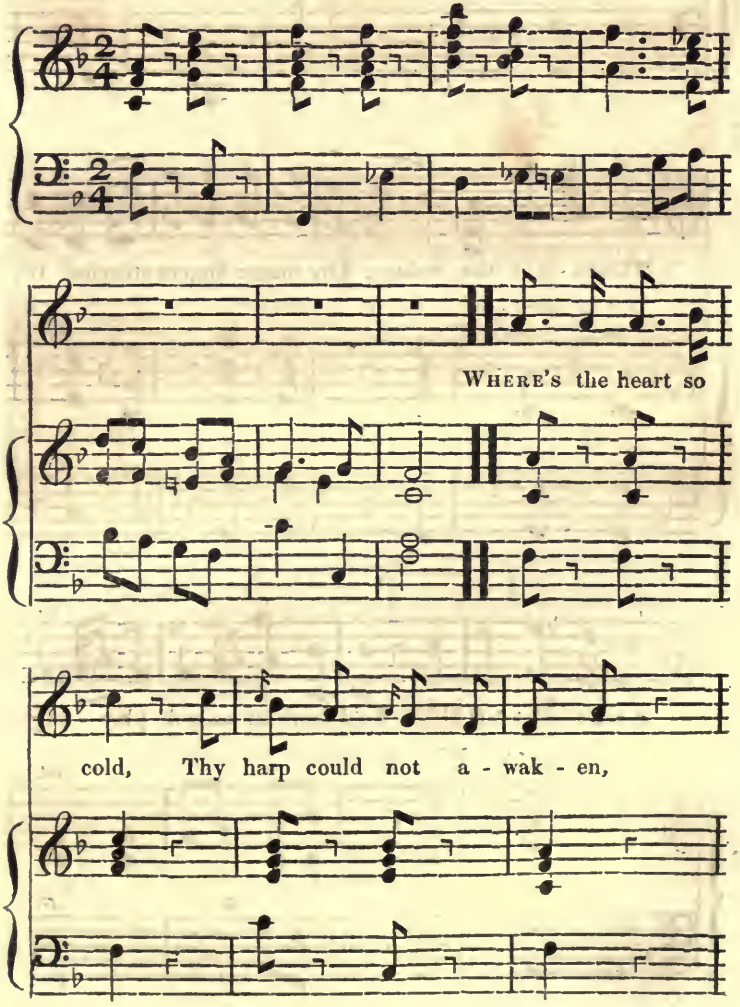
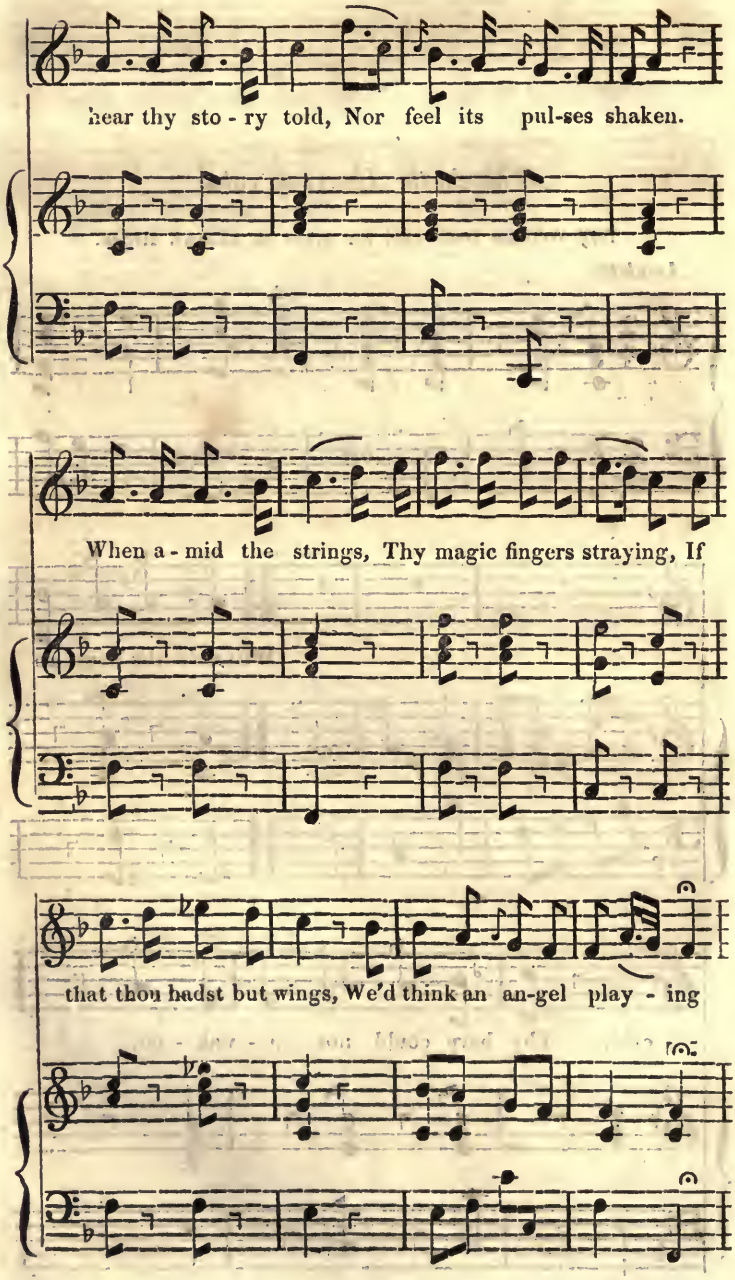


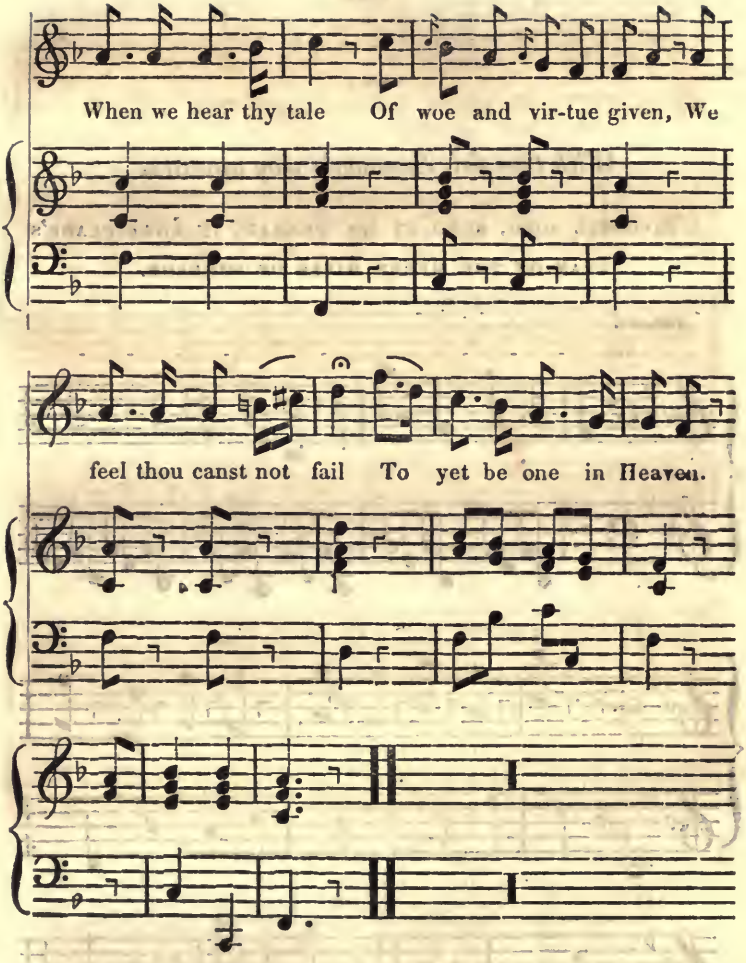
Why should age reprove our mirth,
Or cynics chide our gladness,
When pleasure's sun has set on earth,
'Tis time enough for sadness.
Scholars may pore o'er midnight lamp,
Darkly they gleam to those above,
Why should their frowns our pleasure's damp;
Let them seek lore whilst we seek love,
For learning sheds no gleam
To those who read but eyes,
And Ovid's softest theme
Is not so soft as sighs.
Gaily, &c.

Where's the Heart so cold.

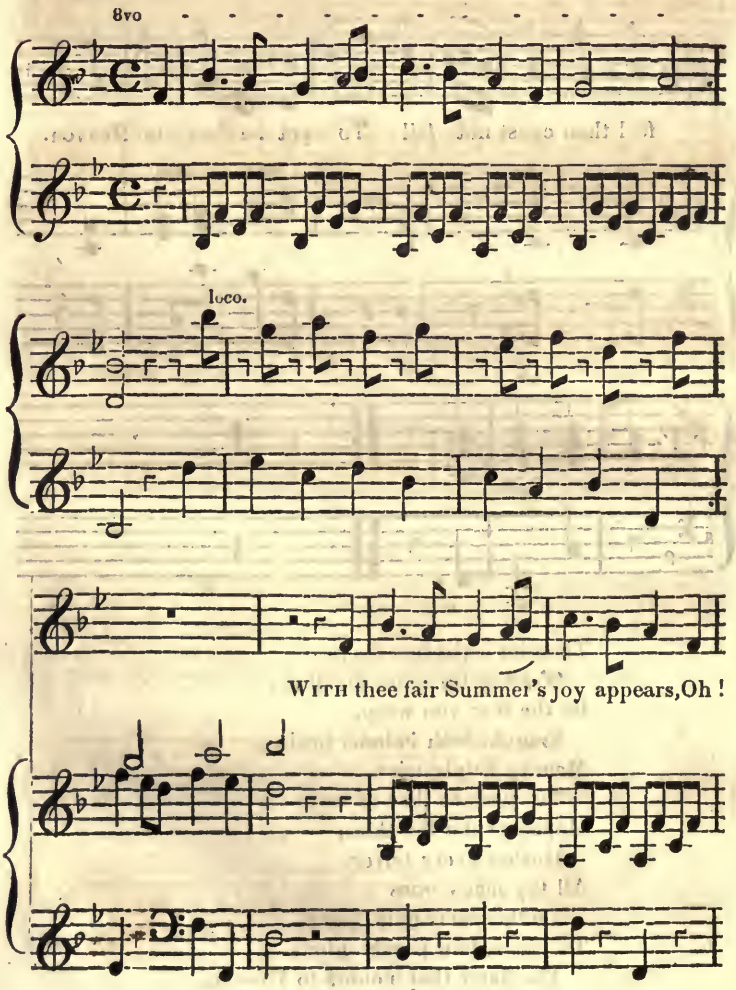
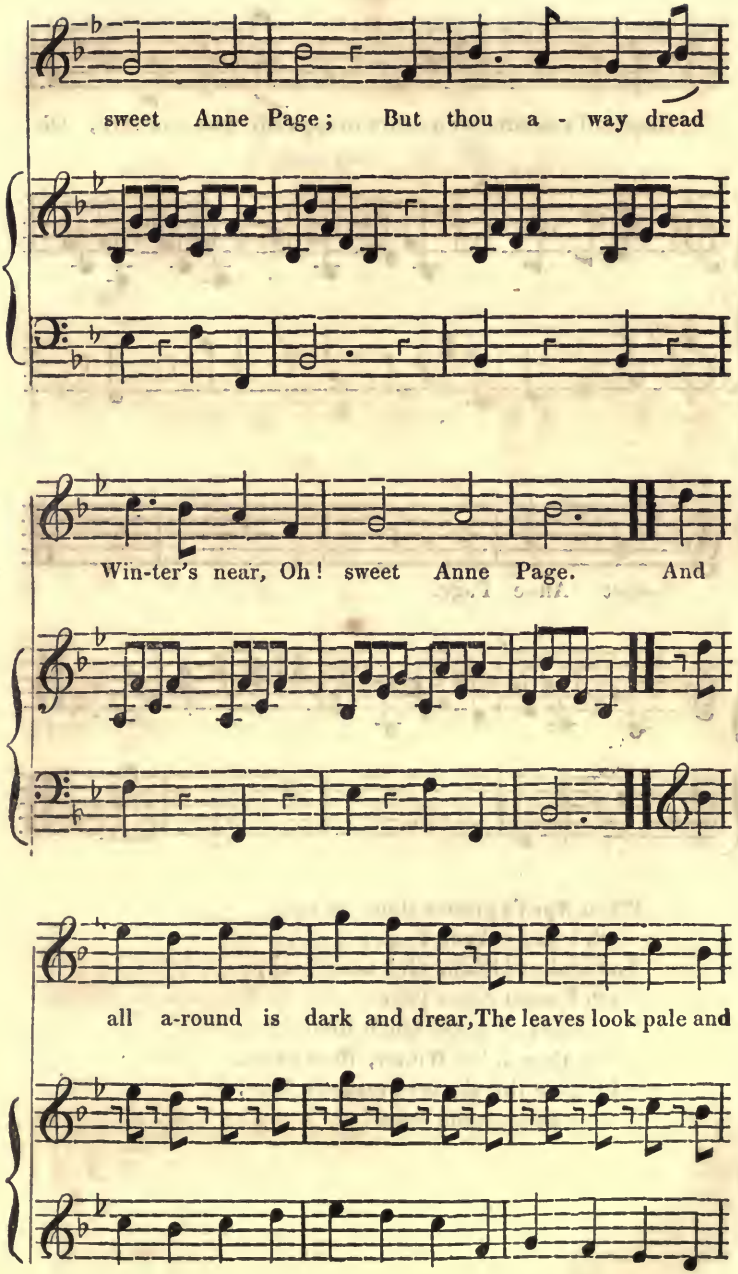
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

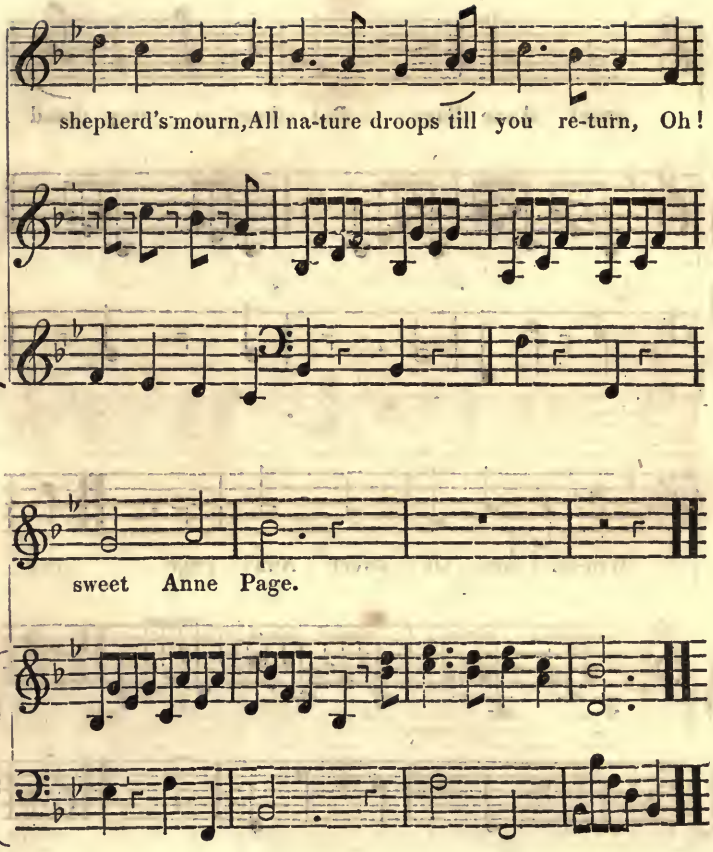
Larghetto.



hear thy sto - ry told, Nor feel its pul-ses shaken.
When a - mid the strings, Thy magic fingers straying, If
that thou hadst but wings, We'd think an an-gel play - ing

Then let sighs less deep,
O'er thy lip come stealing;
Be the tear you weep,
Fraught with balmier healing.
Mem'ry vainly tries
To speak to thee of error;
Hope beyond the skies,
Hushes every terror.
All thy many woes
To thee were only given,
To prove, how purely glows
The flame that mounts to Heaven.

With thee fair Summer's Joy appears.

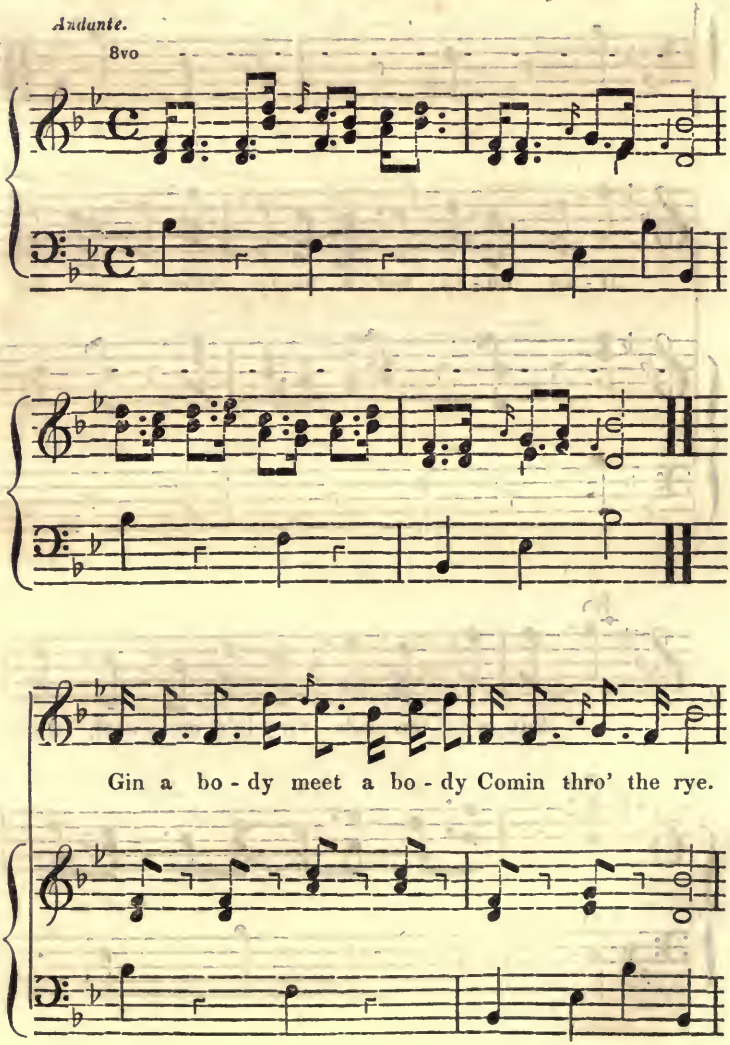
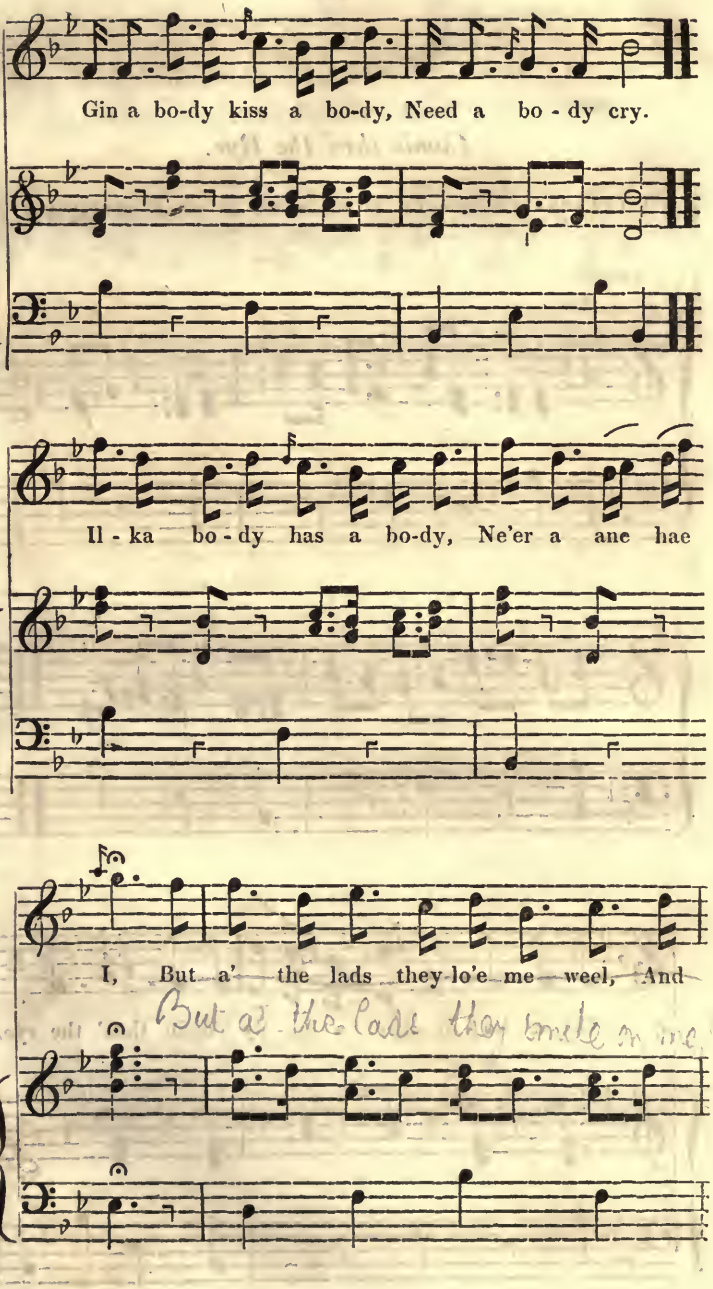
A FAVORITE SONG, SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM, IN SHAKSPEARE'S PLAY OF THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.


sweet Anne Page; But thou a - way dread
Win-ter's near, Oh! sweet Anne Page. And
all a-round is dark and drear, The leaves look pale and



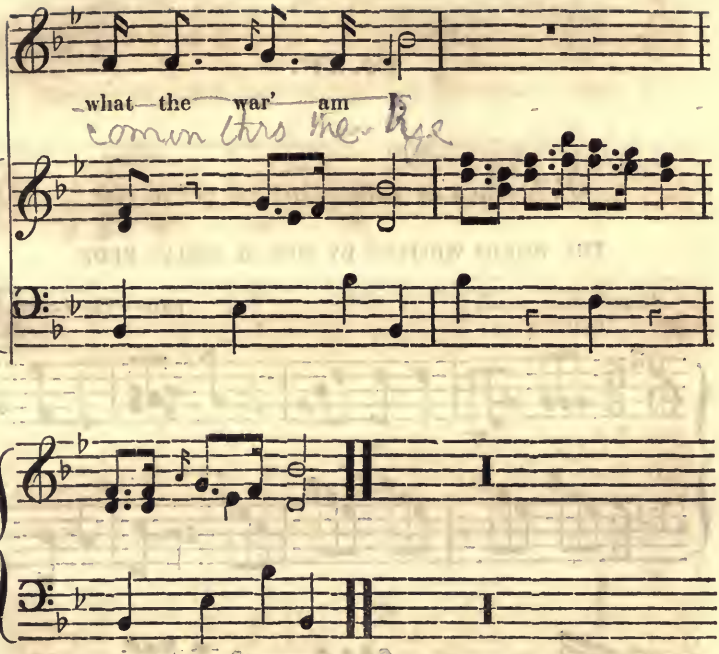
When April's glories shine on me,
Oh! sweet Anne Page!
And violets bloom, oh! none I see,
Oh! sweet Anne Page!
But sweets or colors stol'n from thee;
Yet though 'tis Winter, thou away,
Still there thy shadows make it May,
Oh! sweet Anne Page!

Comin thro' the Rye.

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH SONG, SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS.



Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy, Need a bo - dy cry.
Il - ka bo - dy has a bo-dy, Ne'er a ane hae
I, But a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And



Gin a body meet a body
Comin frae the well;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell.
Ilka body, &c.

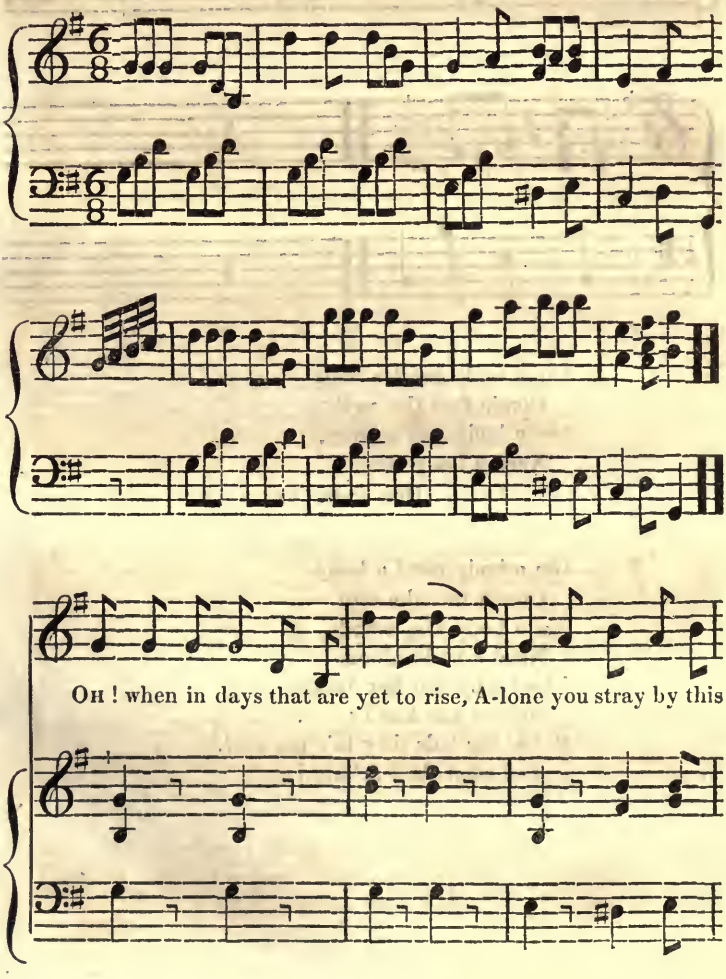
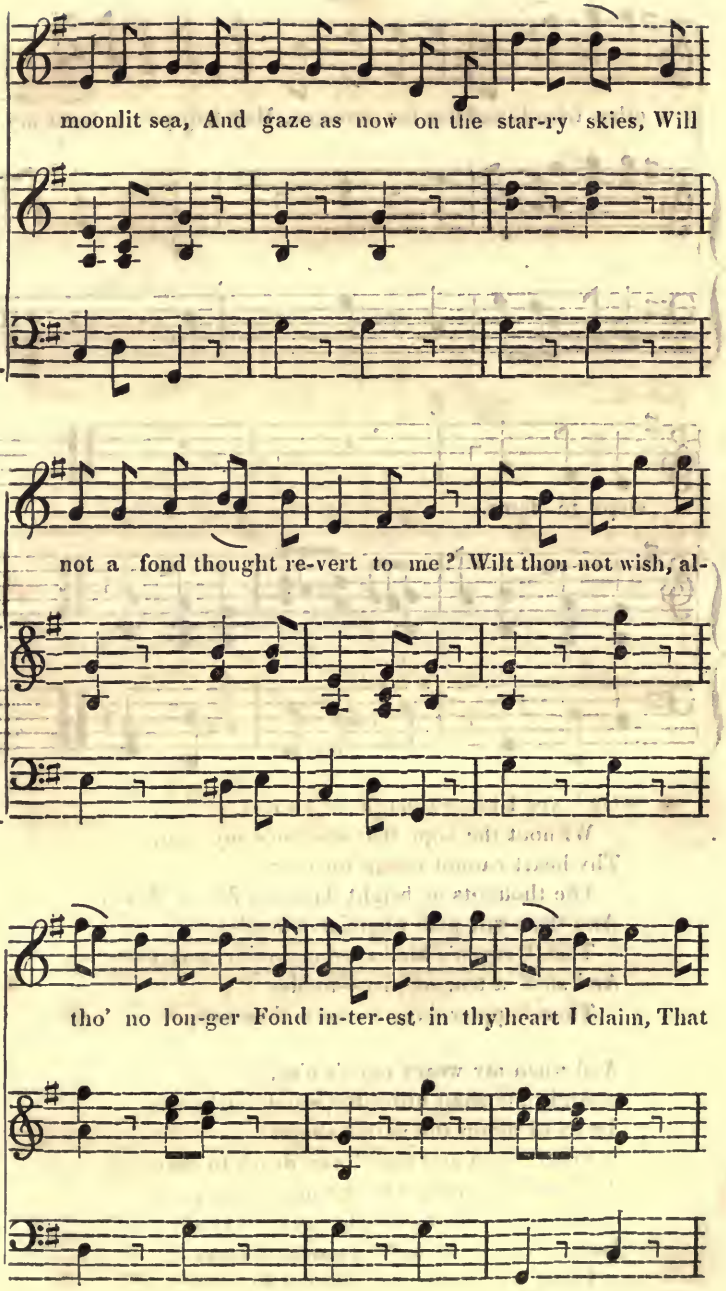
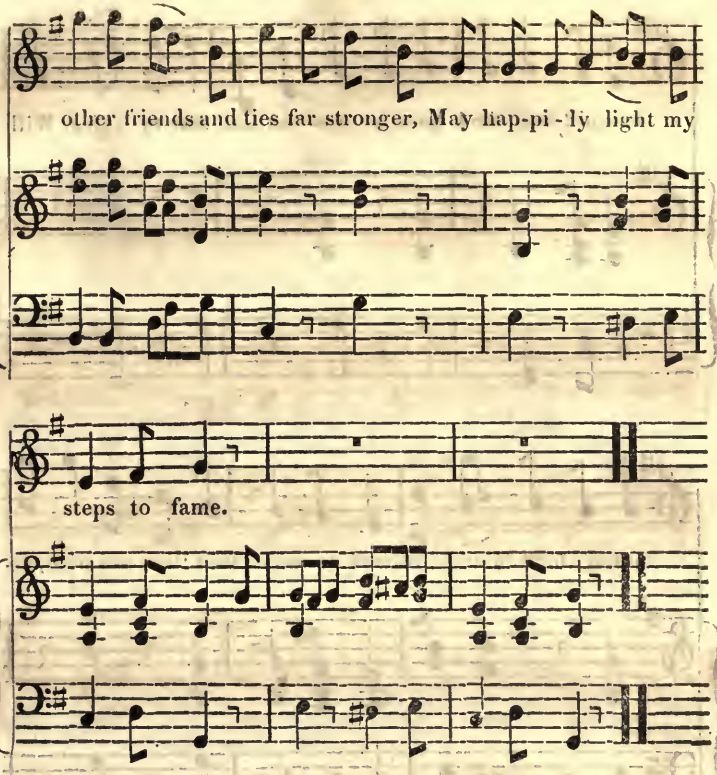
Gin a body meet a body
Comin frae the town,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body gloom.
Ilka Jenny has her Jocky,
Ne'er a ane hae I;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the war' am I.

No. XV.

Oh! when in Days that are yet to rise.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*The Legacy.*

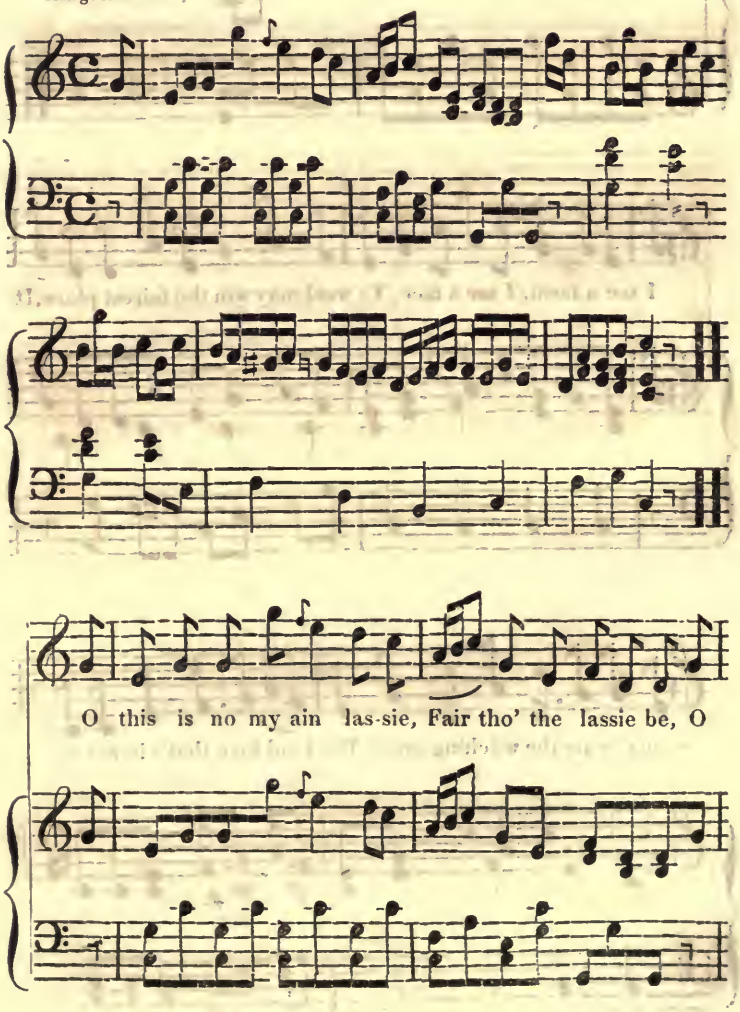
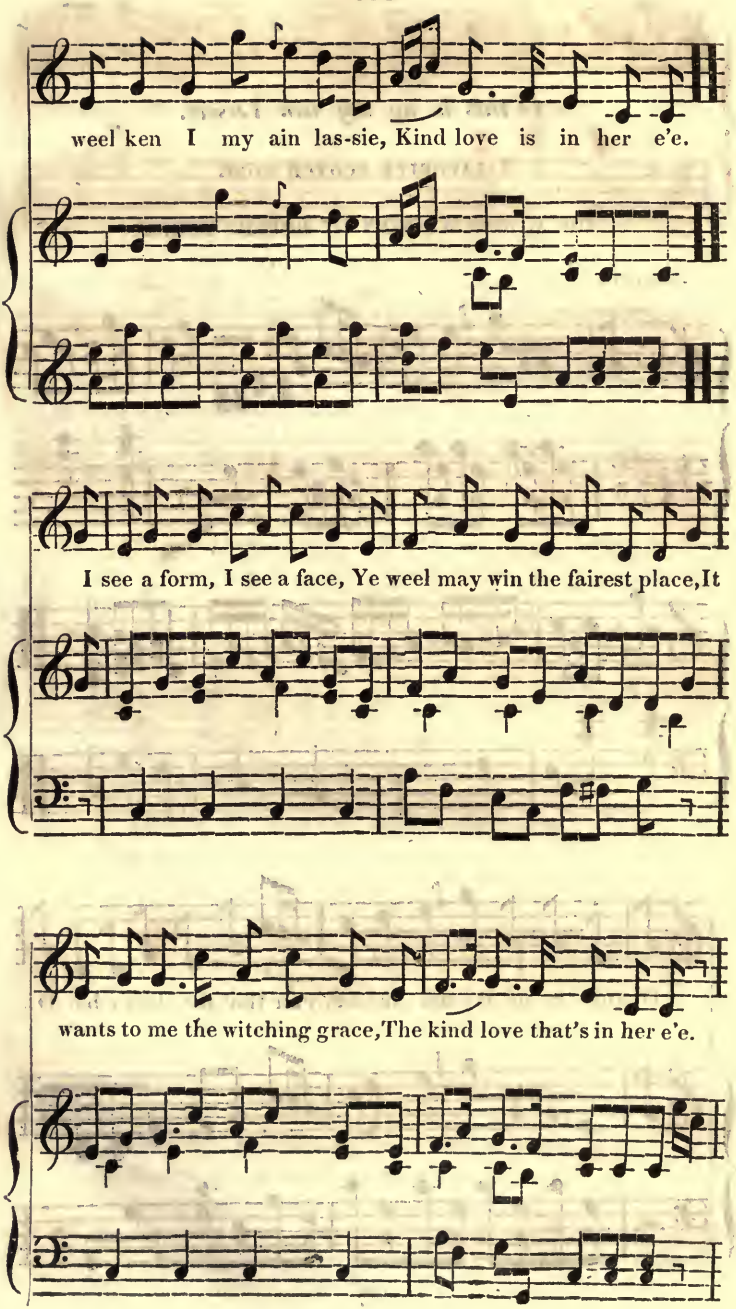
8vo

moonlit sea, And gaze as now on the star-ry skies, Will
not a fond thought re-vert to me? Wilt thou not wish, al-
tho' no lon-ger Fond in-ter-est in thy heart I claim, That

Oh! yes I know though far I sever,
Without the hope that was once my own,
Thy heart cannot resign for ever
The thoughts of bright days too fleetly flown,
And thou wilt wish where'er I wander,
That Heaven's kind care my path may keep,
And shed a tear of pity—fonder
Than happier days e'er saw thee weep.

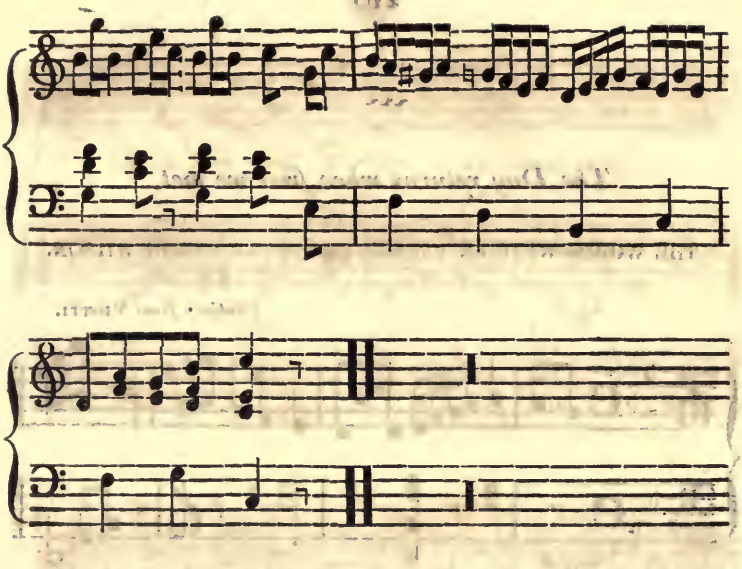
And when my weary exile's o'er,
And time shall bring the wanderer home,
To tread again the native shore,
From which and thee 'twas death to roam,
Although forgot by all who may linger,
As kindred or friends, to my cold view,
Love, early love, with unerring finger,
I feel will point me out to you.

O this is no my ain Lassie.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS

Allegretto.


weel ken I my ain las-sie, Kind love is in her e'e.
I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may win the fairest place, It
wants to me the witching grace, The kind love that's in her e'e.



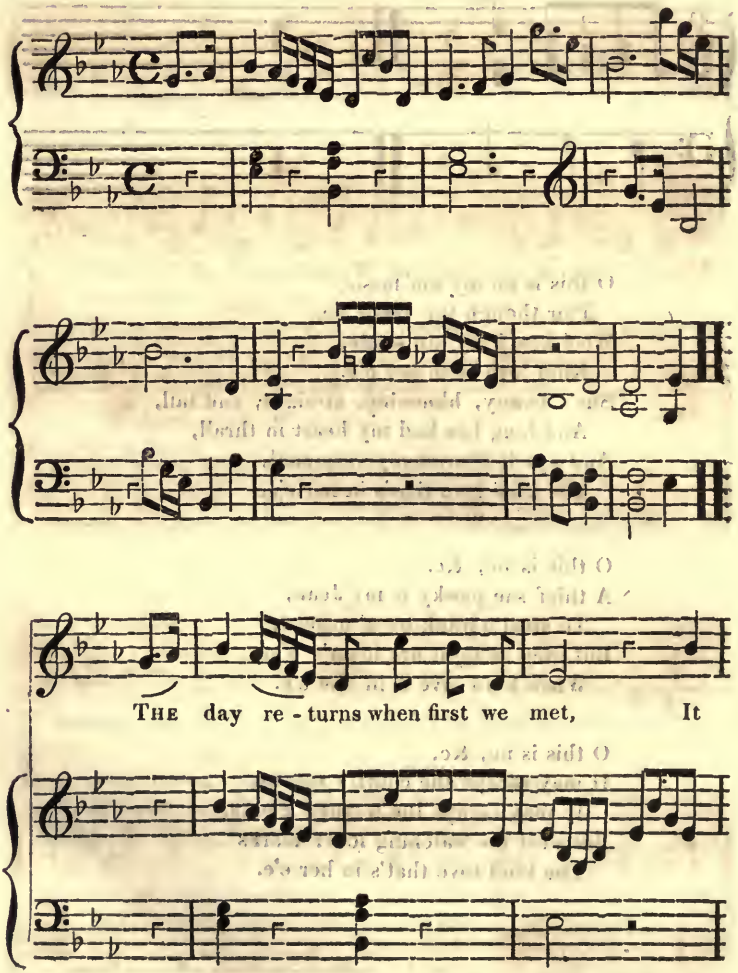
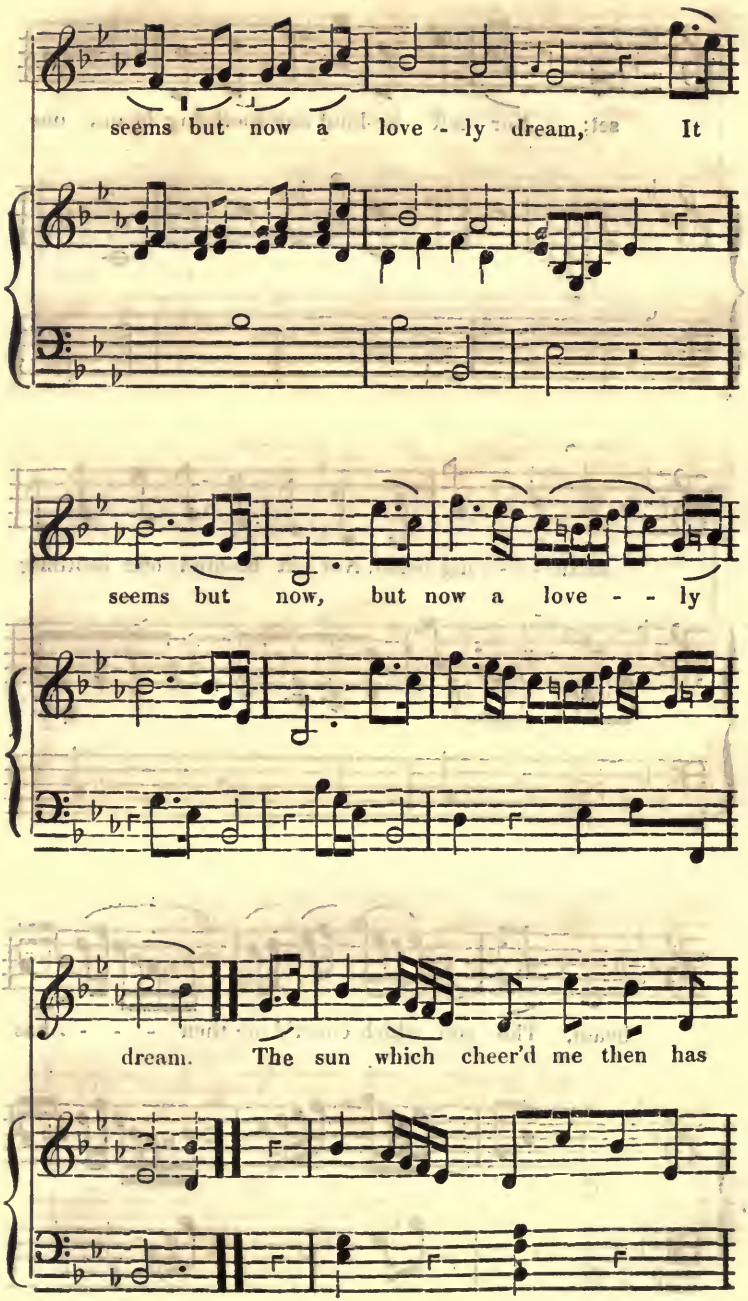
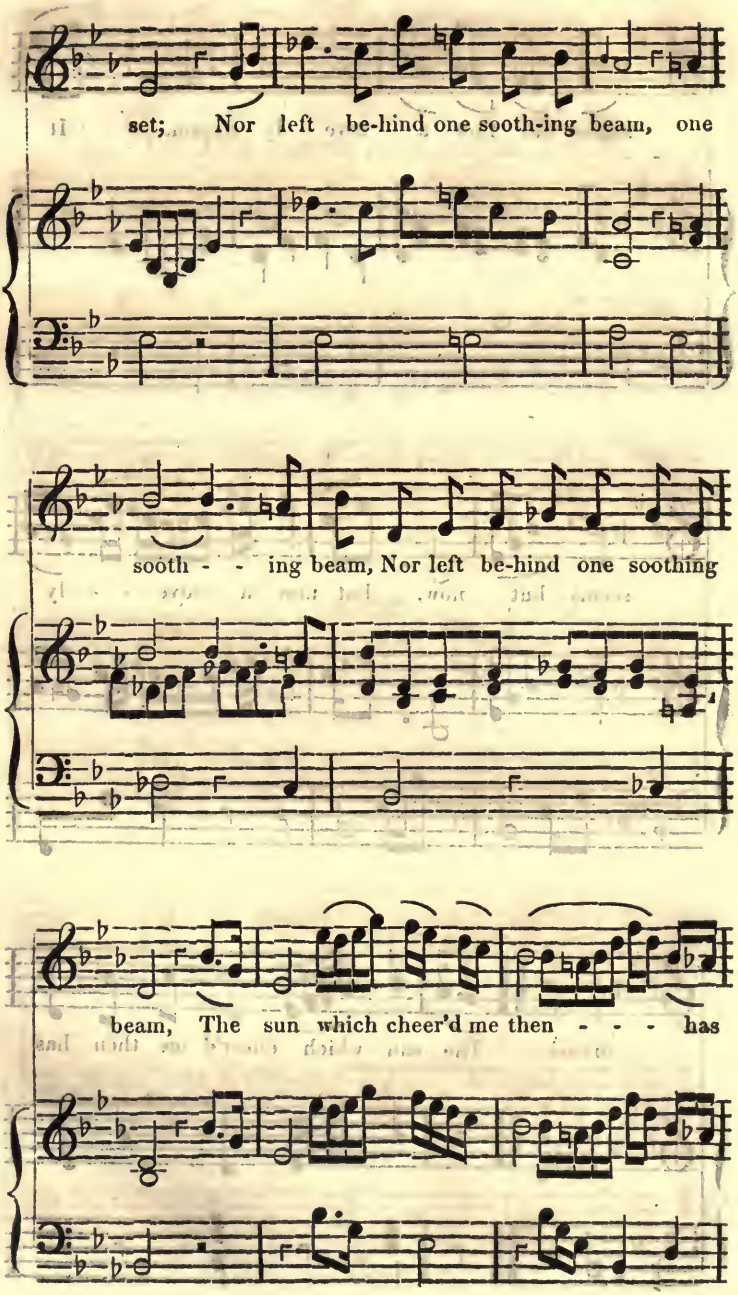
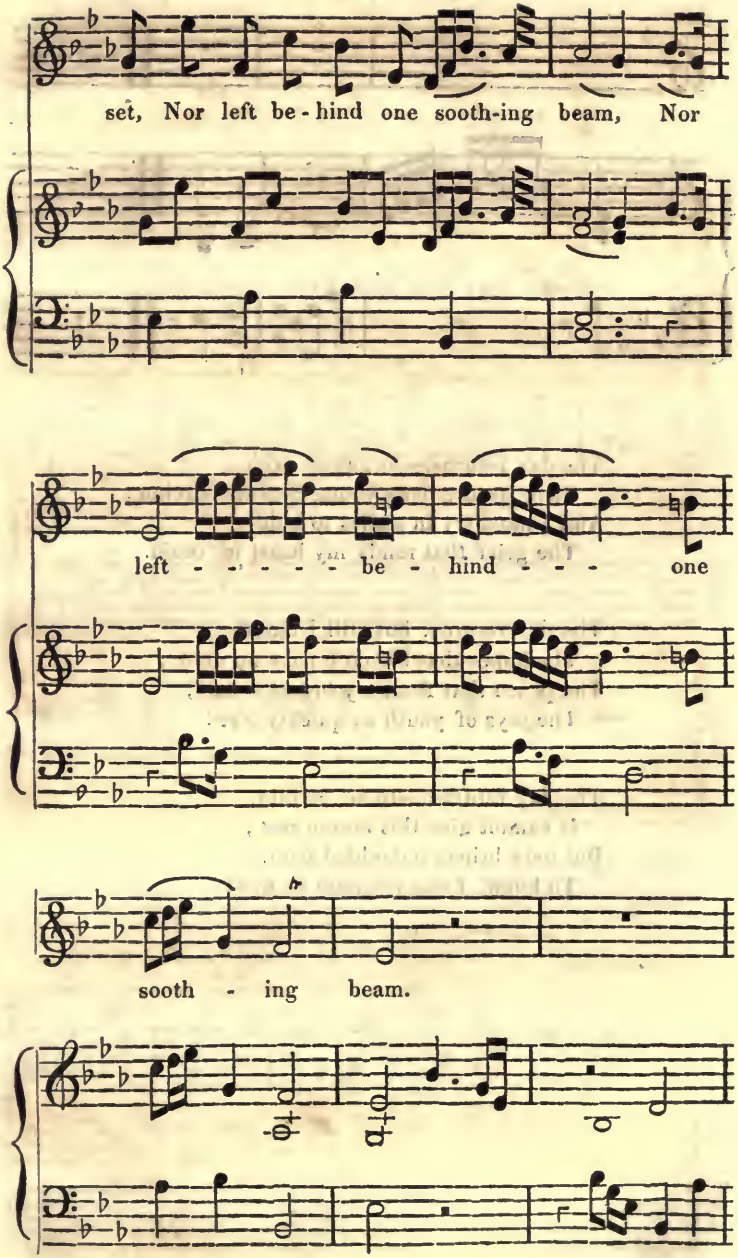
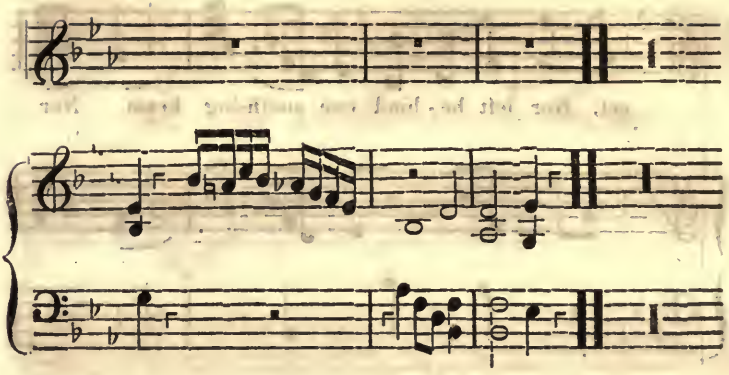
O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be,
Weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.
She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall,
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.
A thief sae pawky is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen,
But gleg as light are lover's e'en,
When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no, &c.
It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks,
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

The Day returns when first we met.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

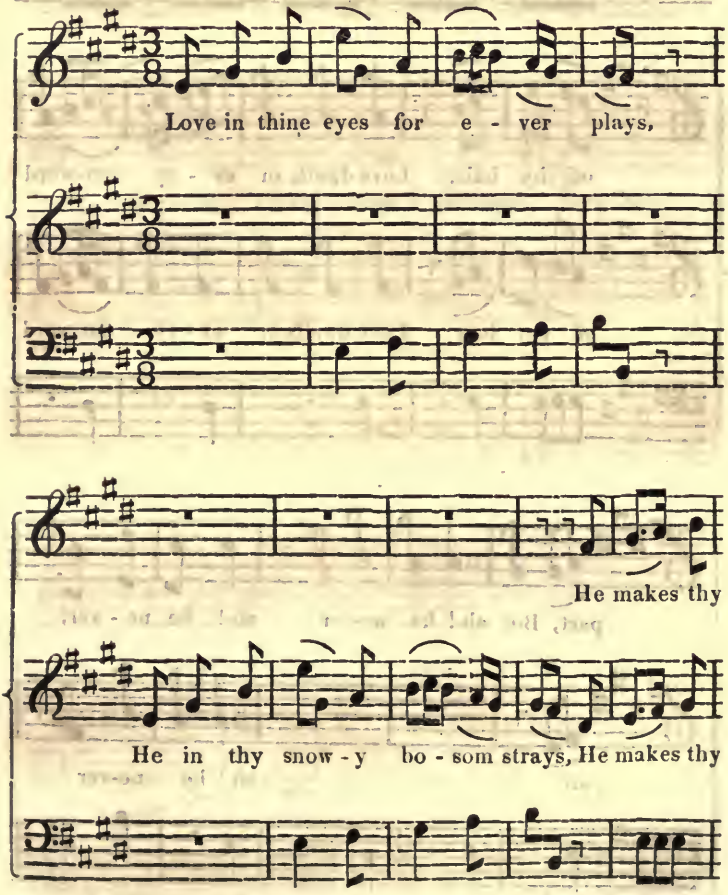
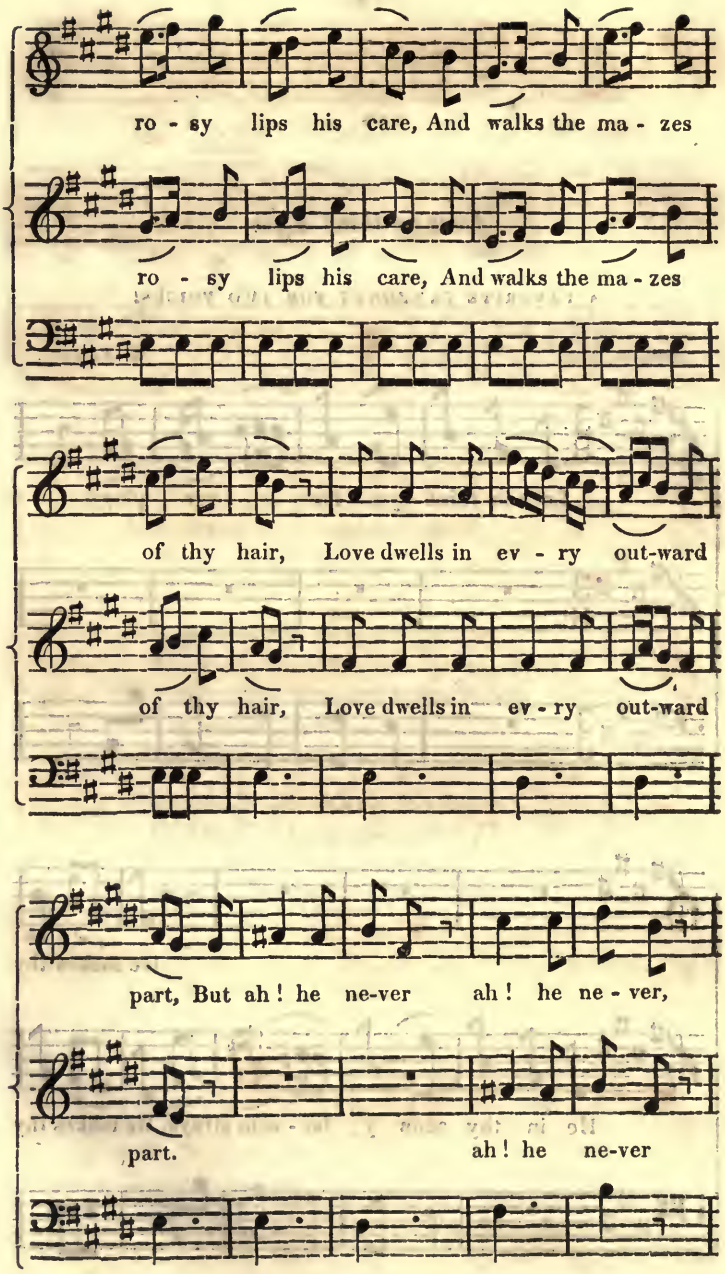
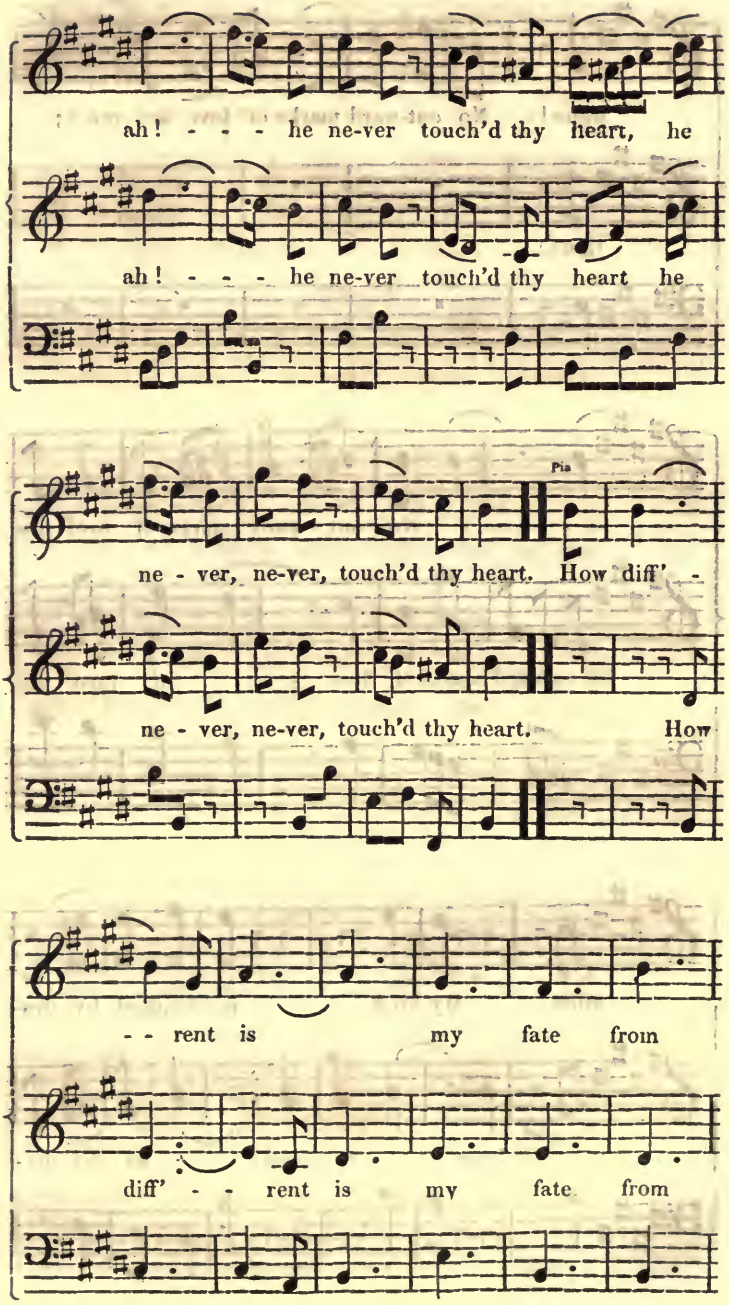
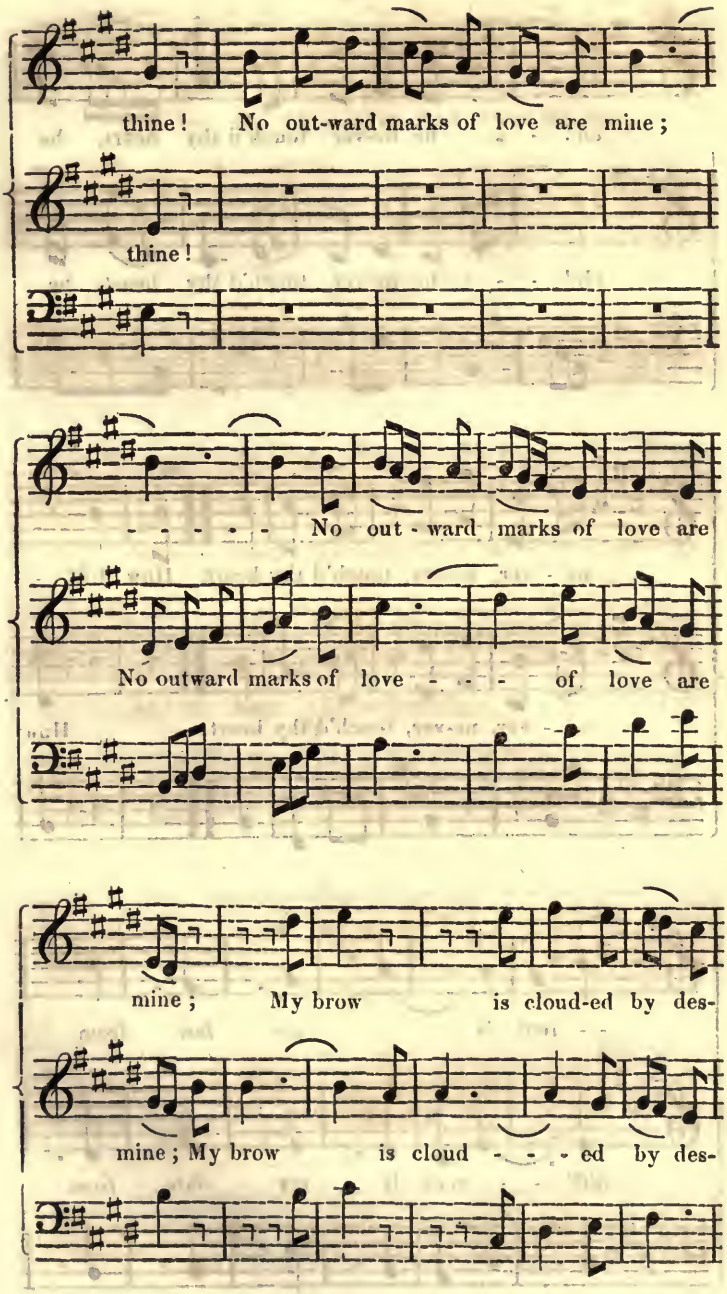
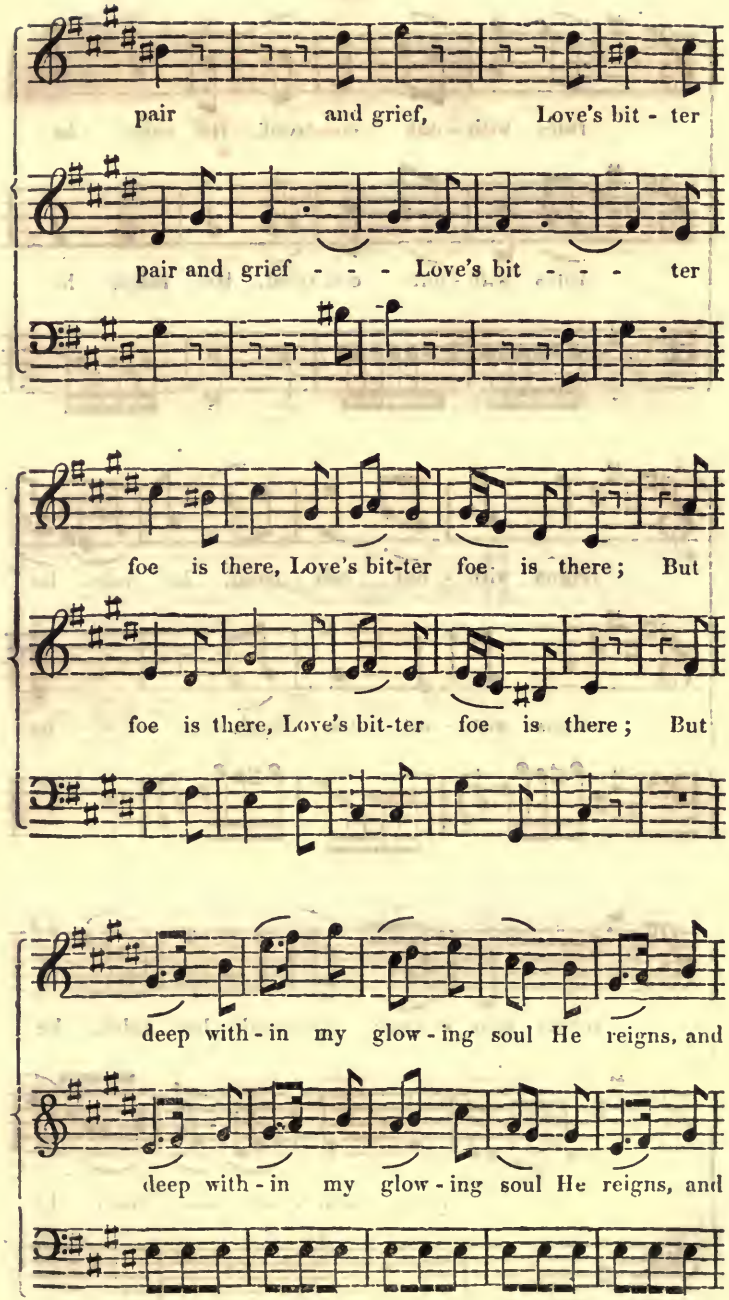
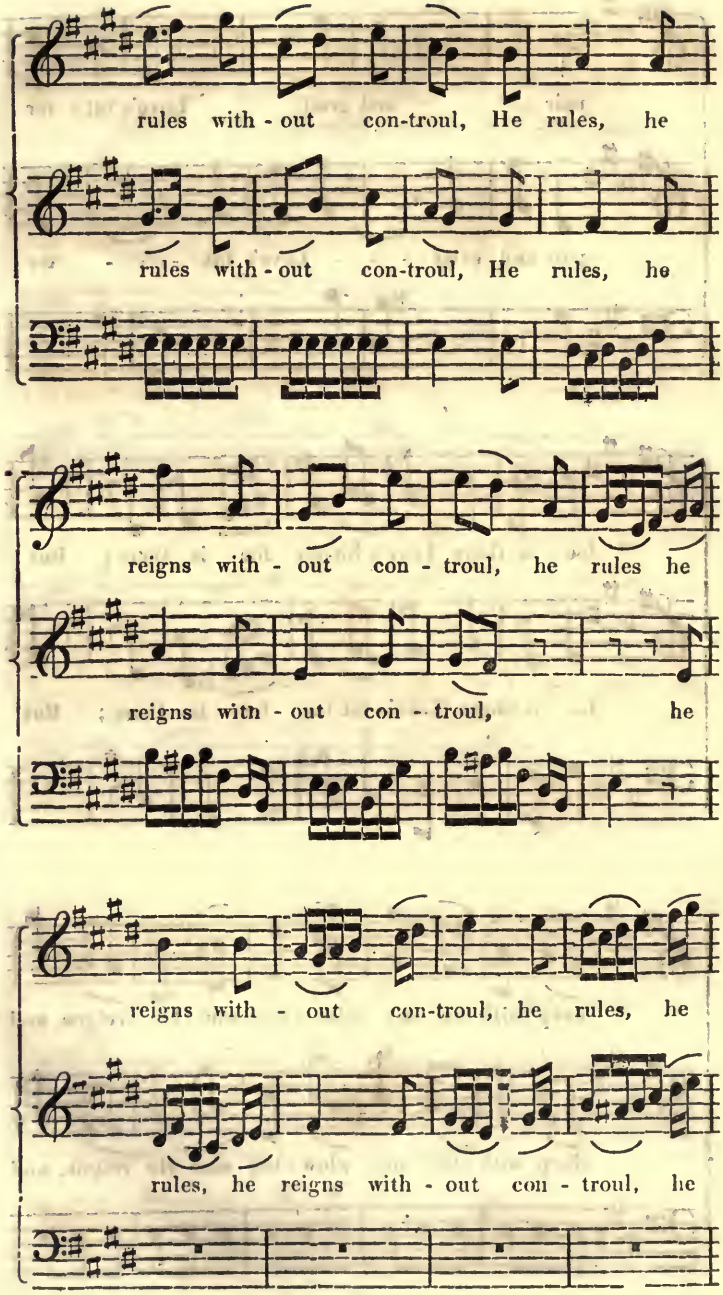
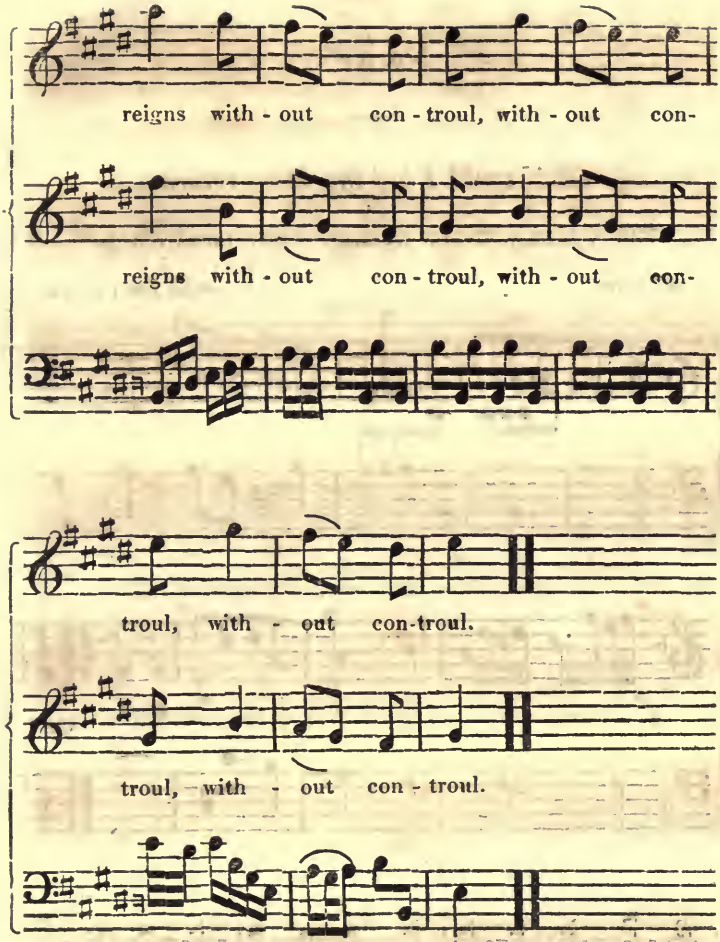
[*Subject from* VIOTTI.

seems but now a love - ly dream, It
seems but now, but now a love - - ly
dream. The sun which cheer'd me then has

set; Nor left be-hind one sooth-ing beam, one
sooth - - ing beam, Nor left be-hind one soothing
beam, The sun which cheer'd me then - - - has

set, Nor left be-hind one sooth-ing beam, Nor
left - - - - - be - hind - - - one
sooth - ing beam.

The day returns,—in gayest pride
Glad Nature hails young Summer's reign;
And I must try in smiles to hide
The grief that rends my heart in twain.

The day returns, but still I mourn,
The hopes that bloom for me no more;
The peace that from my breast is torn,
The joys of youth so quickly o'er!

The day returns,—to me in vain,
It cannot give this bosom rest;
But only brings redoubled pain,
To know, I can no more be blest!

Love in thine Eyes.

A FAVORITE CANZONET FOR TWO VOICES.

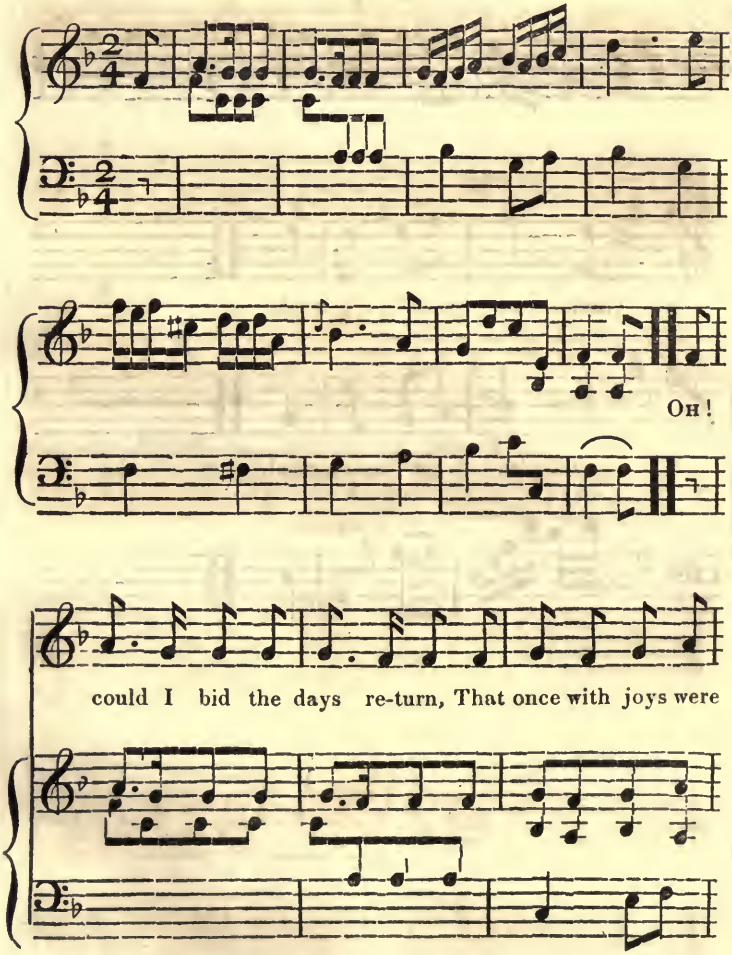
Allegro. W. JACKSON.

ro - sy lips his care, And walks the ma - zes
ro - sy lips his care, And walks the ma - zes
of thy hair, Love dwells in ev - ry out-ward
of thy hair, Love dwells in ev - ry out-ward
part, But ah! he ne-ver ah! he ne - ver,
part.
ah! he ne-ver

ah! - - - he ne-ver touch'd thy heart, he
ah! - - - he ne-ver touch'd thy heart he
Pia
ne - ver, ne-ver, touch'd thy heart. How diff' -
ne - ver, ne-ver, touch'd thy heart. How
- - rent is my fate from
diff' - - rent is my fate from

thine! No out-ward marks of love are mine;
thine!
- - - - - - No out - ward marks of love are
No outward marks of love - - - - of love are
mine; My brow is cloud-ed by des-
mine; My brow is cloud - - - ed by des-

pair and grief, Love's bit - ter
pair and grief - - - Love's bit - - - ter
foe is there, Love's bit-ter foe is there; But
foe is there, Love's bit-ter foe is there; But
deep with - in my glow - ing soul He reigns, and
deep with - in my glow - ing soul He reigns, and

rules with - out con-troul, He rules, he
rules with - out con-troul, He rules, he
reigns with - out con - troul, he rules he
reigns with - out con - troul, he
reigns with - out con-troul, he rules, he
rules, he reigns with - out con - troul, he

reigns with - out con - troul, with - out con-
reigns with - out con - troul, with - out con-
troul, with - out con-troul.
troul, with - out con - troul.

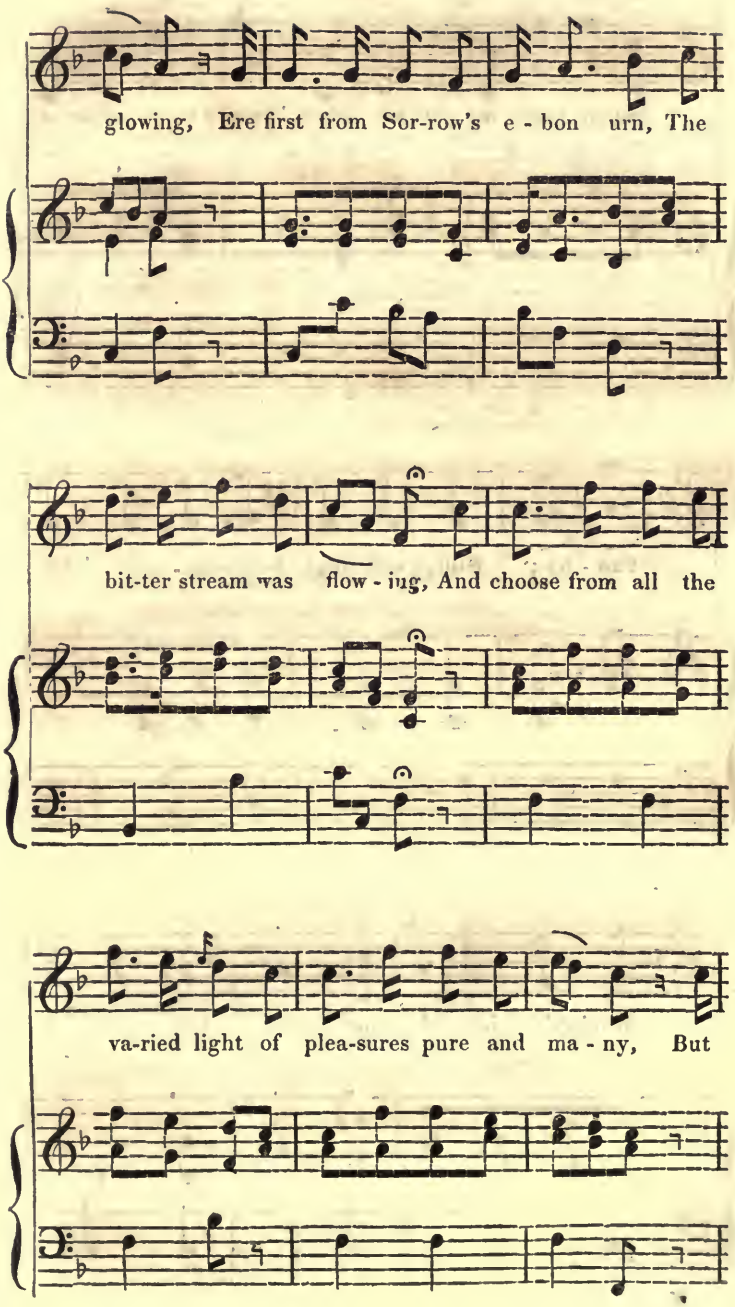
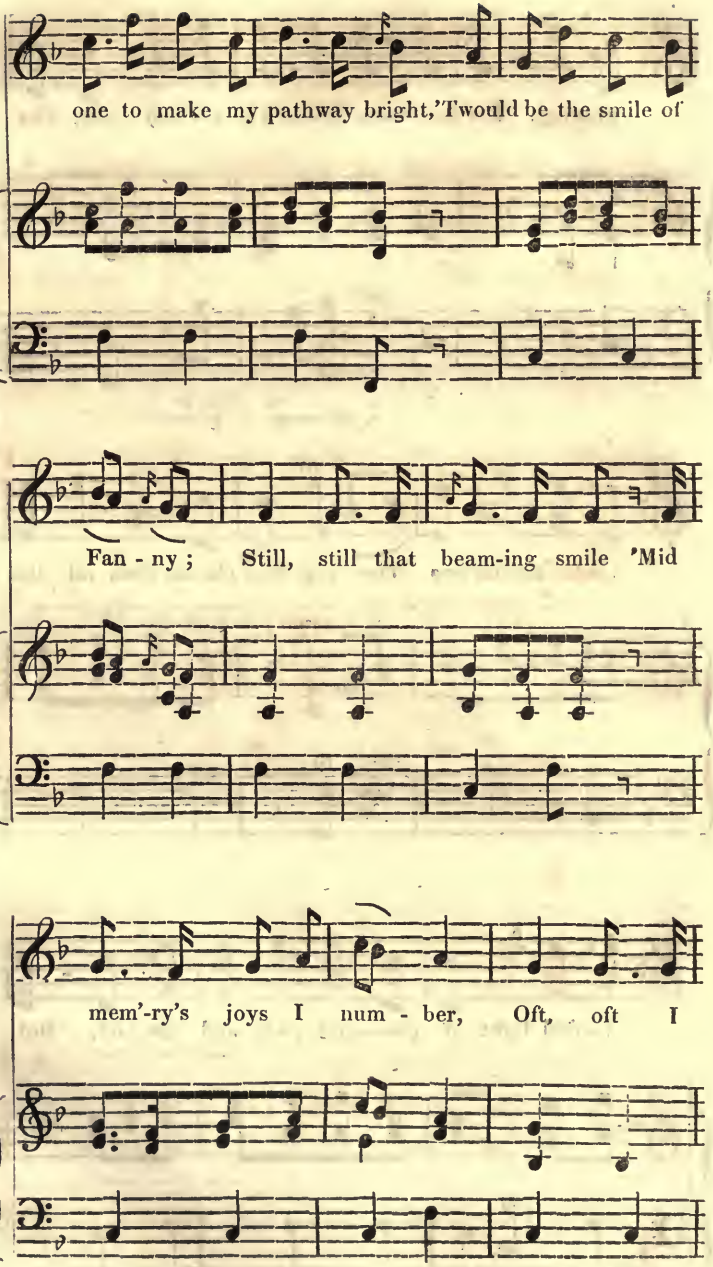
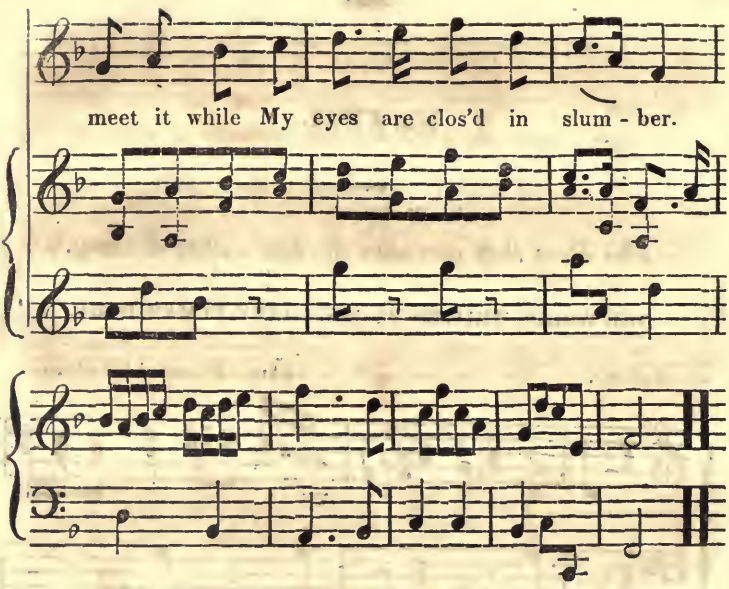
No. XVII.

Oh! could I bid the Days return.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*When first I met thee.*




glowing, Ere first from Sor-row's e - bon urn, The
bit-ter stream was flow - ing, And choose from all the
va-ried light of plea-sures pure and ma - ny, But

one to make my pathway bright,'Twould be the smile of
Fan - ny; Still, still that beam-ing smile 'Mid
mem'-ry's joys I num - ber, Oft, oft I

'Tis ever thus, in vain, we view
The hope we nourish'd blossom,
When bright in bloom, and bath'd in dew,
It fades upon the bosom.
Oh, Fanny! thy fond smiles of bliss,
Thy tears of tender sweetness,
Beam'd all too bright for me to guess,
That such would be their fleetness.
At morn those smiles were mine,
In light and love unclouded;
At eve that form divine,
In death was darkly shrouded.

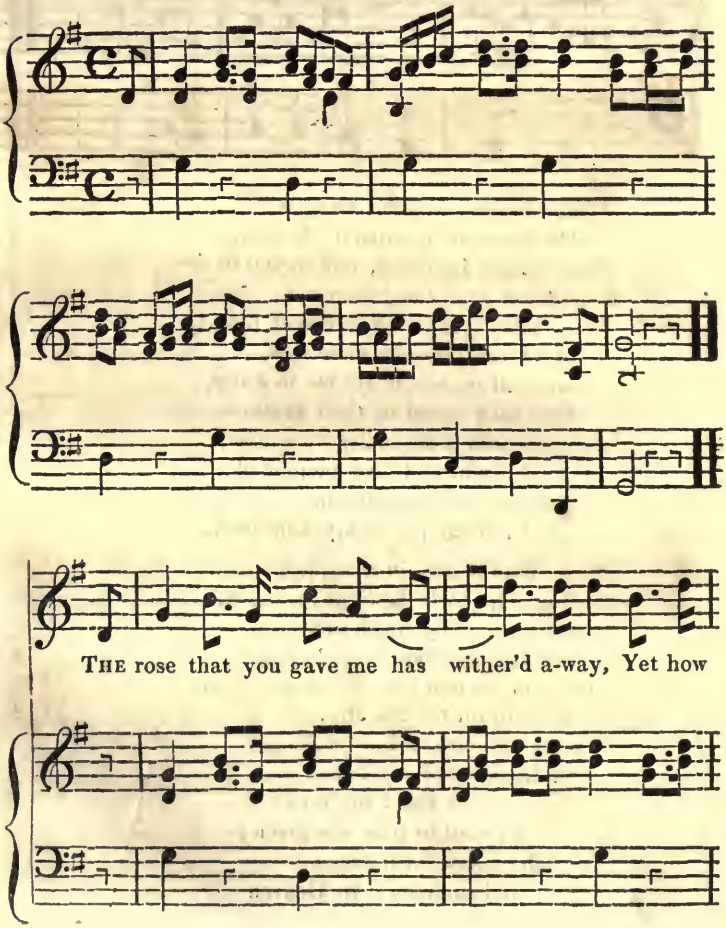
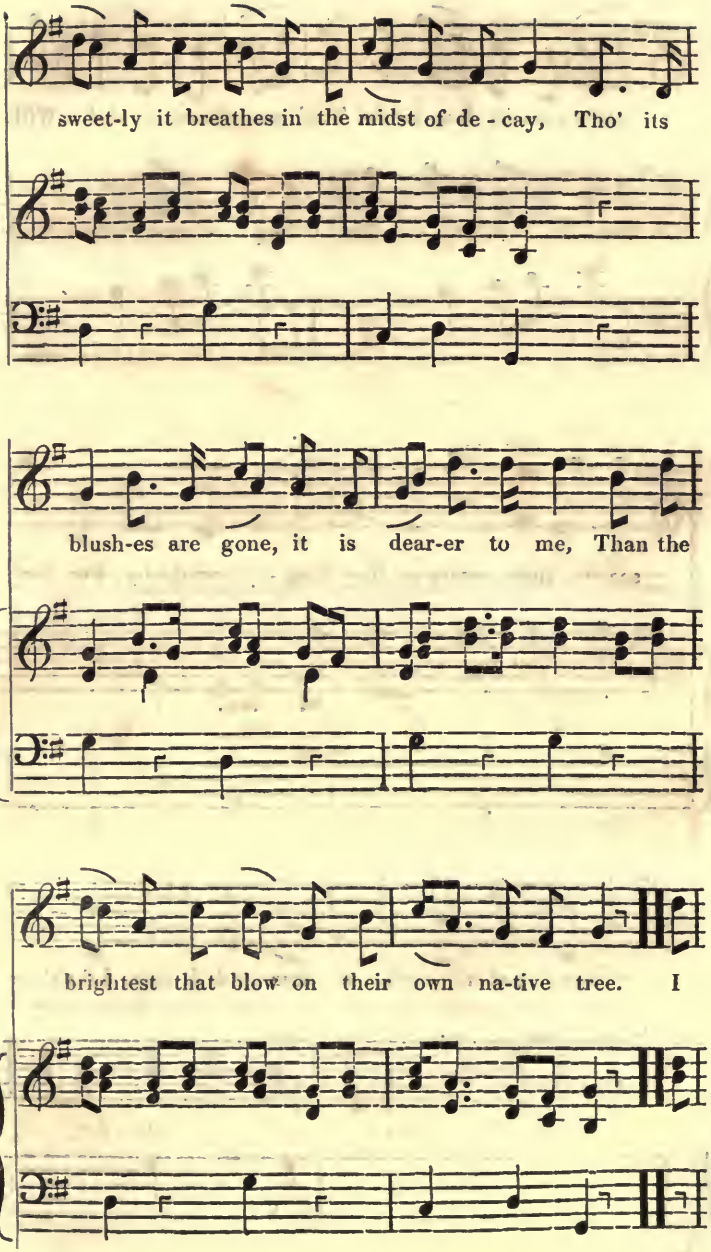
But, like the sun, in that pure clime,
Where night is daylight mellow'd,
Beneath the holy touch of time,—
Thy loss has long been hallow'd;
And now beyond the bliss most bright,
If earth for me has any,
I prize the pure and calm delight
Of thinking of my Fanny.
My vesper star! my love!
My soul to thee was given;
Oh! plead for it above,
And summon it to Heaven

No. XVII.

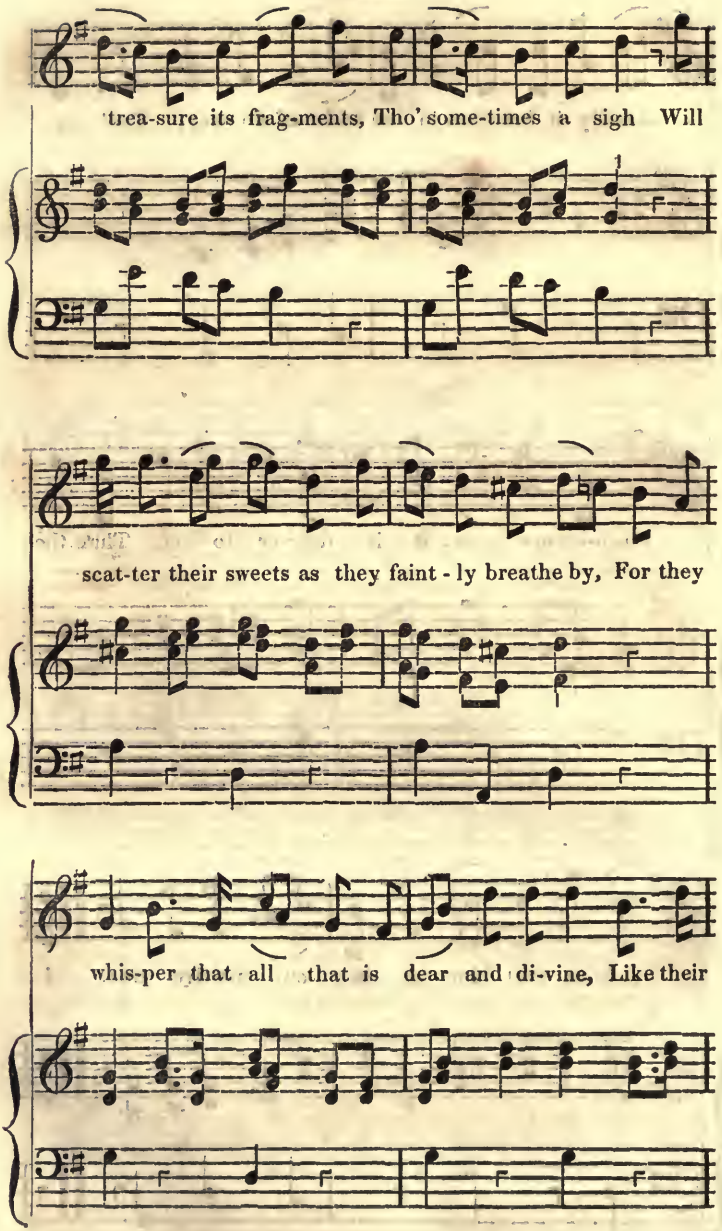
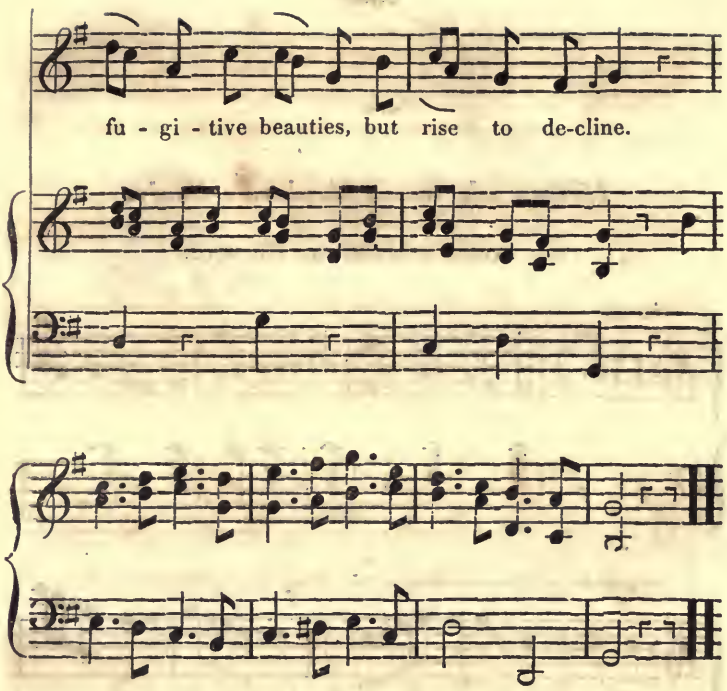
The Rose that you gave me has wither'd away.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

Moderato. [AIR—*Farewell! but whenever.*

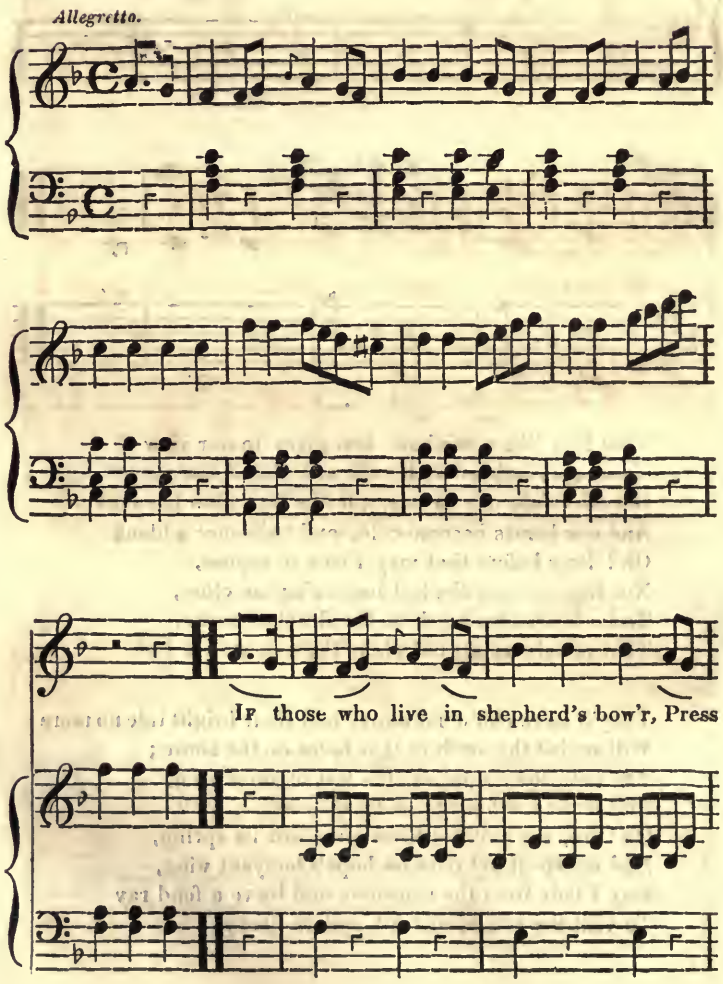
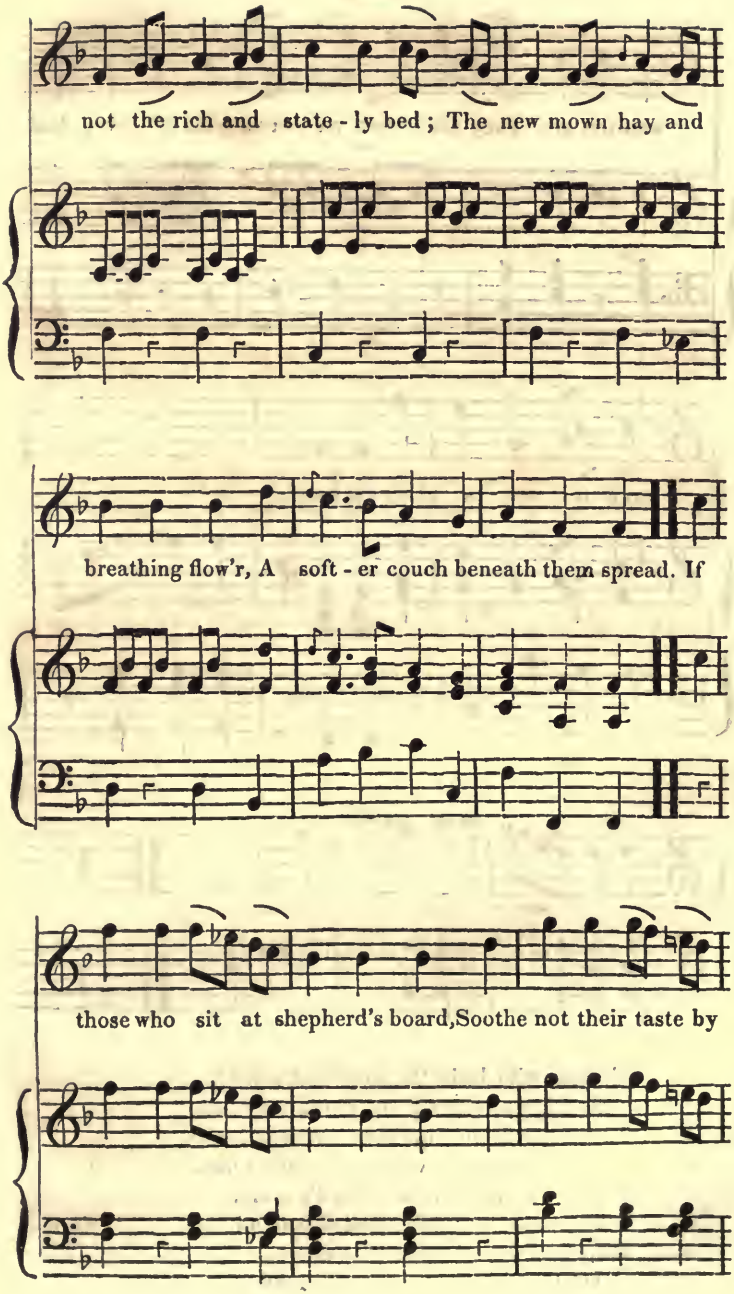
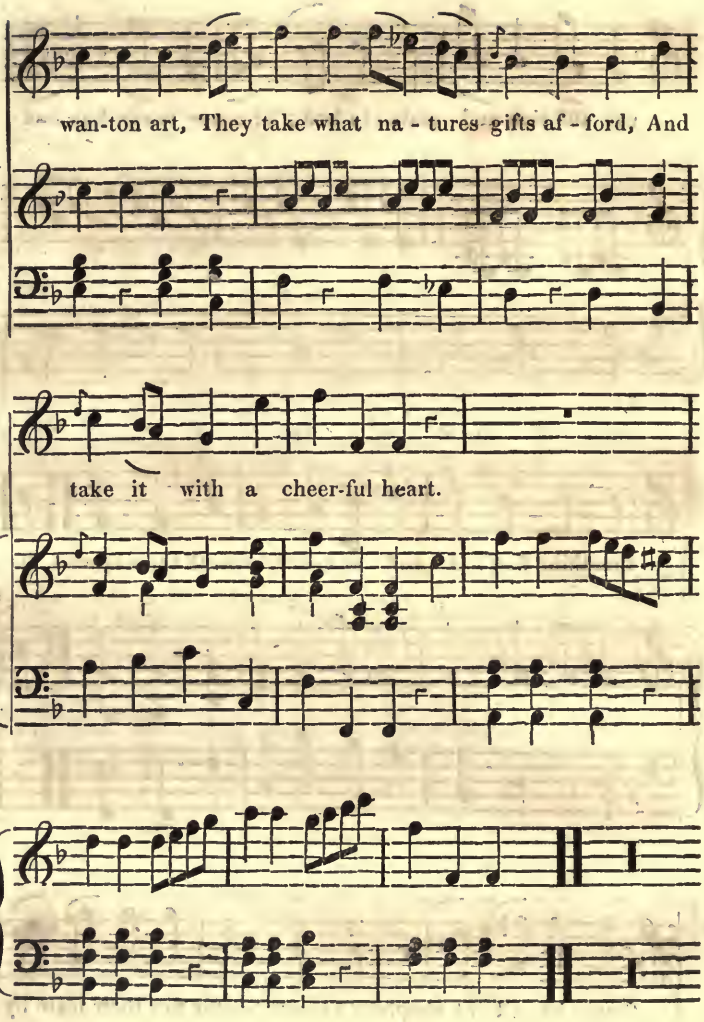


sweet-ly it breathes in the midst of de - cay, Tho' its
blush-es are gone, it is dear-er to me, Than the
brightest that blow on their own na-tive tree. I


trea-sure its frag-ments, Tho' some-times a sigh Will
scat-ter their sweets as they faint - ly breathe by, For they
whis-per that all that is dear and di-vine, Like their

That life, like a rainbow, first gives to our view
Existence, imbued with each soft tinted hue;
But they fade one by one, till the last glow has sank,
And our hearts become cold, and existence a blank.
Oh! long before that may I sink to repose,
Nor linger to see the last beam o'er me close,
To be left a lorn mark on the desolate scene,
That merely points out where the waters *have been.*

They'll have ebb'd far away, and their bright tide no more
Will revisit the verdure that fades on the shore;
The pale flowers perish, the last of their kind,
And leave not a wreck of their beauty behind.
Oh! no, ere existence has quite lost its spring,
And my spirit yet rises on hope's bouyant wing,
May I fade from the sunshine, and leave a fond ray
To visit the grave, where I sink to decay.

If those who live in Shepherd's Bow'r.

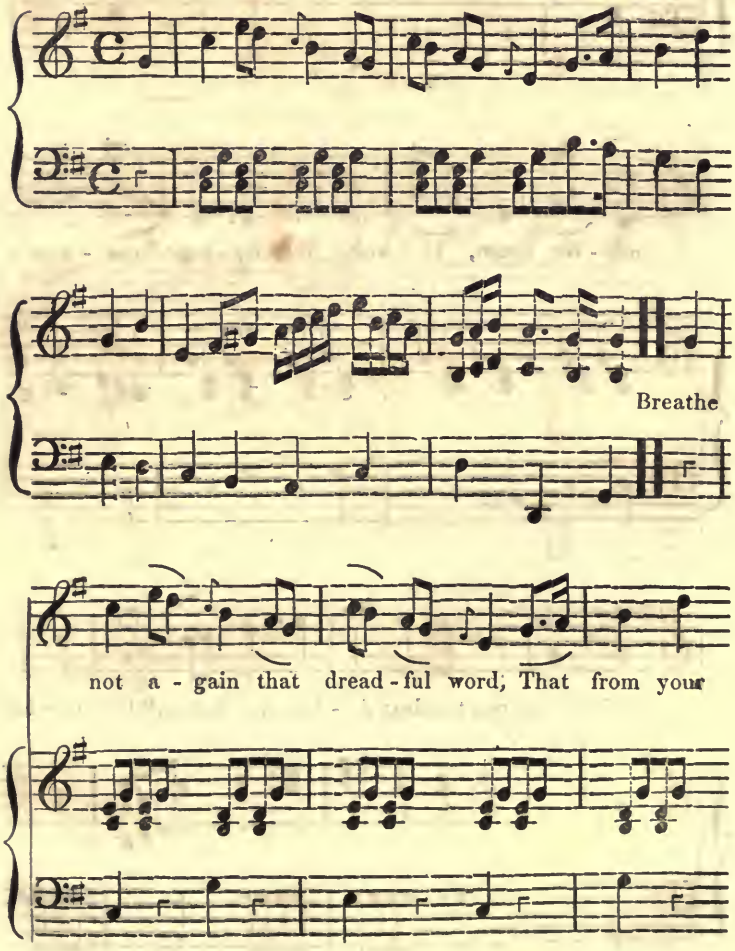
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY THOMSON.


not the rich and state - ly bed; The new mown hay and
breathing flow'r, A soft - er couch beneath them spread. If
those who sit at shepherd's board, Soothe not their taste by

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can boast;
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.
If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Gay dancing on the dasied ground,
Have not the splendor of a court,
Yet love adorns the merry round.

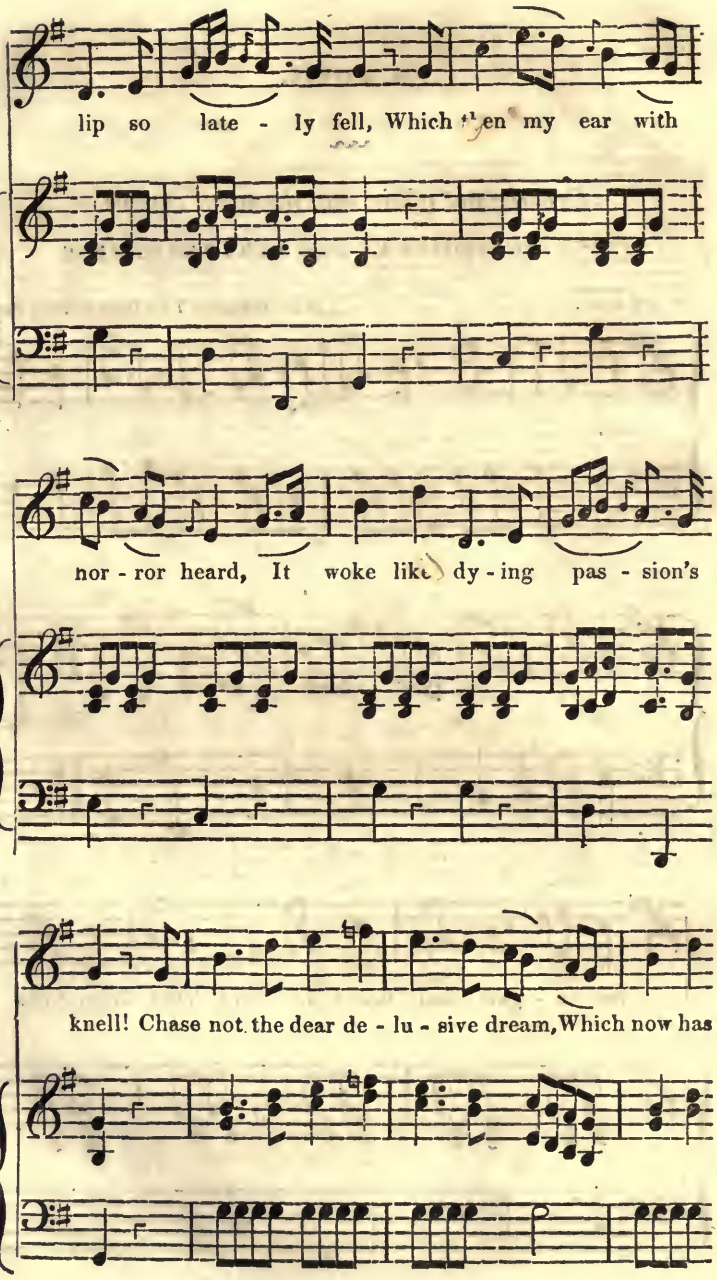
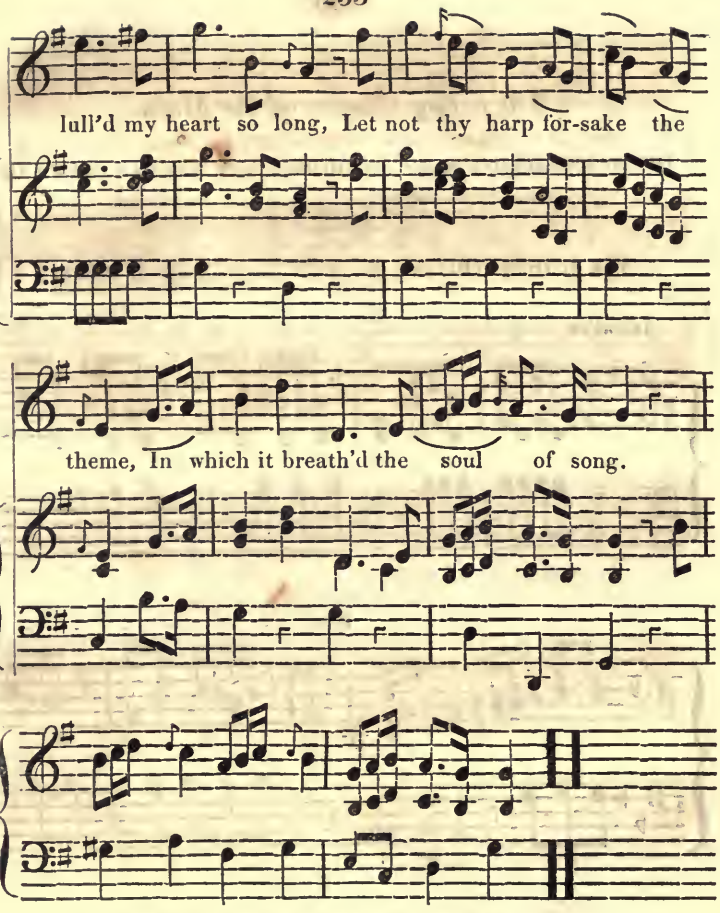
No. XVIII.

Breathe not again that dreadful Sound.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

Affettuoso. [AIR—*Whene'er I see those smiling eyes.*



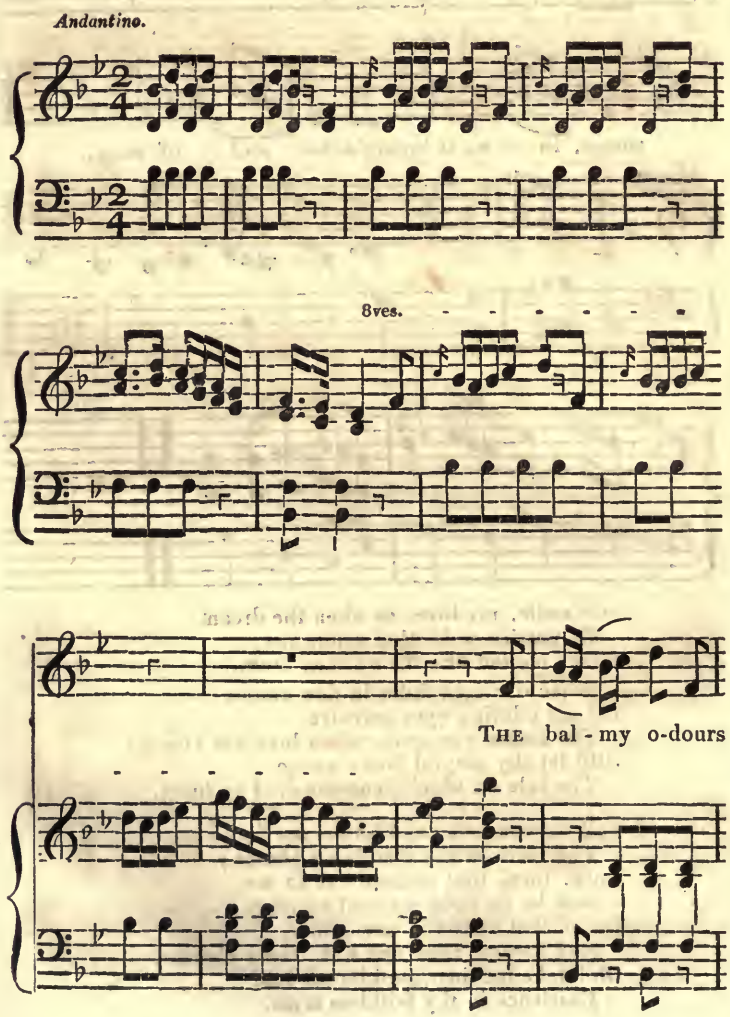
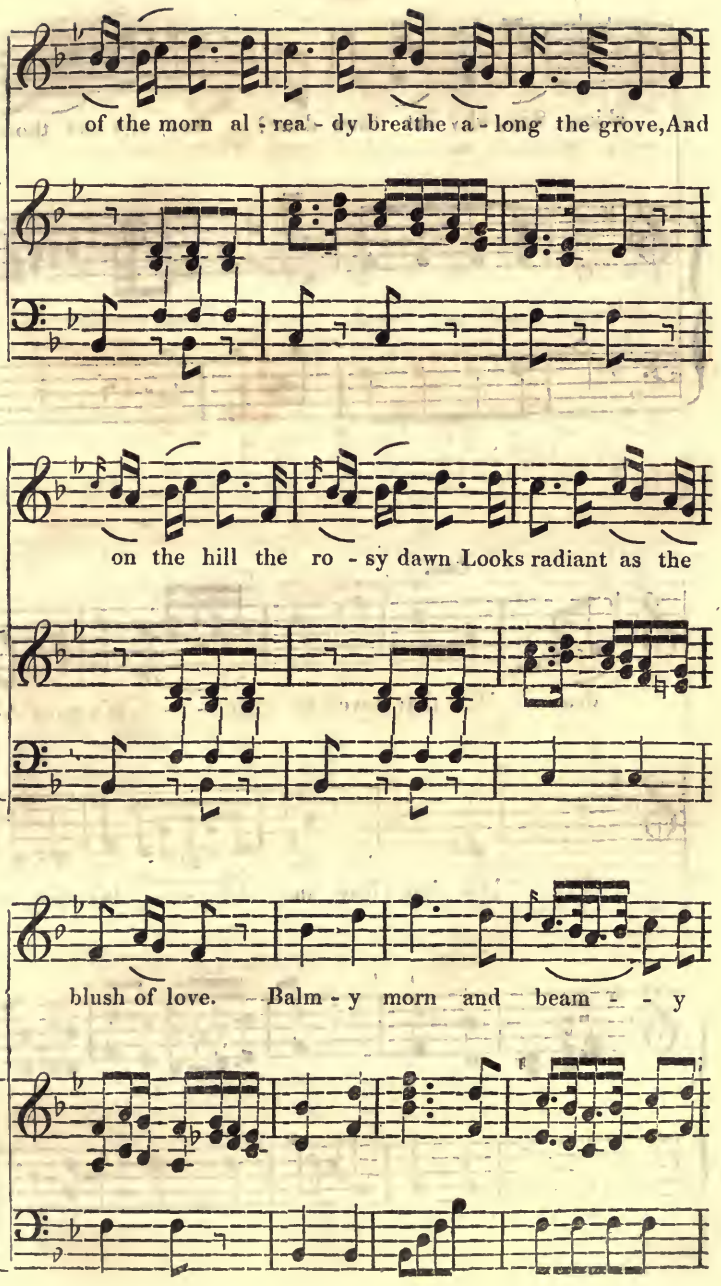
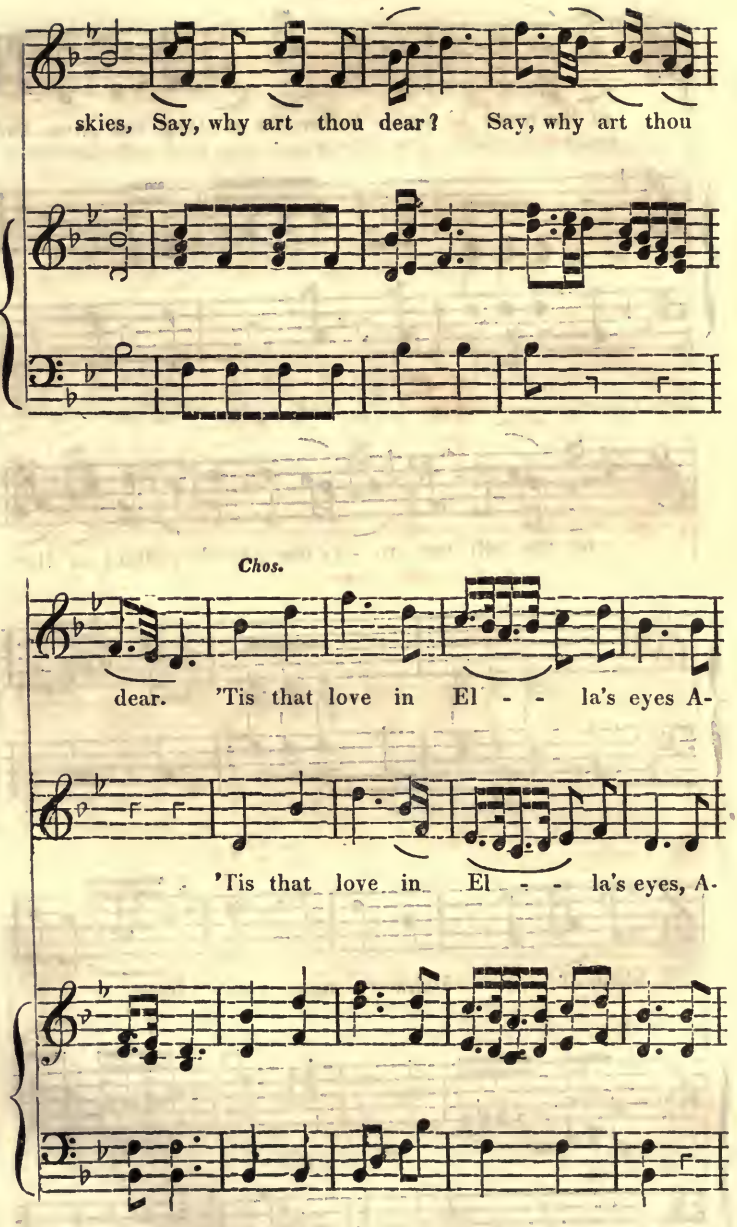
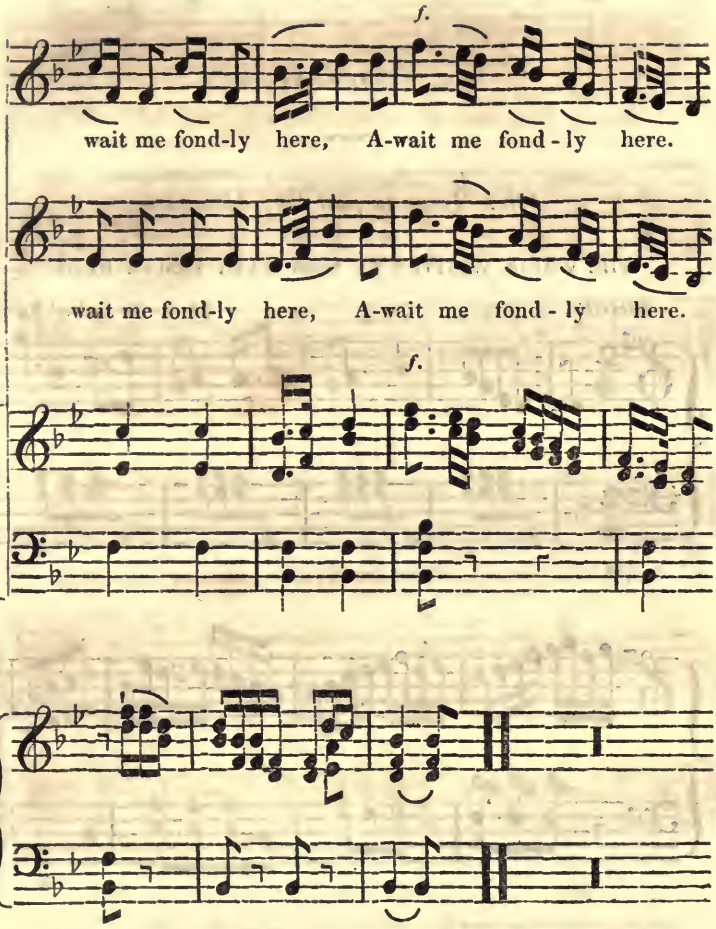

lip so late - ly fell, Which then my ear with
nor - ror heard, It woke like dy - ing pas - sion's
knell! Chase not the dear de - lu - sive dream, Which now has

Still smile, my love, as when the dream
Of passion woke that sunny ray,
Which melted like the western beam,
When daylight fades in dew away;
Let my adoring eyes perceive
The smiles you gave, when love was young;
Still let thy playful fancy weave
The tale on which, entranc'd, I've hung.

Tell me you love, and let me see
The truth in thy dissolving glance;
Turn, turn, that languid eye to me,
And let its light my soul entrance;
But if that bliss you now refuse,
And love no more can wake those charms,
Oh! take me then, and let me lose
Existence in thy faithless arms.

The balmy Odours of the Morn.

THE BRIDESMAID'S SONG AND CHORUS FROM WEBER'S OPERA OF

DER FRIESCHUTZ.

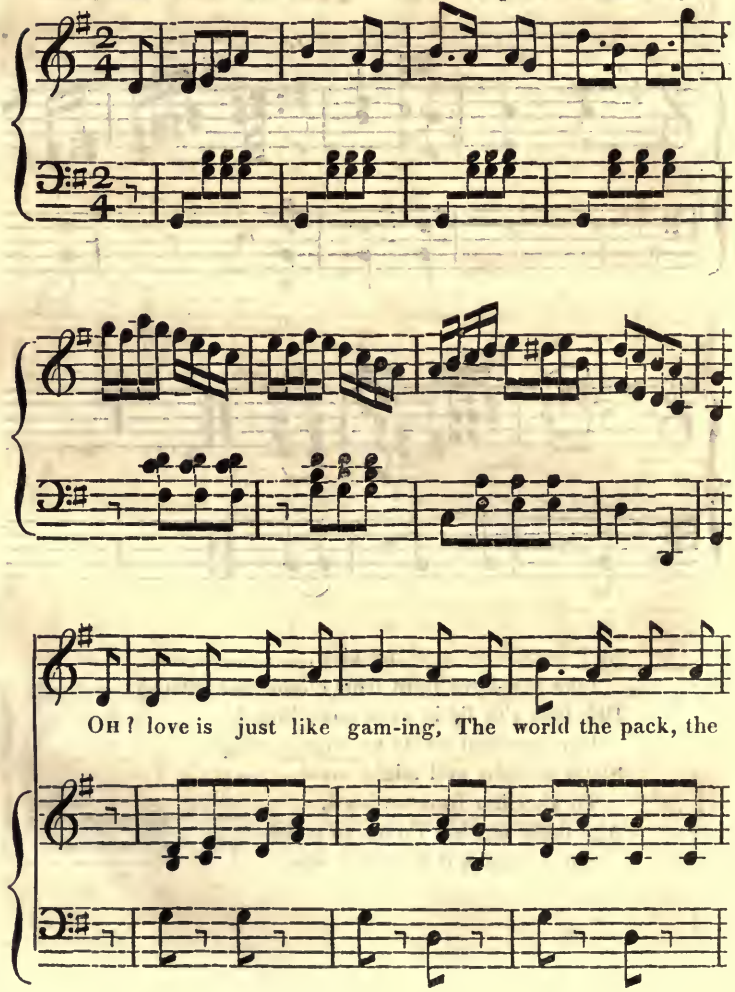
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

of the morn al - rea - dy breathe a - long the grove, And
on the hill the ro - sy dawn Looks radiant as the
blush of love. Balm - y morn and beam - - y

skies, Say, why art thou dear? Say, why art thou
Chos.
dear. 'Tis that love in El - - la's eyes A-
'Tis that love in El - - la's eyes, A-

Ah! see she rises to my view,
Like new-born light from clouds she springs;
Did love e'er lie in eyes more blue?
Her form but wants an angel's wings.
Sister seraphs well might steal
To view her from on high,
And deem she hid them, to conc
She'd wander'd from the sky.

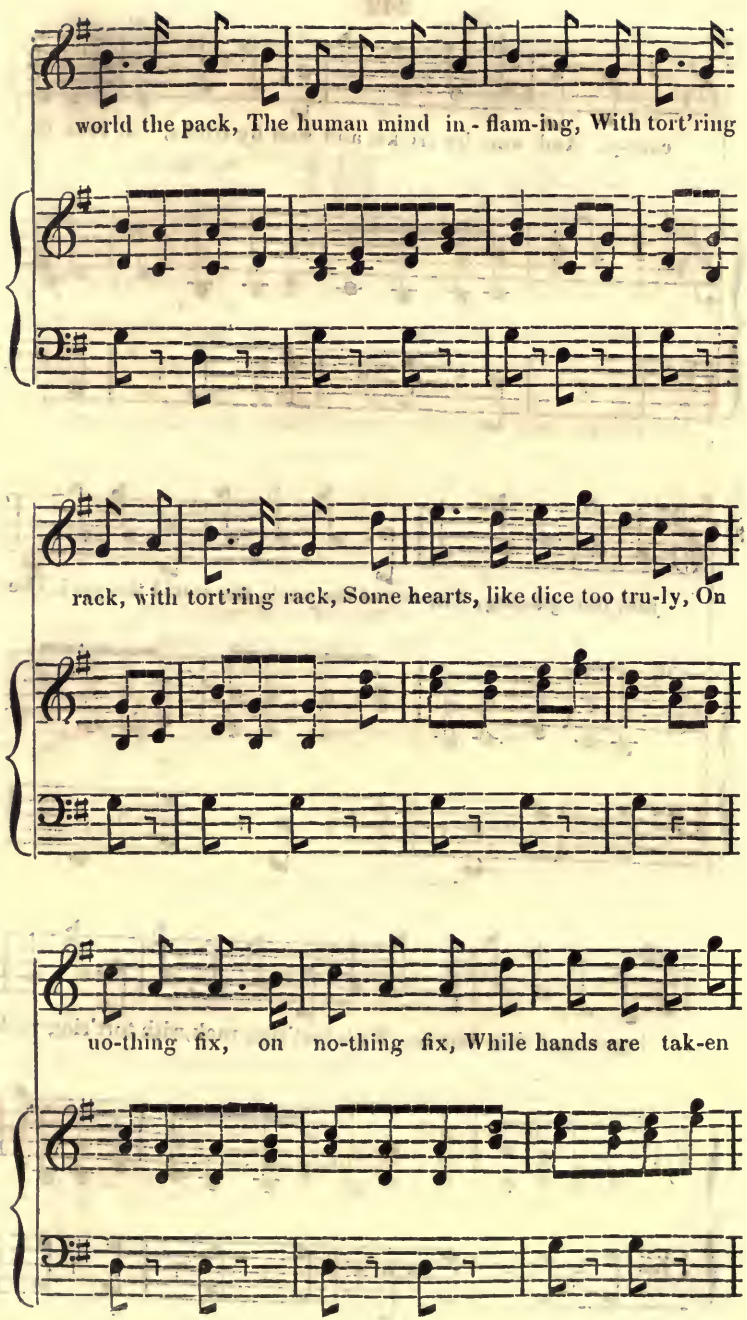
No. XIX.

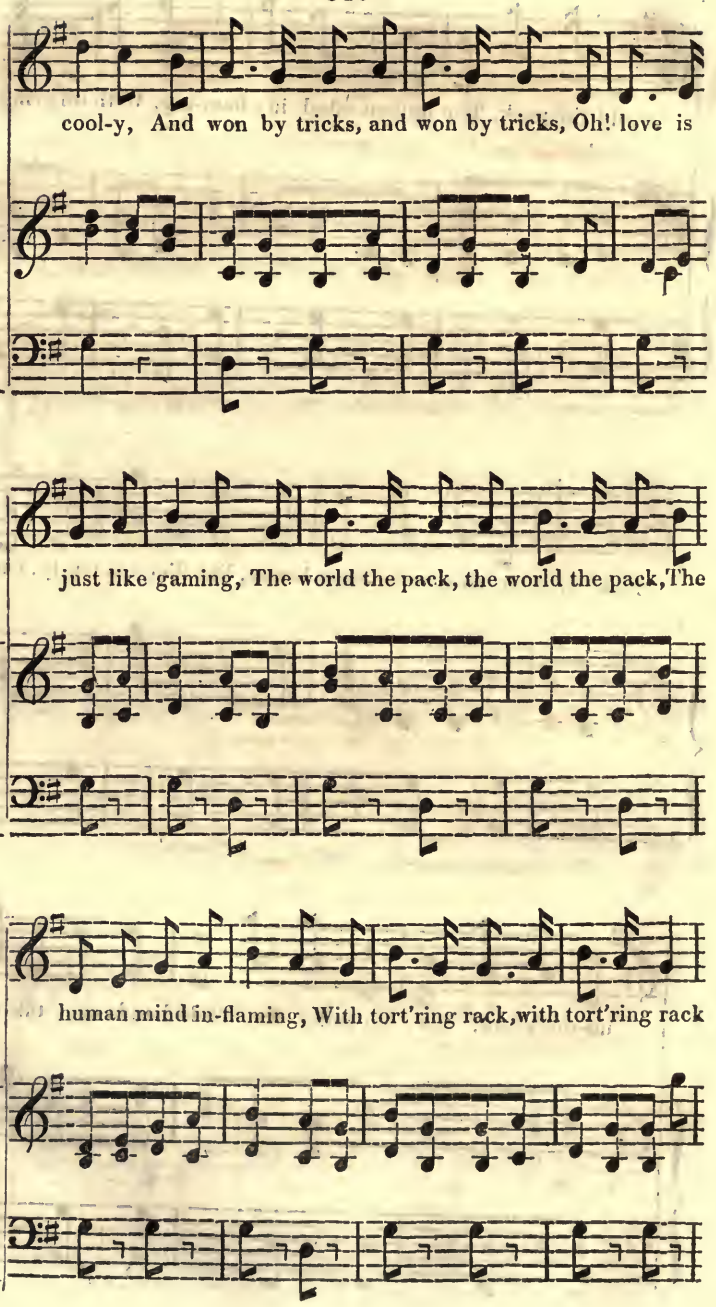
Oh! Love is just like Gaming.

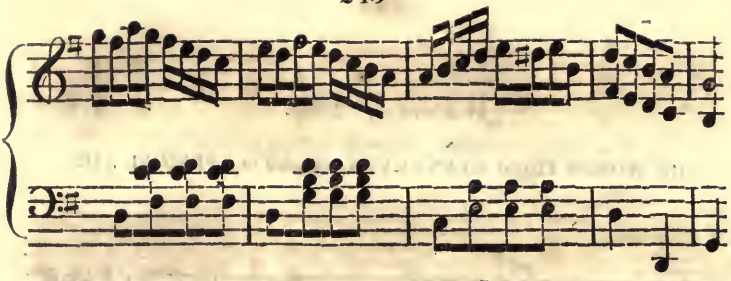
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [AIR—*To Ladies' Eyes.*




world the pack, The human mind in - flam-ing, With tort'ring
rack, with tort'ring rack, Some hearts, like dice too tru-ly, On
no-thing fix, on no-thing fix, While hands are tak-en


cool-y, And won by tricks, and won by tricks, Oh! love is
just like gaming, The world the pack, the world the pack, The
human mind in-flaming, With tort'ring rack, with tort'ring rack



The men, oh! who will doubt it,
Are oft the *knaves*, are oft the *knaves*;
But when we set about it,
We make them slaves, we make them slaves;
But some are so unruly,
They will he *kings*, they will be *kings*,
And *king of clubs* too truly,
And such like things, and such like things.

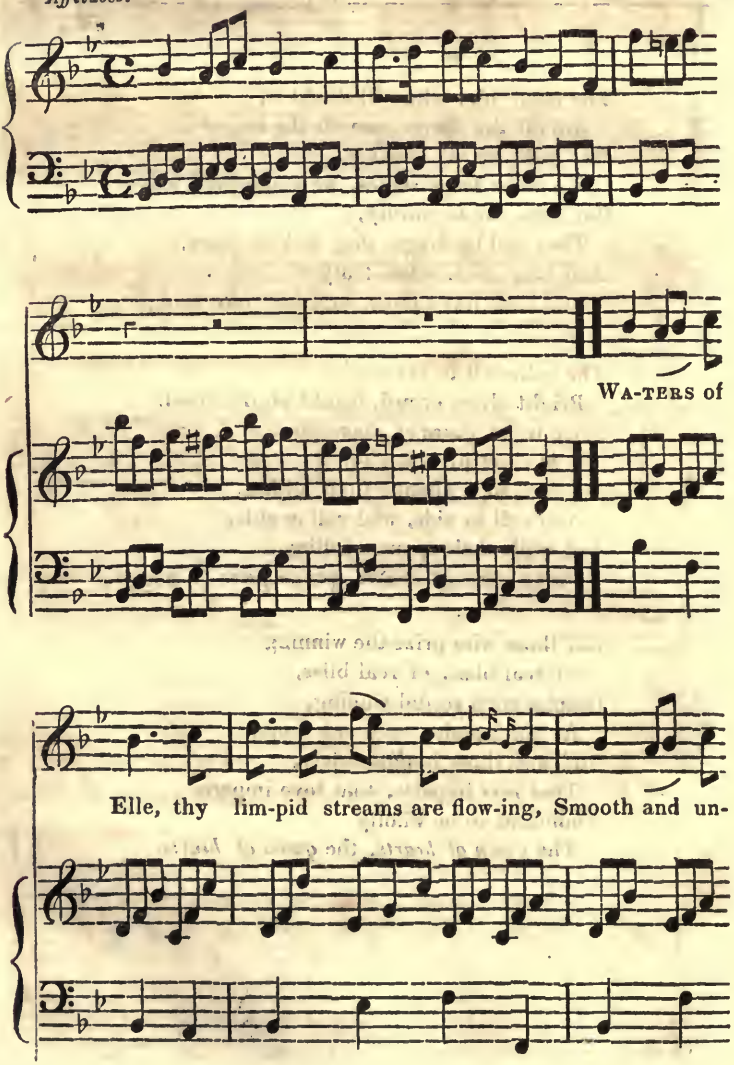
The ladies all to Hymen's
Bright altars crowd, bright altars crowd,
Some to be *queen of diamonds*,
It is allow'd, it is allow'd;
But such soon change their billing,
And call in aids, and call in aids,
And while their spouses killing,
Prove *queen of spades*, prove *queen of spades*.

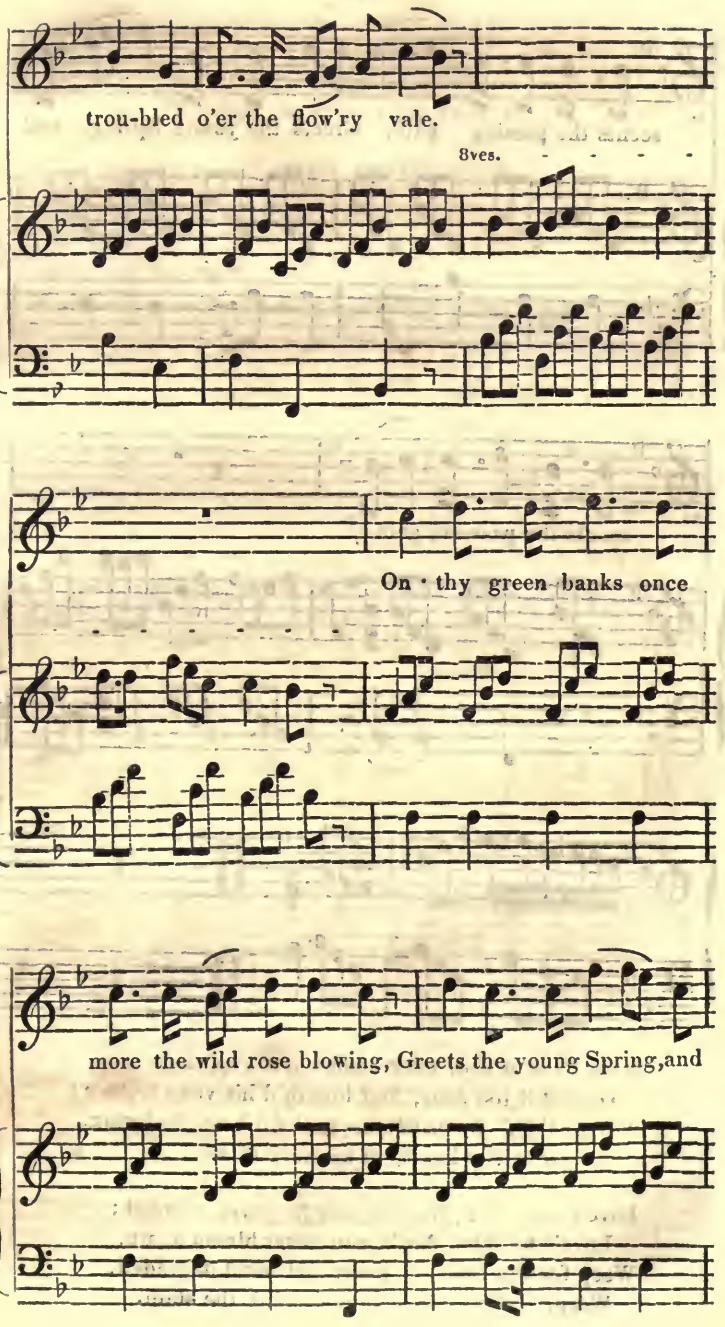
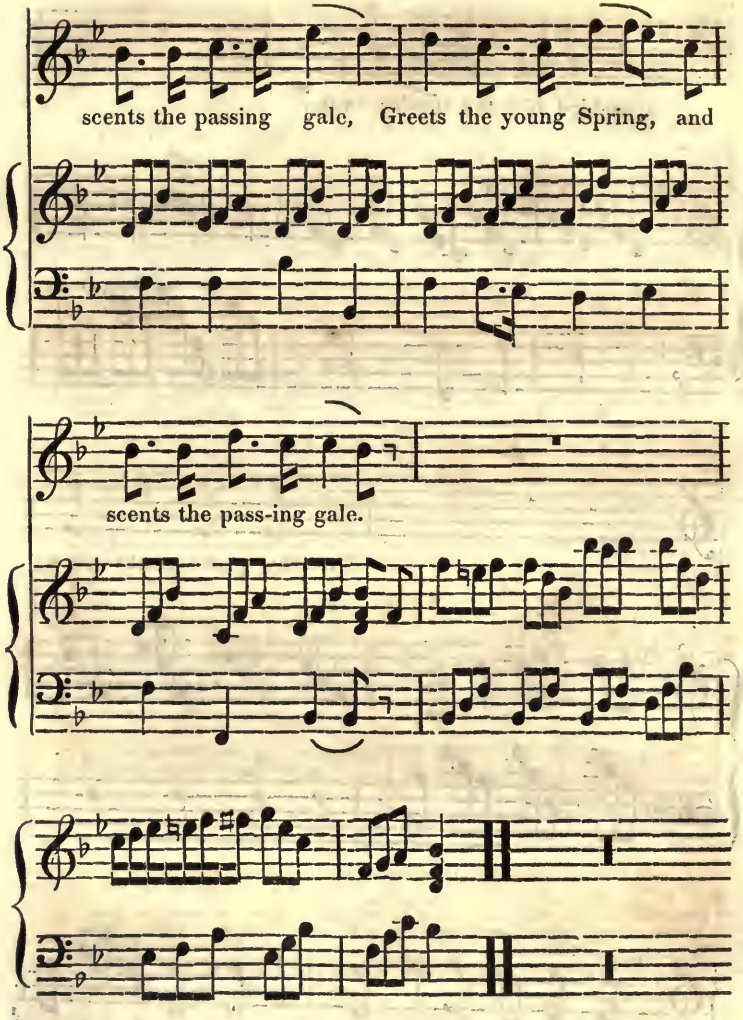
But those who prize the winning
Of real bliss, of real bliss,
Despise such sordid sinning,
As much amiss, as much amiss,
And seek those honors solely,
That love imparts, that love imparts
Ambitious to be wholly
The *queen of hearts*, the *queen of hearts*.

Waters of Elle.

THE WORDS FROM GLENARVON, *adapted to a* FRENCH AIR.

Affetuoso.



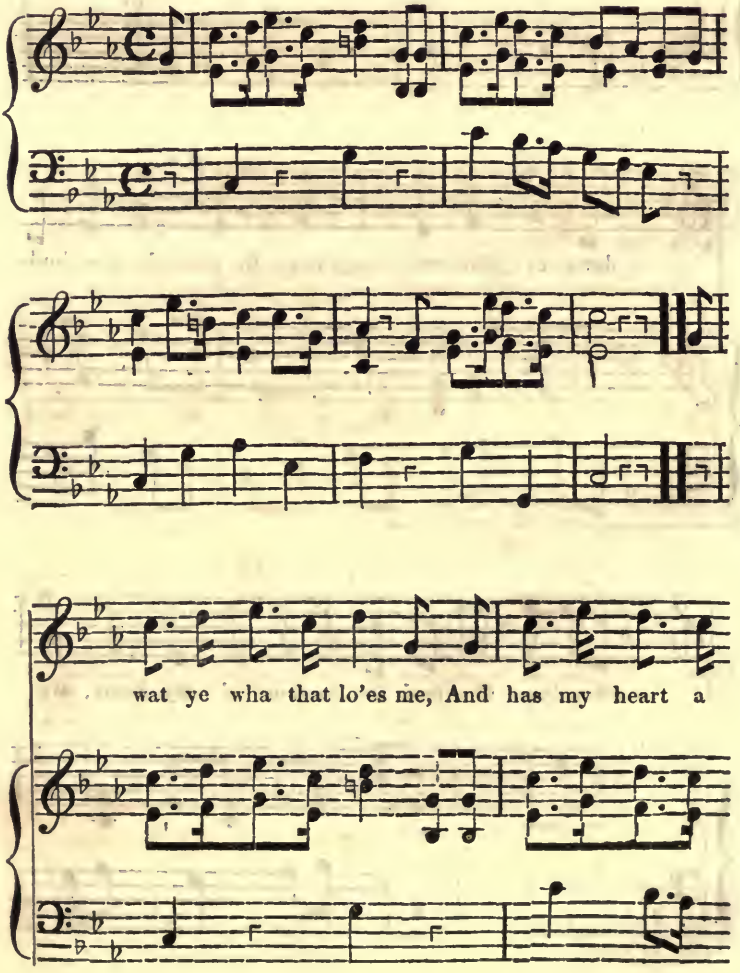
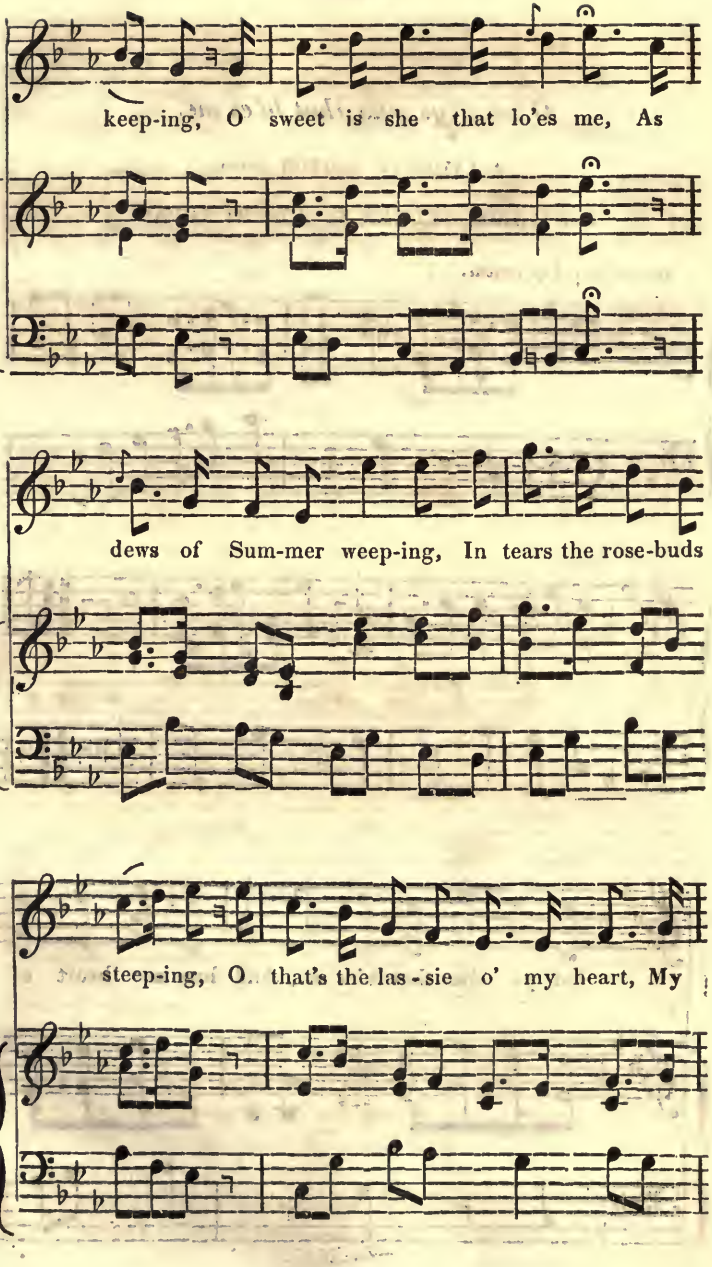
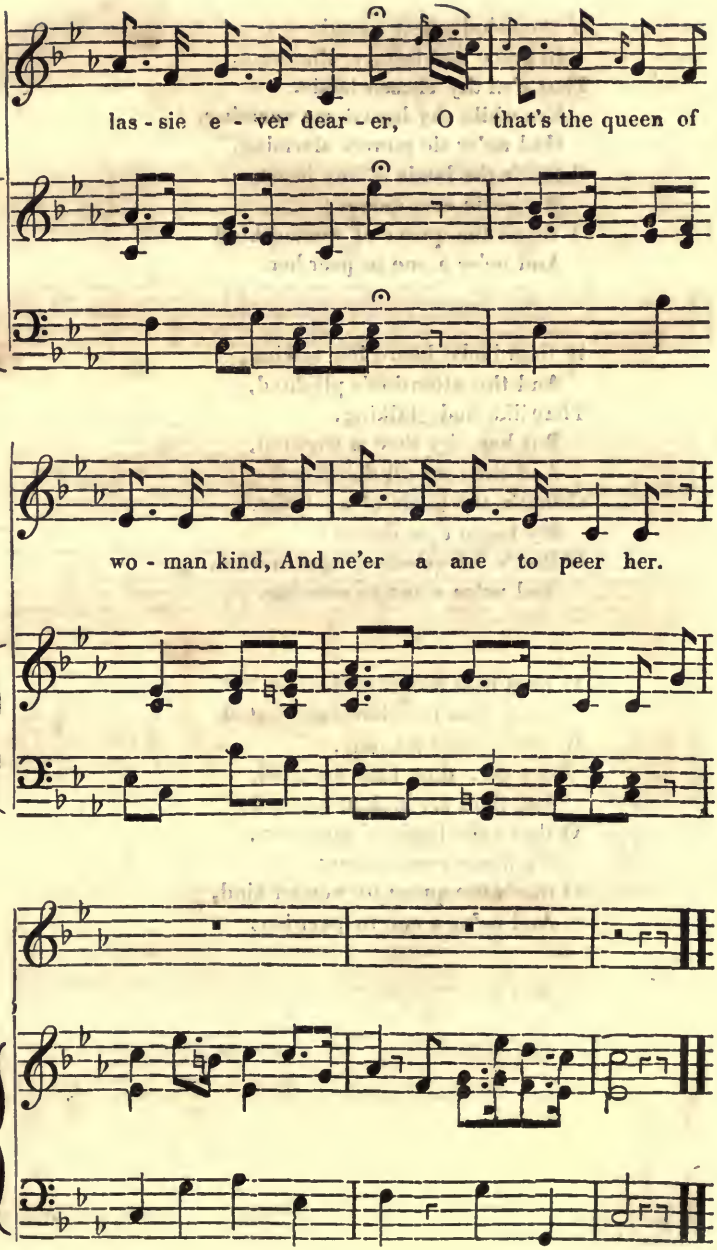

trou-bled o'er the flow'ry vale.
8ves.
On · thy green banks once
more the wild rose blowing, Greets the young Spring, and

Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing
One, still too dear, first breath'd his vows to thee;
"Wear this," he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
"Near to thy heart, in memory of me."

Love's cherish'd gift, the rose he gave, is faded;
Love's blighted flow'r, can never bloom again.
Weep for thy fault, in heart and mind degraded,
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

O what ye wha that lo'es me.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS.

Andante con Espressione.


keep-ing, O sweet is she that lo'es me, As
dews of Sum-mer weep-ing, In tears the rose-buds
steep-ing, O that's the las-sie o' my heart, My

las - sie e - ver dear - er, O that's the queen of
wo - man kind, And ne'er a ane to peer her.

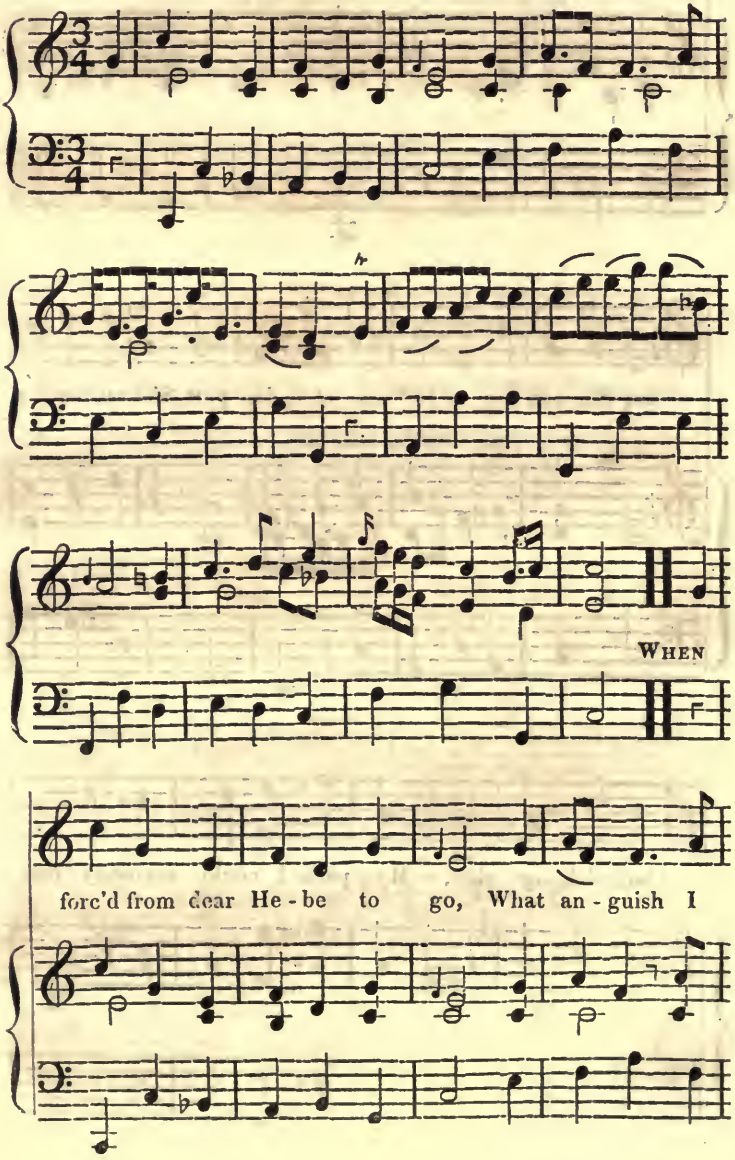
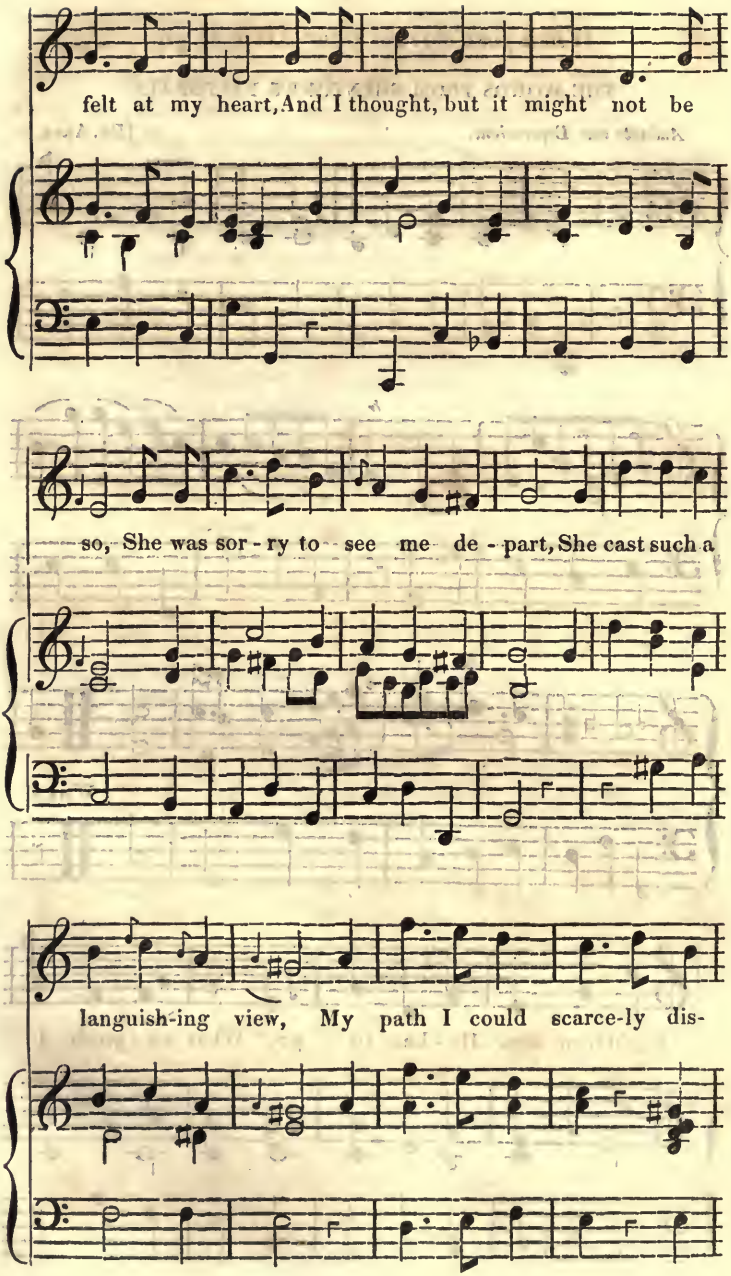
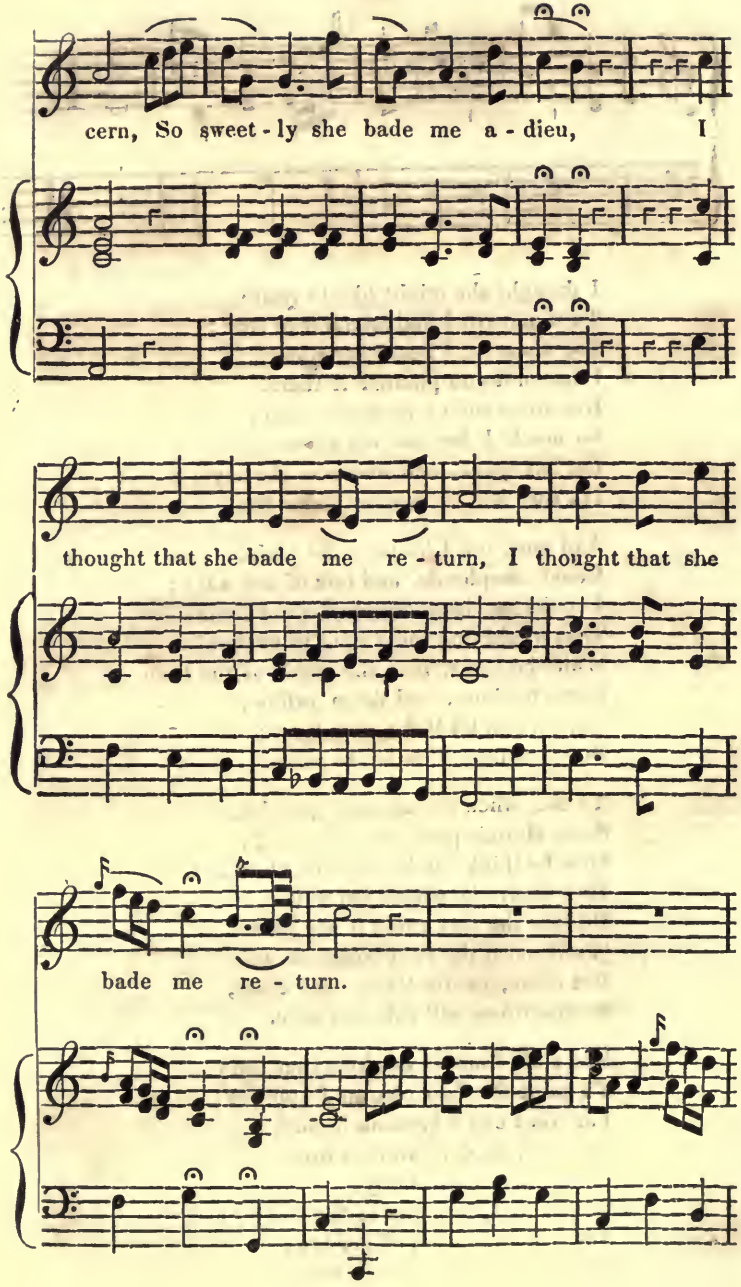
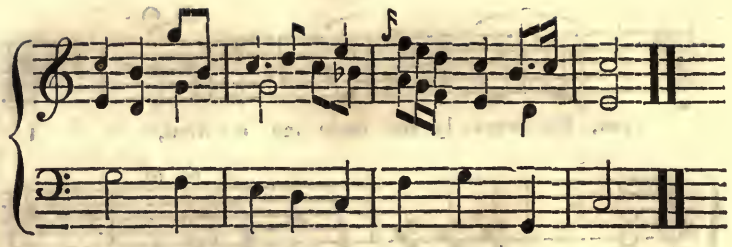
If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming,
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen of woman kind
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attention's plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her, by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted,
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' woman kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken hearted:
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen of woman kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

When forc'd from dear Hebe to go.

THE WORDS FROM SHENTONE'S PASTORALS.

Andante con Espressione. [DR. ARNE.


felt at my heart, And I thought, but it might not be
so, She was sor - ry to see me de - part, She cast such a
languish-ing view, My path I could scarce-ly dis-

cern, So sweet - ly she bade me a - dieu, I
thought that she bade me re - turn, I thought that she
bade me re - turn.

I thought she might like to retire
To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
For whatever I heard her admire,
I hasten'd and planted it there.
Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,
Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That would sing me a song in her praise.
While he sings, may the maids of the town
Come flocking, and listen awhile;
Nor on him let Hebe once frown;
But I cannot allow her to smile.

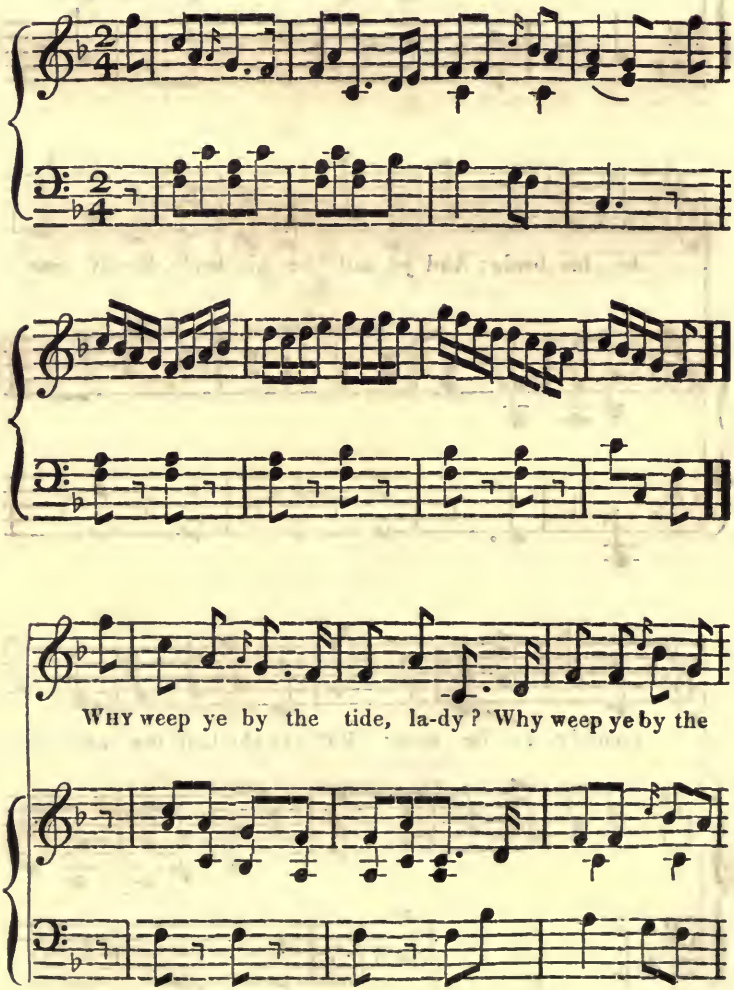
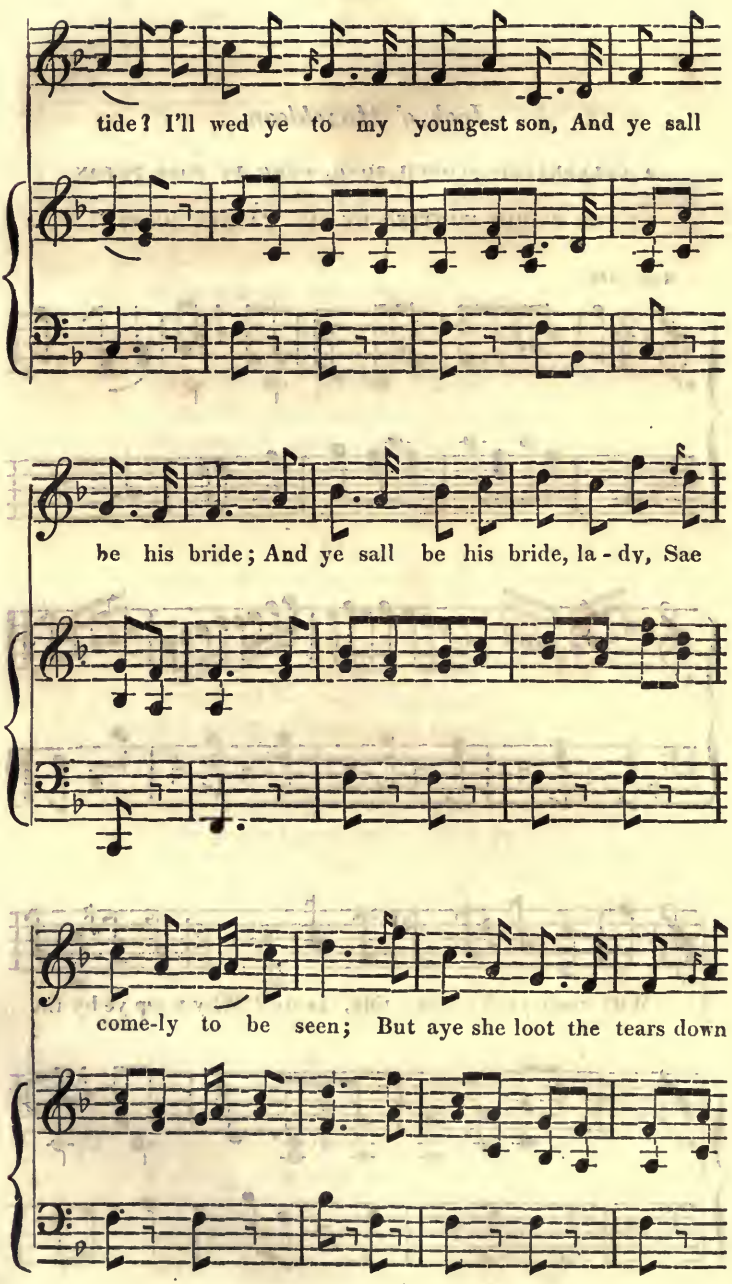
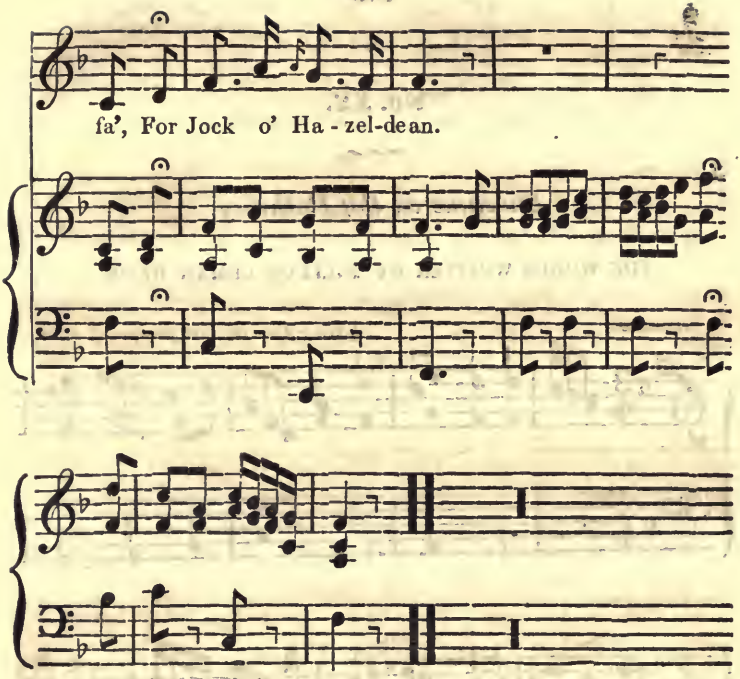
To see, when my charmer goes by,
Some Hermit peep out of his cell;
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
How fondly he wishes her well.
On him she may smile if she please,
'Twill warm the cold bosom of age;
But cease, gentle Hebe, oh! cease,
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow
To paint the dear charms I approve;
For what can a blossom bestow,
So sweet, so delightful as love.
I sing in a rustical way,
A shepherd, and one of the throng;
Yet Hebe approves of my lay;—
Go, Poets, and envy my song.

Jock o' Hazeldean.

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH SONG, SUNG BY MISS PATON.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

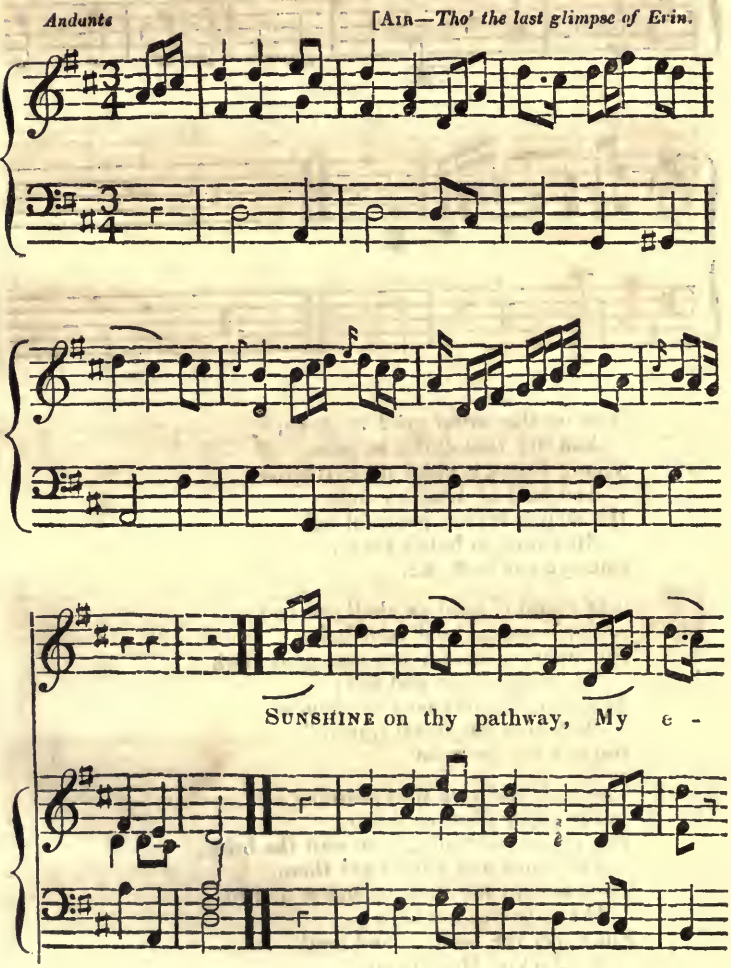
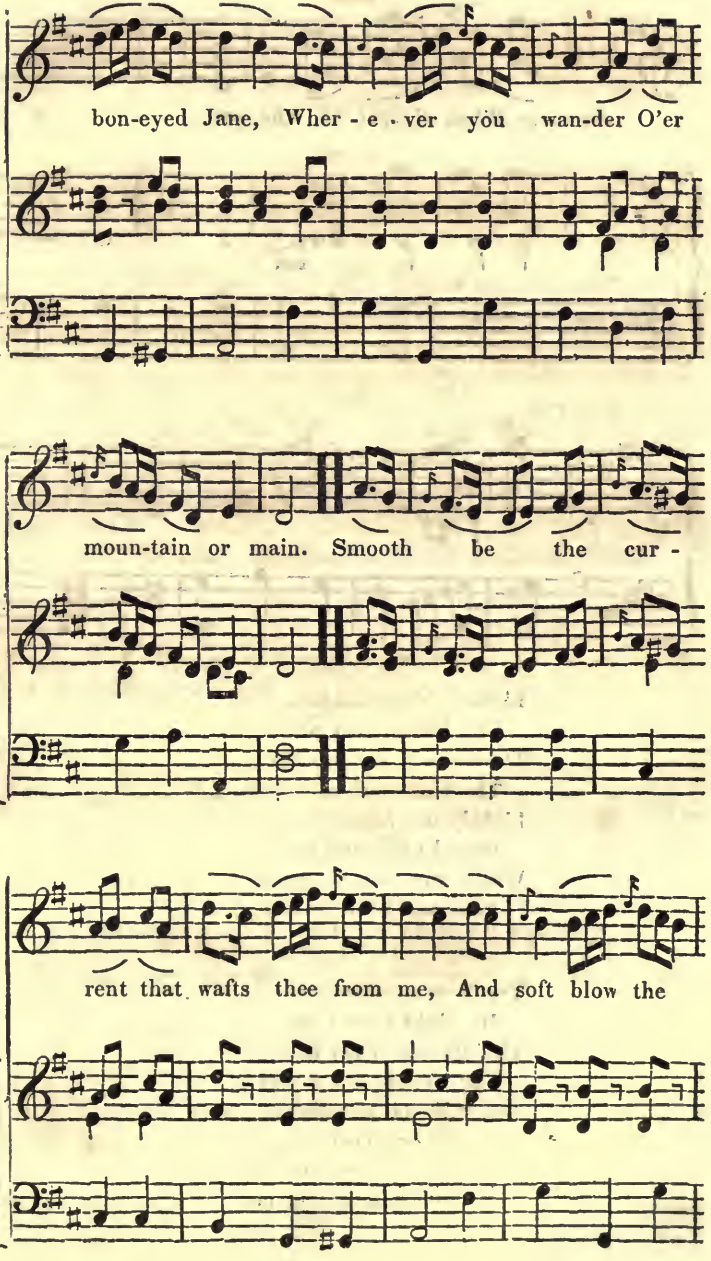
Allegretto.


tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye sall
be his bride; And ye sall be his bride, la-dy, Sae
come-ly to be seen; But aye she loot the tears down

Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale.
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen;
But aye she loot, &c.

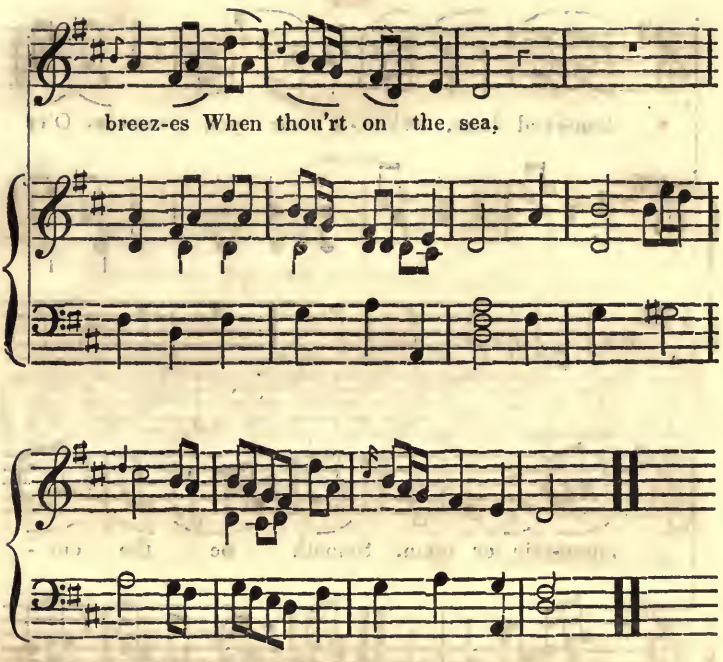
"O' chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfry fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost of them a',
Shall ride our forest queen."
But aye she loot, &c.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The taper glimmer'd fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha'
The lady was not seen:
She's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

No. XX.

Sunshine on thy Pathway.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

bon-eyed Jane, Wher - e - ver you wan-der O'er
moun-tain or main. Smooth be the cur -
rent that wafts thee from me, And soft blow the



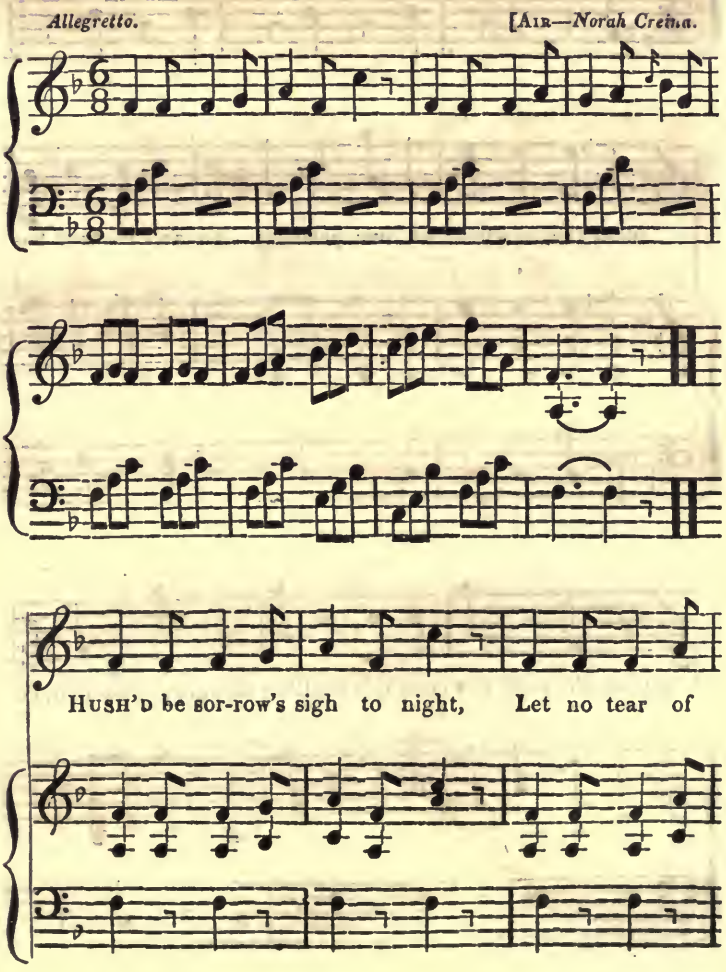
Lightly, dear maiden,
Thy bosom may prize
The vows of my breathing,
The glance of mine eyes.
Lightly thy heart may
Bound gaily and free,
Whilst mine must, uneasy,
Ache sadly for thee.

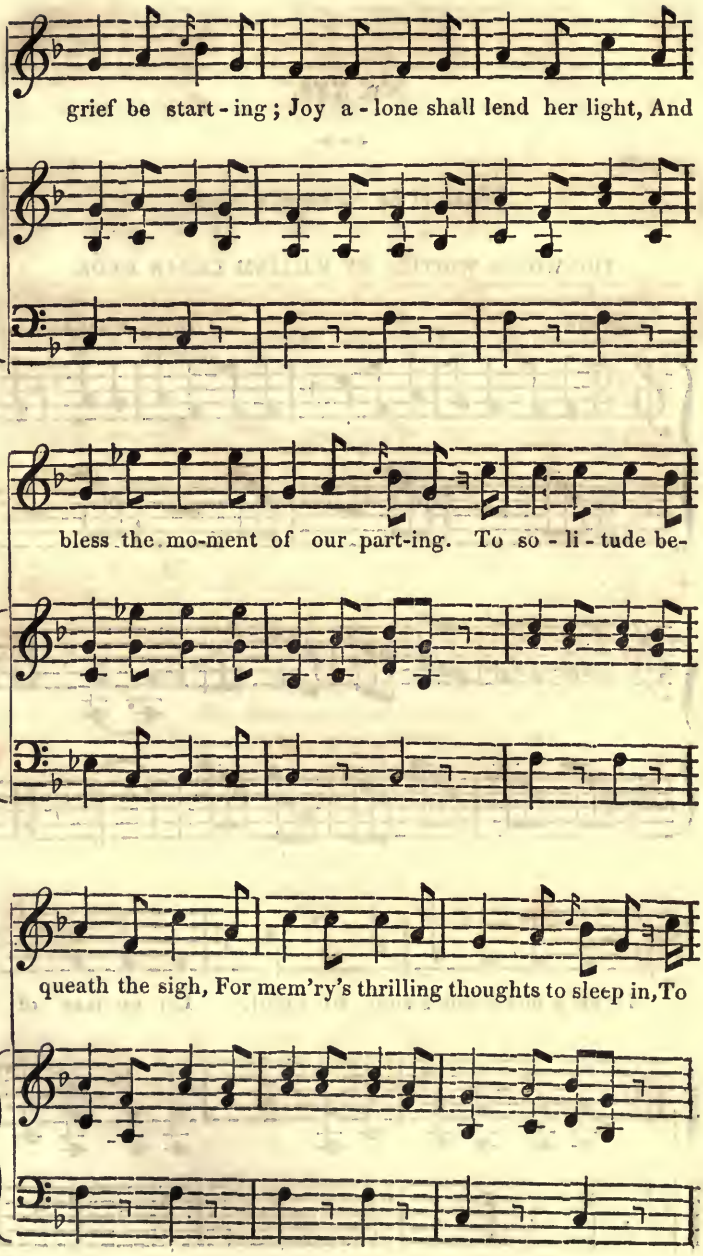
Yet blessings upon thee,
My light-footed fair,
Tho' for me or my fate
You confess not a care.
The star that in yonder
Bright heaven I see,
Is as lov'd of my soul
Tho' it beam not for me.

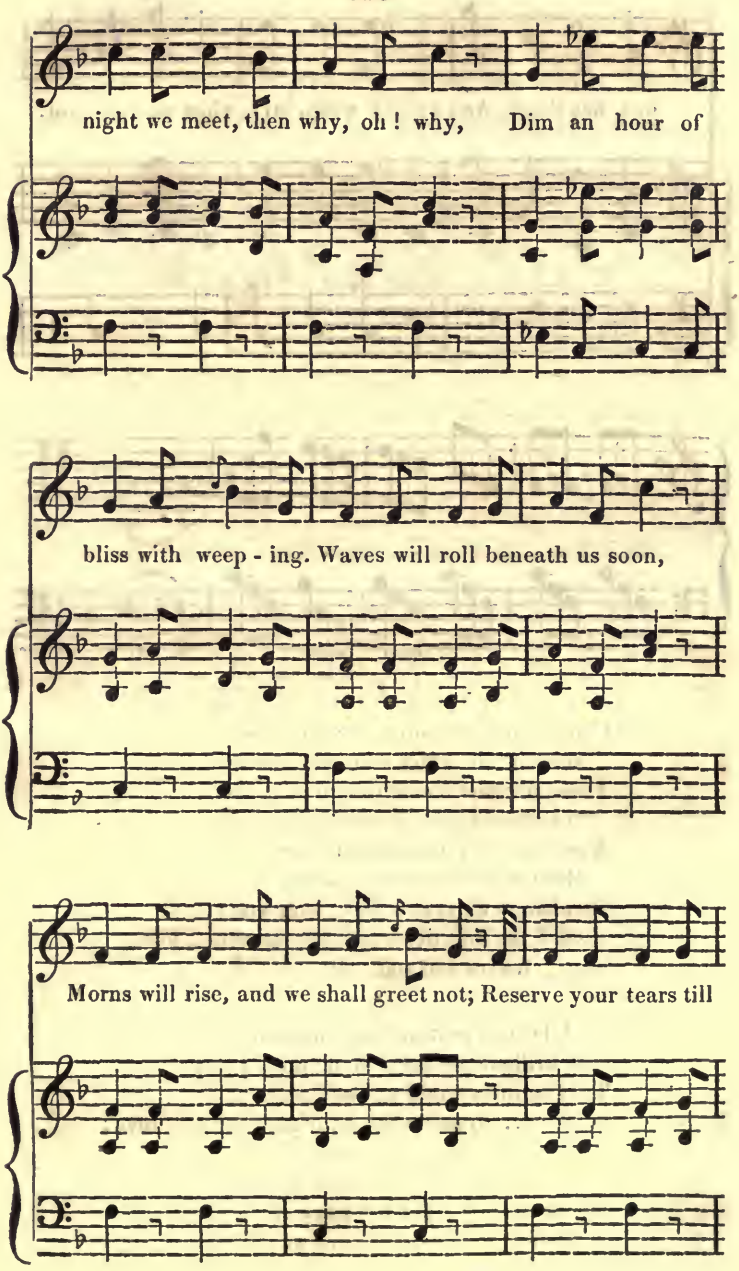
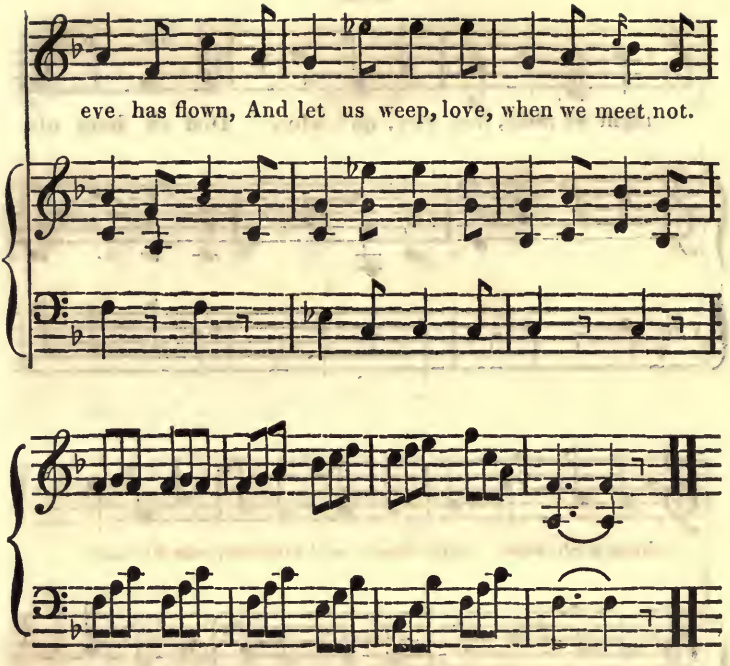
No. XXI.

Hush'd be Sorrow's Sigh.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.




grief be start - ing ; Joy a - lone shall lend her light, And
bless the mo-ment of our part-ing. To so - li - tude be-
queath the sigh, For mem'ry's thrilling thoughts to sleep in, To

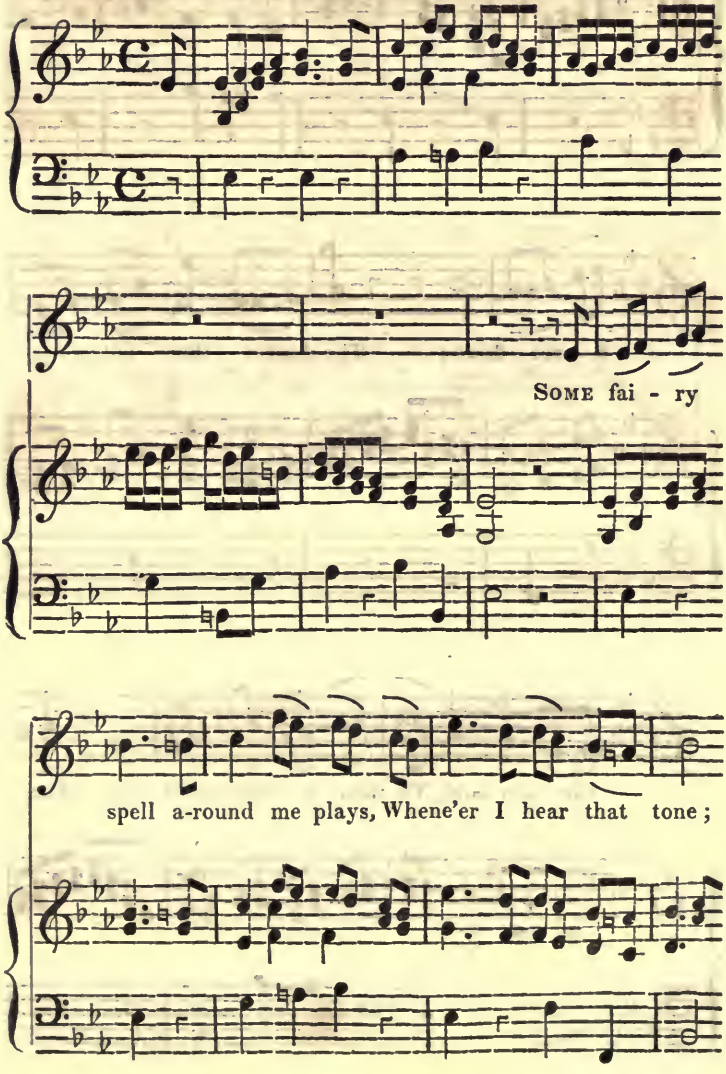
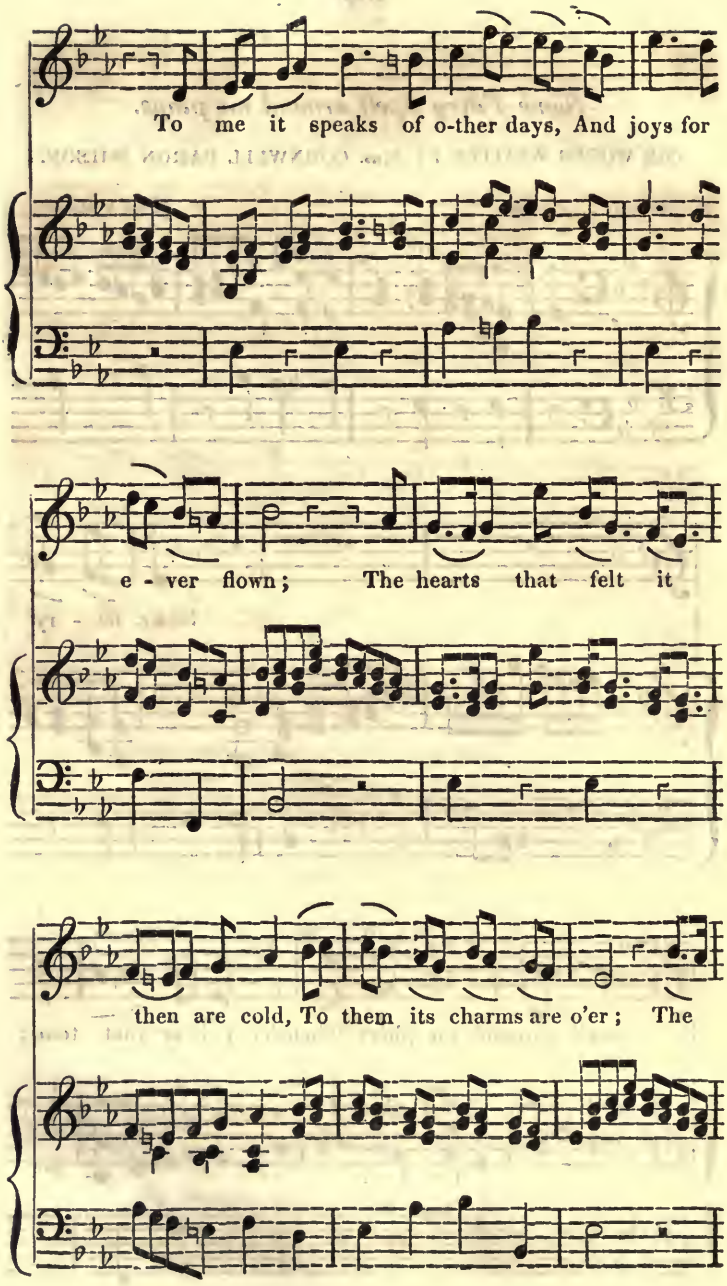

night we meet, then why, oh! why, Dim an hour of
bliss with weep - ing. Waves will roll beneath us soon,
Morns will rise, and we shall greet not; Reserve your tears till

Come, take the cup ; our only tears
Must be the ruby tears of pleasure ;
These few last moments are as years,
We cannot lose in woe the treasure.
Now let every thought of bliss,
Here in rich communion meet, love ;
Perchance we take a last, long kiss ;
Oh ! let that dear, last kiss be sweet, love.
Waves will roll, &c.

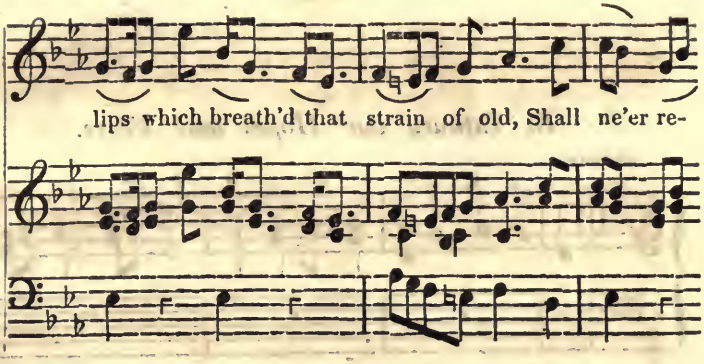
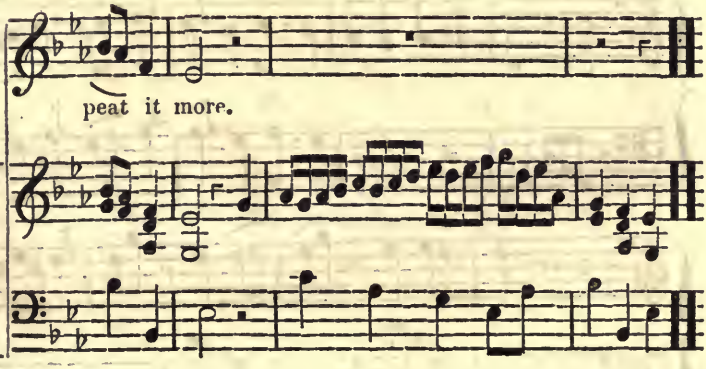
Oh ! let our parting hour be such
A brilliant moment of delight, love,
That rapture could not add a touch
Of joy, to make the hour more bright, love ;
That when afar, we dream again
On pleasure fled, or bliss departed,
One gem shall light the page of pain,
Remembrance of the eve we parted.
Waves shall roll, &c.

Some Fairy Spell around me plays.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

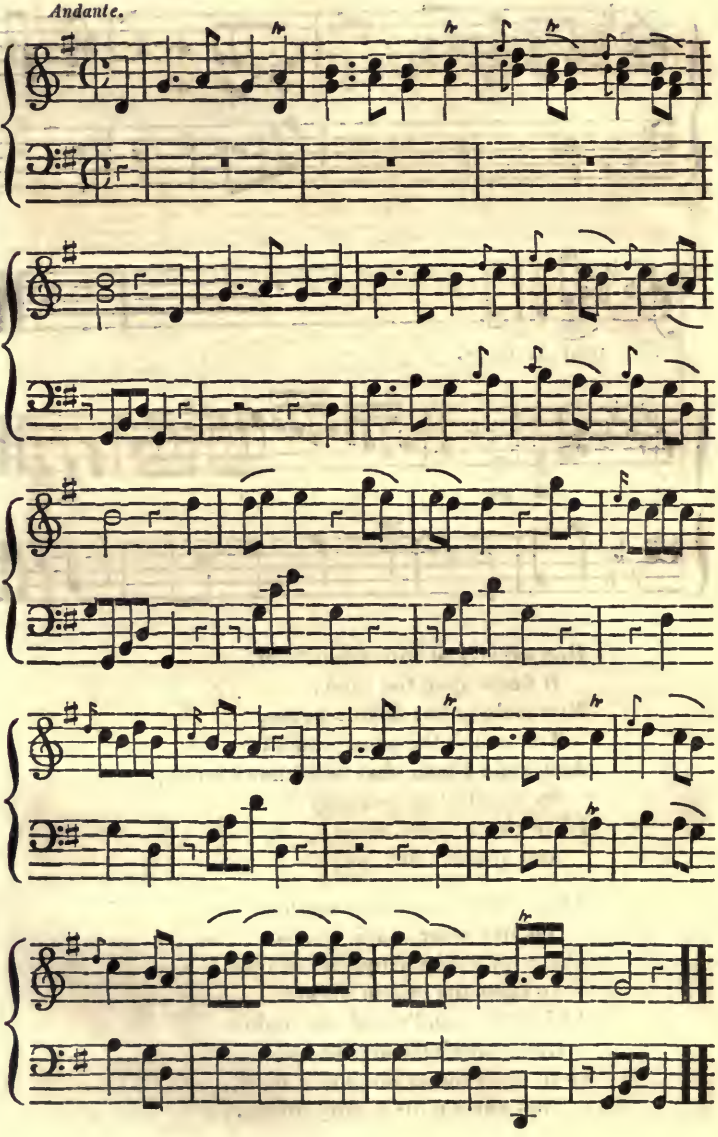
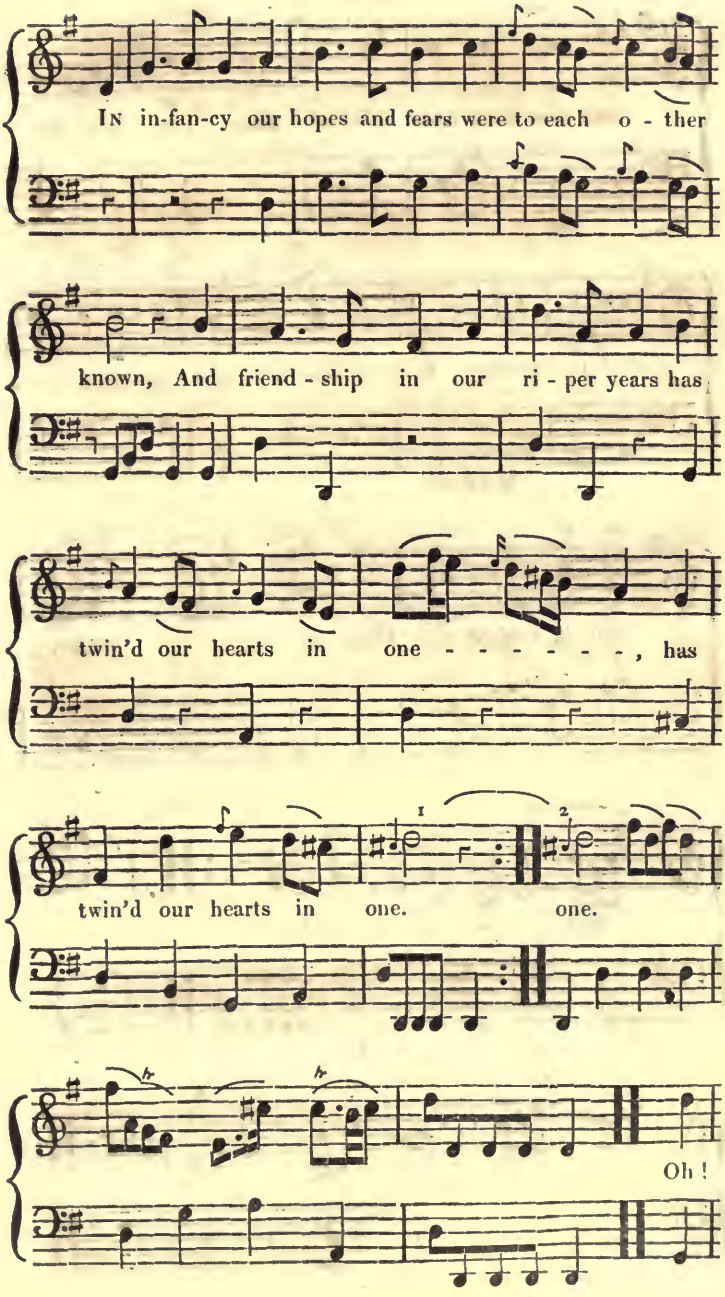
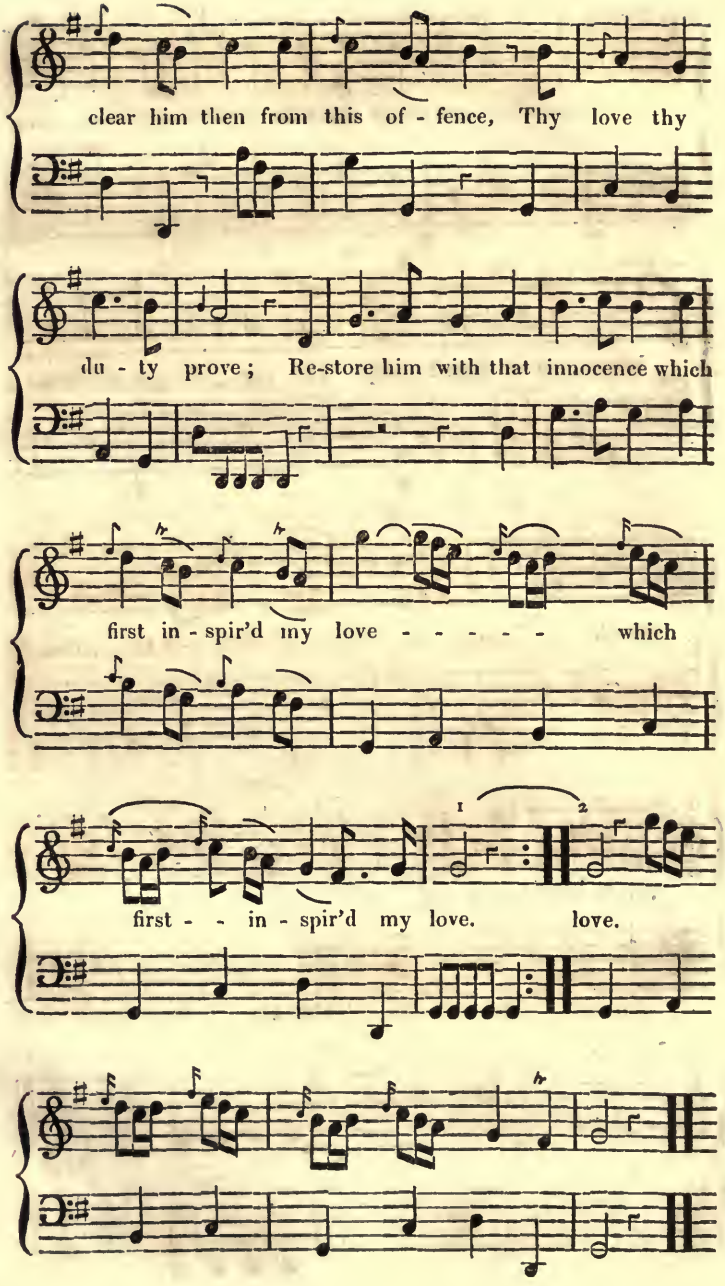
Andante Espressivo. [*Scotch Melody.*



To me it speaks of o-ther days, And joys for
e - ver flown; The hearts that felt it
then are cold, To them its charms are o'er; The

How sweetly at this silent hour,
It floats upon the wind;
Now melody has double power,
To soothe the pensive mind;
And while I hear that well-known strain,
By minstrel fingers play'd,
I live o'er happier hours again,
And present sorrows fade.

Then, oh! repeat that soothing lay.
'Tis like some magic charm
That's plac'd by Hope in life's bleak way,
To keep the bosom warm;
And as the wand'rer of the night
Hails morning's welcome beam,
So memory meets the lovely light,
That cheer'd life's early dream.

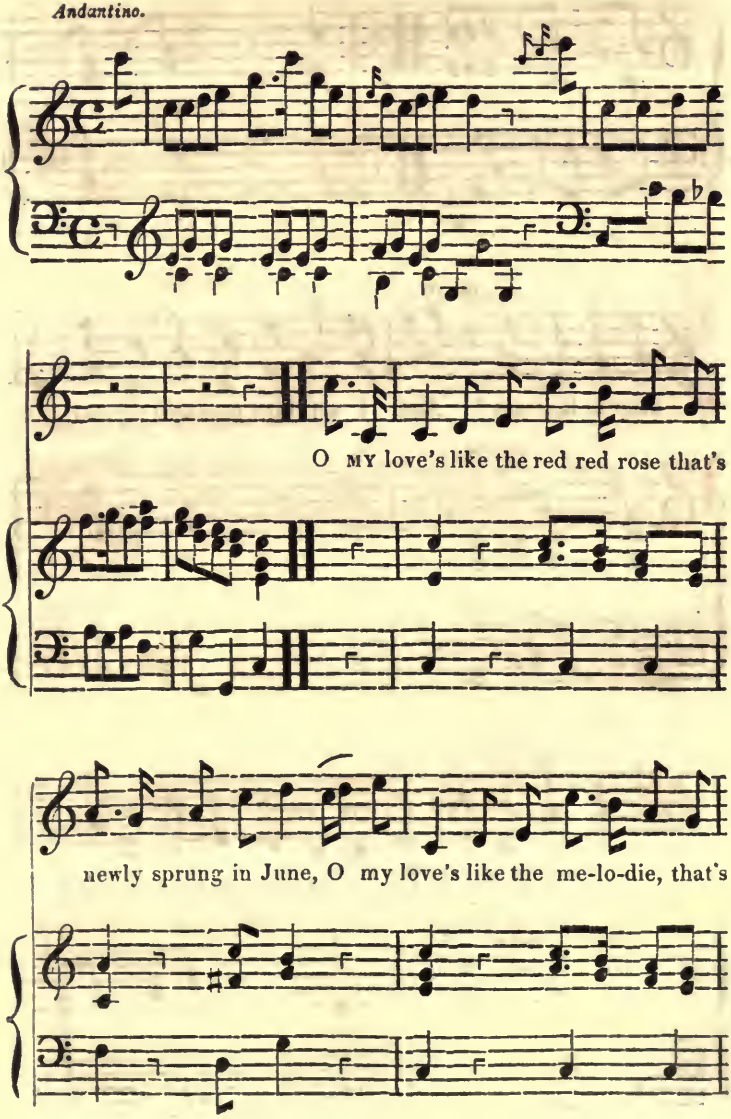
In Infancy our Hopes and Fears.

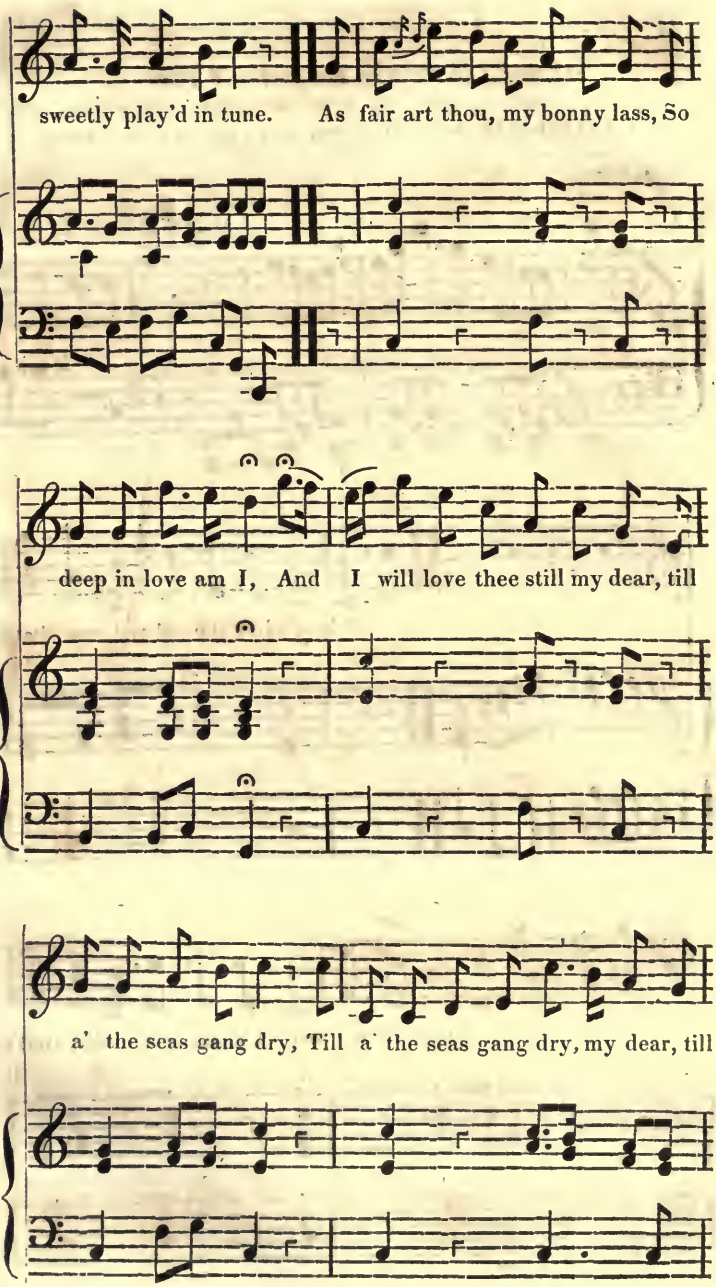
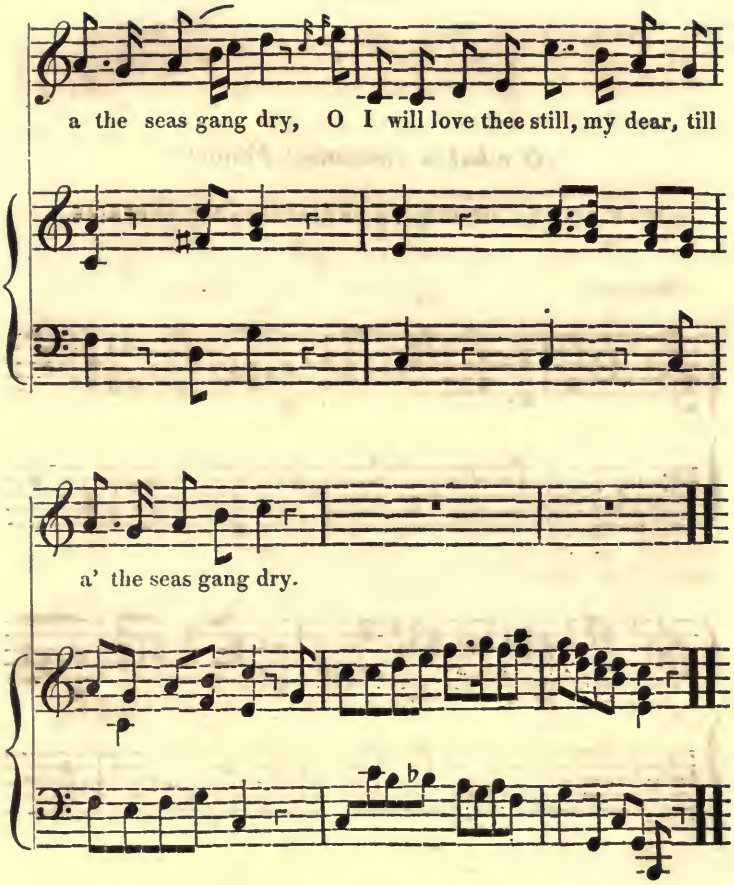
Andante.

In in-fan-cy our hopes and fears were to each o - ther
known, And friend - ship in our ri - per years has
twin'd our hearts in one - - - - - - - , has
1
2
twin'd our hearts in one. one.
Oh !

clear him then from this of - fence, Thy love thy
du - ty prove; Re-store him with that innocence which
first in - spir'd my love - - - - - which
1
2
first - - in - spir'd my love. love.

O my Love's like the red red Rose.

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH SONG, SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR

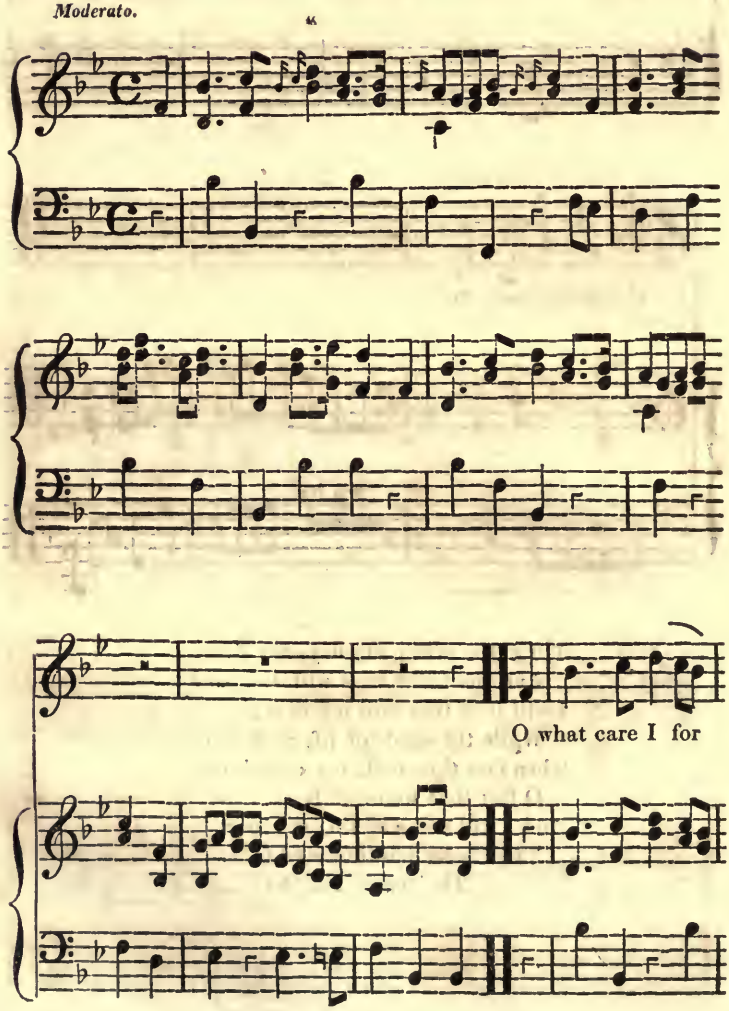
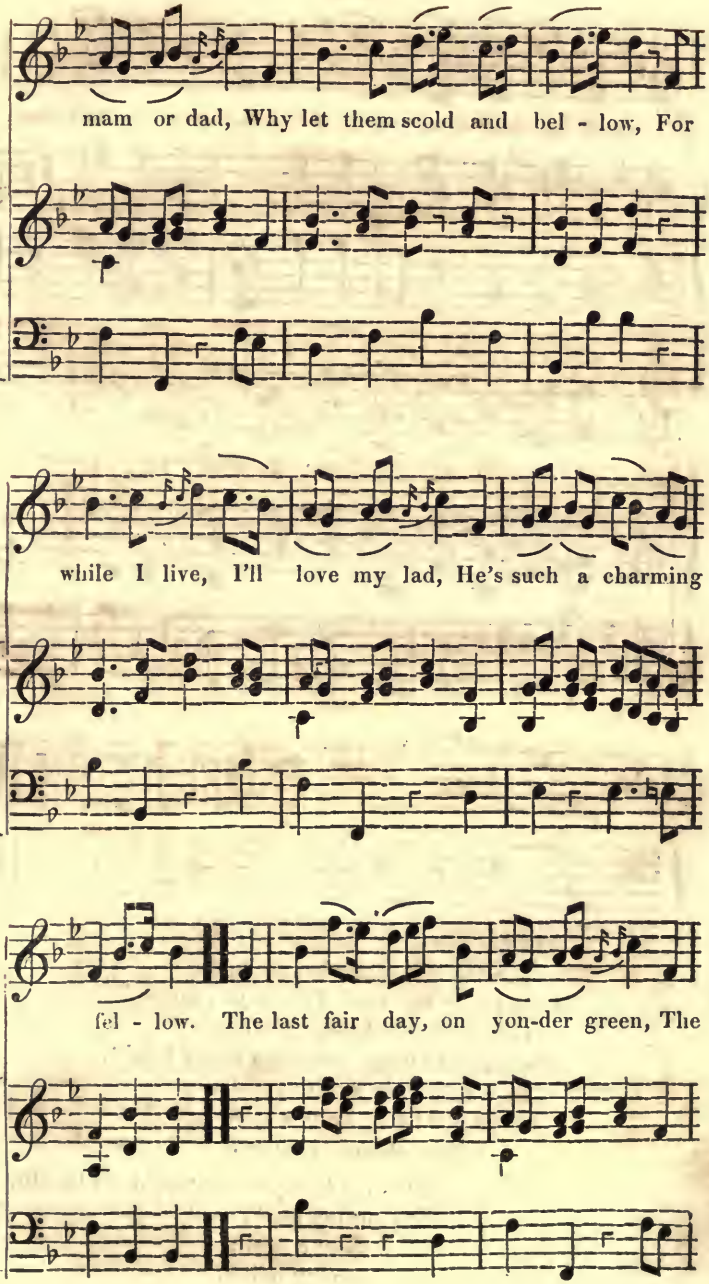
Andantino.

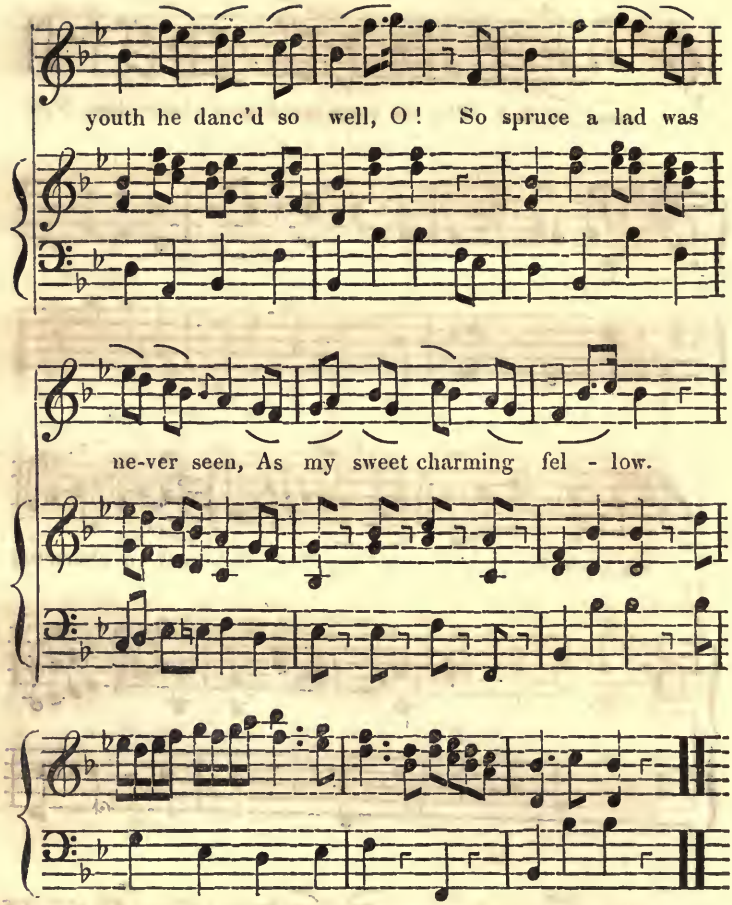



sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bonny lass, So
deep in love am I, And I will love thee still my dear, till
a' the seas gang dry, Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, till

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun,
I will love thee still my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
Then fare thee well, my only love,
O fare thee well awhile,
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
Tho' 'twere ten, &c.

O what a charming Fellow.

SUNG BY MRS. HUMBY, IN THE AGREEABLE SURPRIZE.

Moderato.


mam or dad, Why let them scold and bel - low, For
while I live, I'll love my lad, He's such a charming
fel - low. The last fair day, on yon-der green, The



The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was somewhat mellow;
Says he, "My dear, I'll see you home;"
I thank'd the charming fellow.
We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
Says he, "My sweetest Nello,
I'll kiss you here, by this good light."
O! what a charming fellow.

"You rogue," says I, "you've stopp'd my breath;
Ye bells ring out my knell, O!"
Again I'd die so sweet a death,
With such a charming fellow.

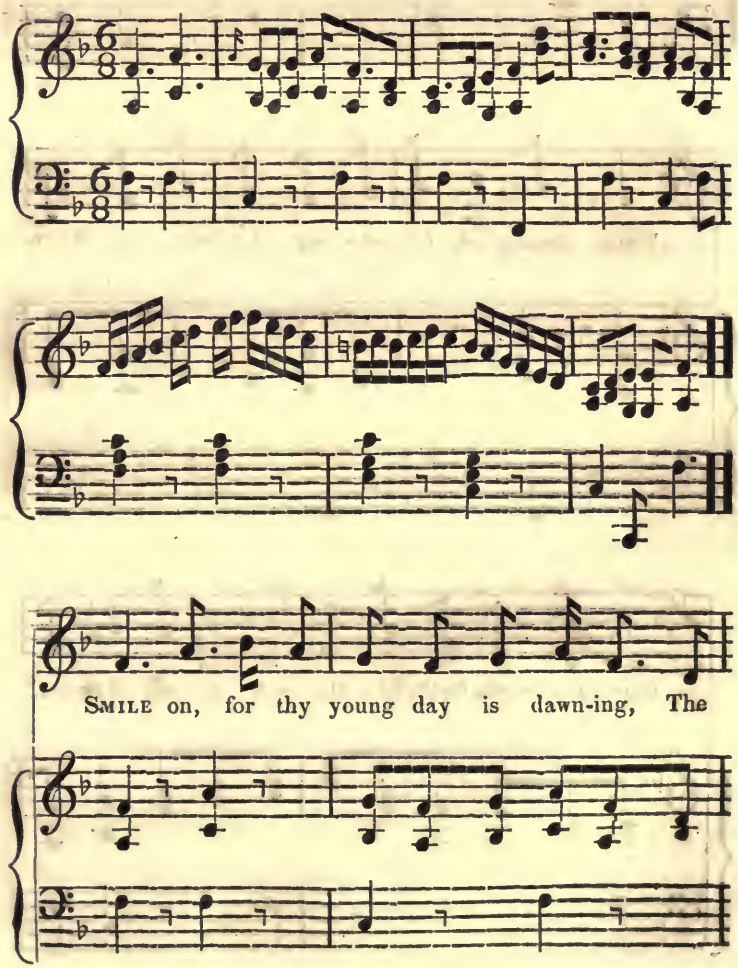
The last four lines are to be sung to the second part of the tune.

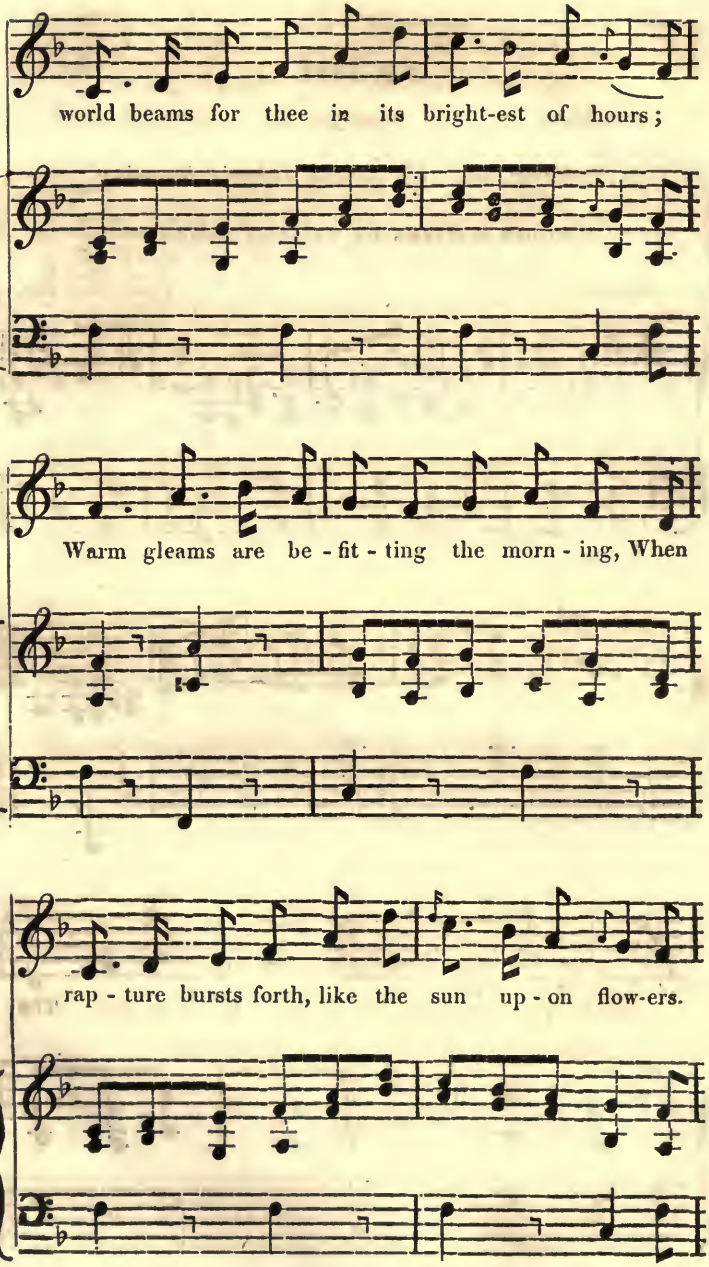
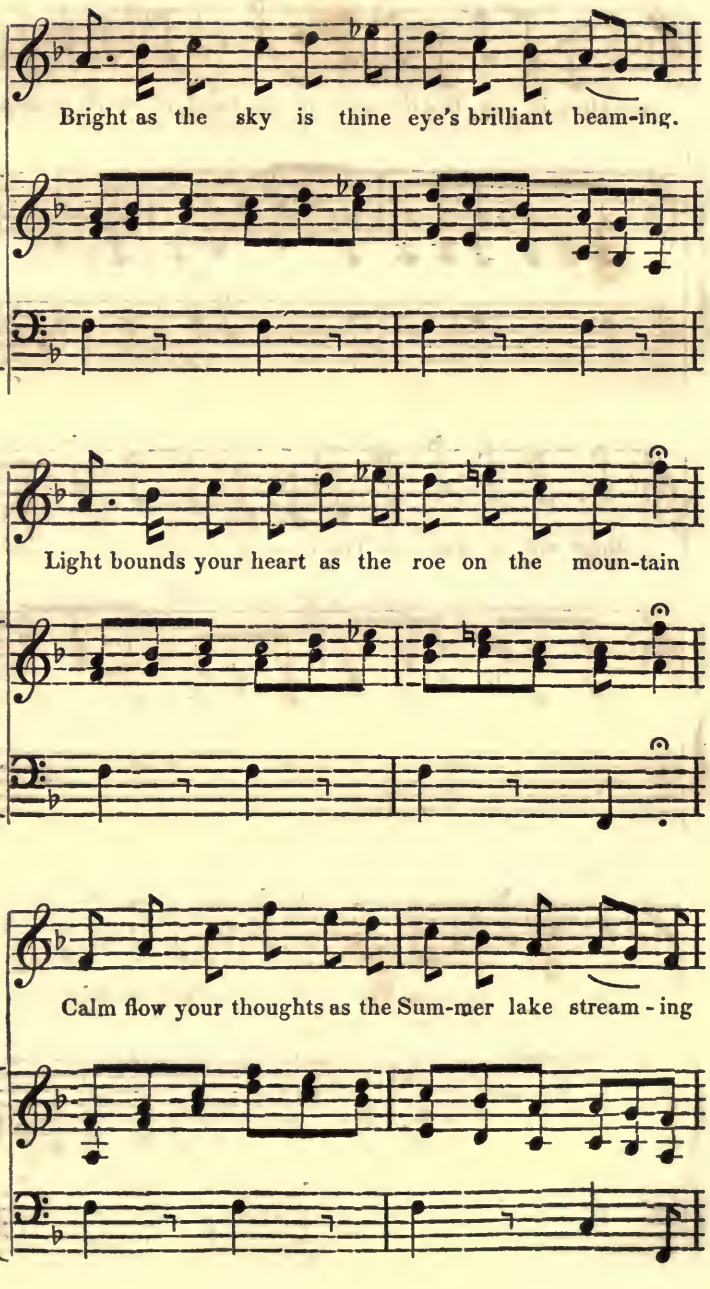
No. XXII.

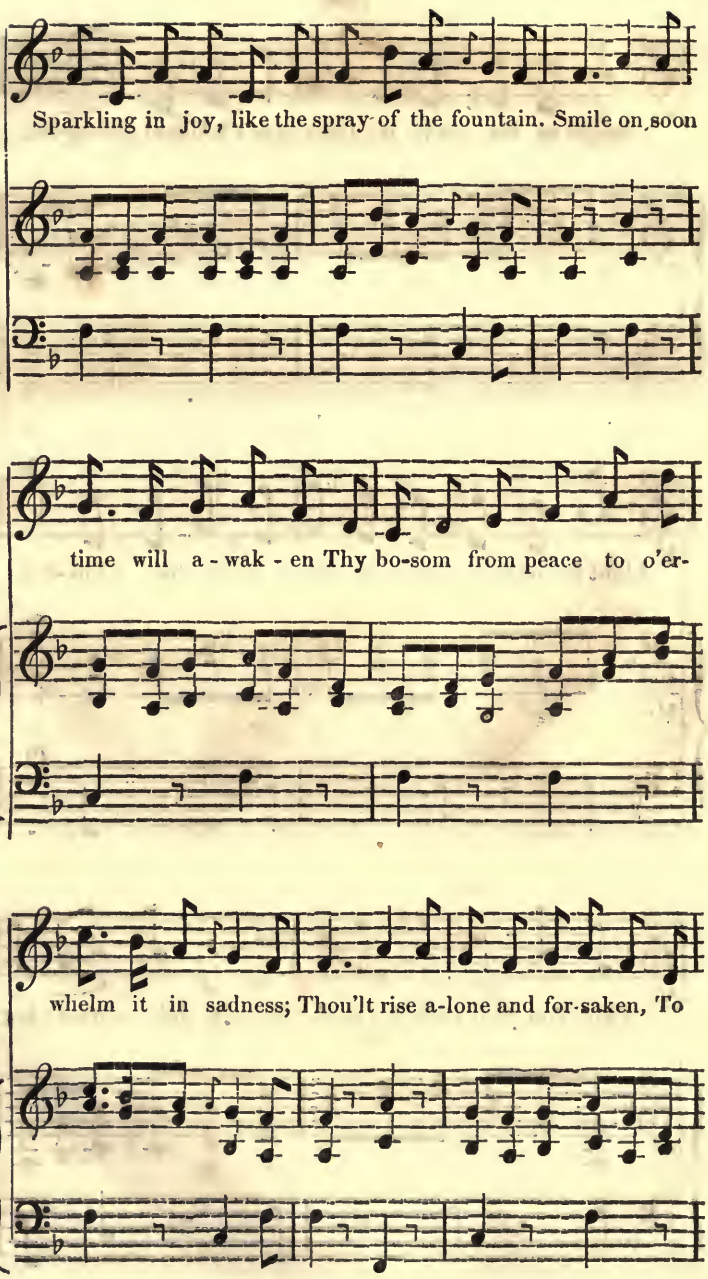
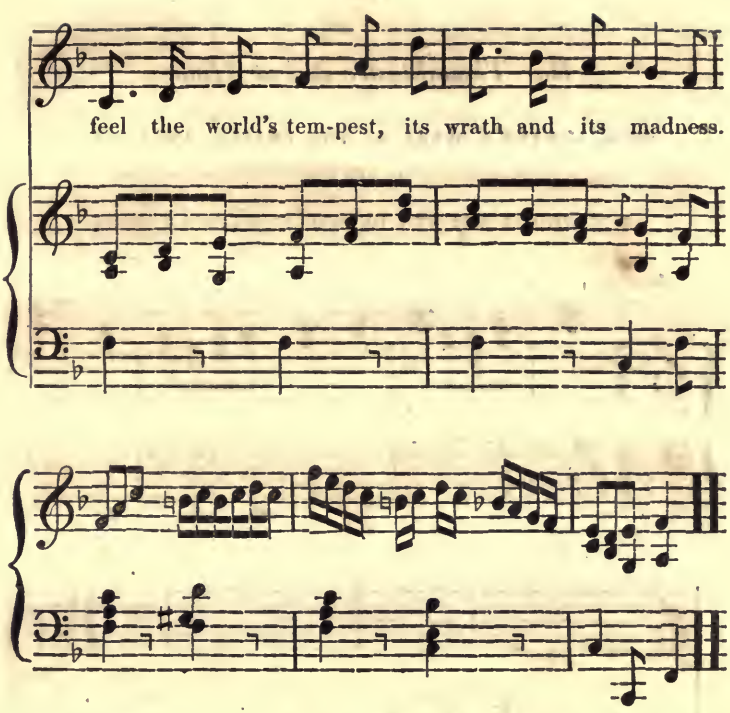
Smile on, for thy young Day is dawning.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [Air—*Sing, sing.*




world beams for thee in its bright-est of hours;
Warm gleams are be - fit - ting the morn - ing, When
rap - ture bursts forth, like the sun up - on flow-ers.

Bright as the sky is thine eye's brilliant beam-ing.
Light bounds your heart as the roe on the moun-tain
Calm flow your thoughts as the Sum-mer lake stream - ing

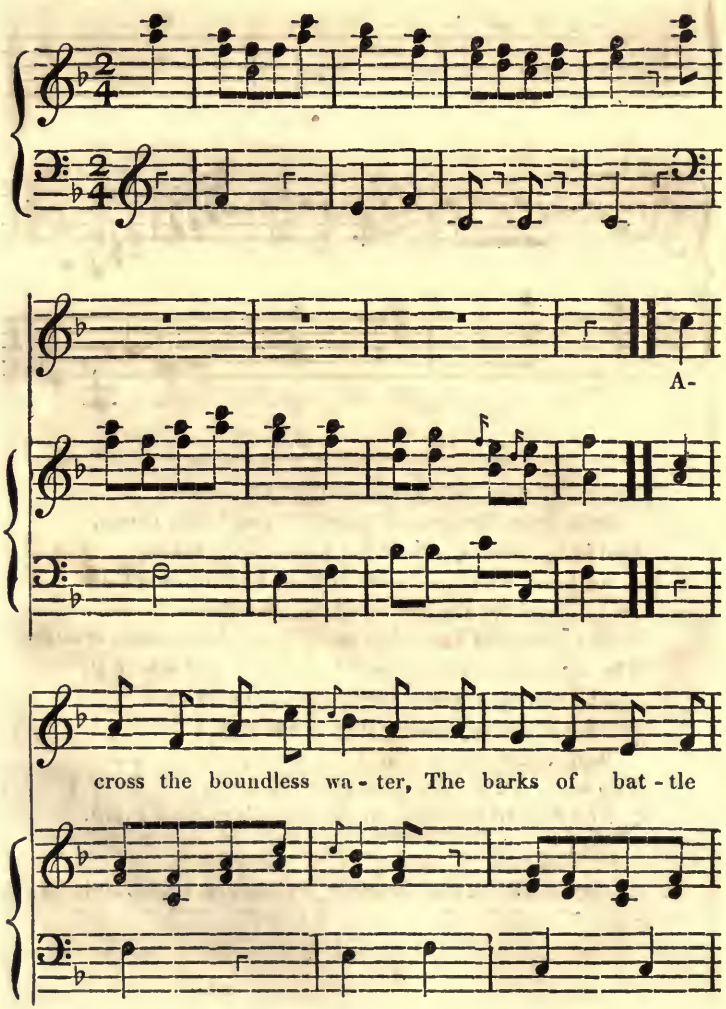
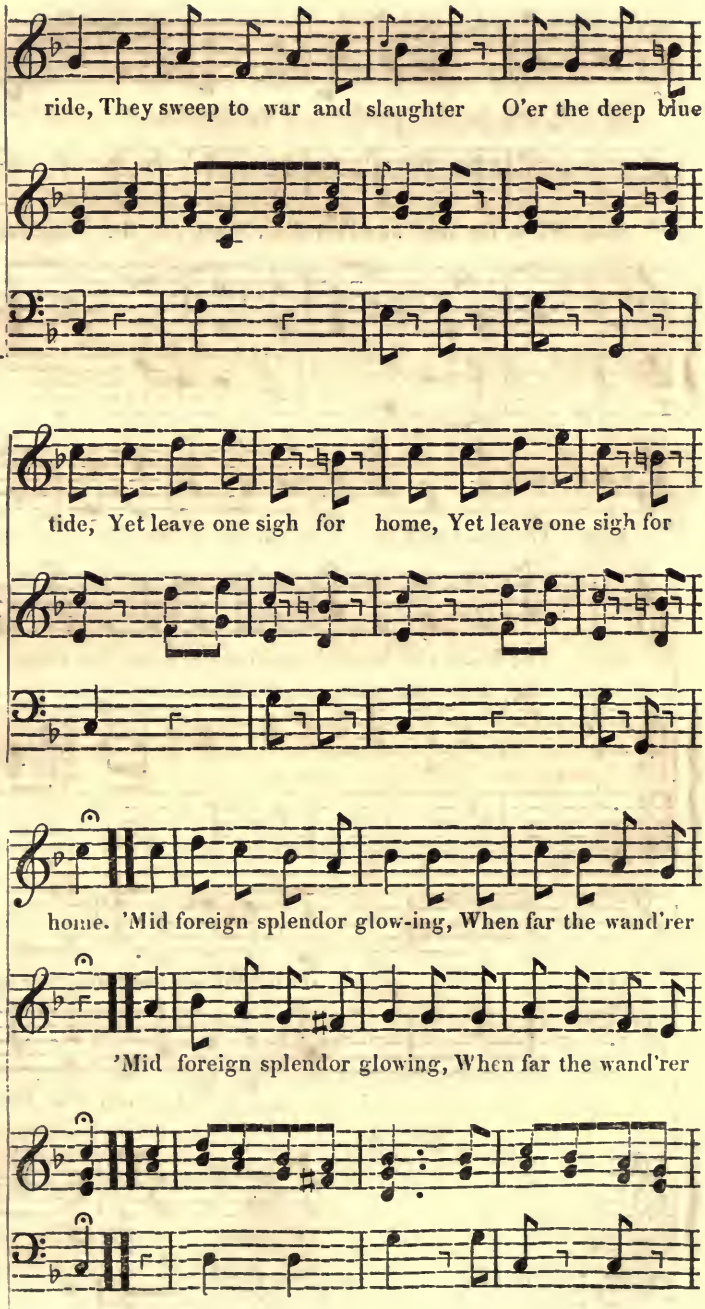
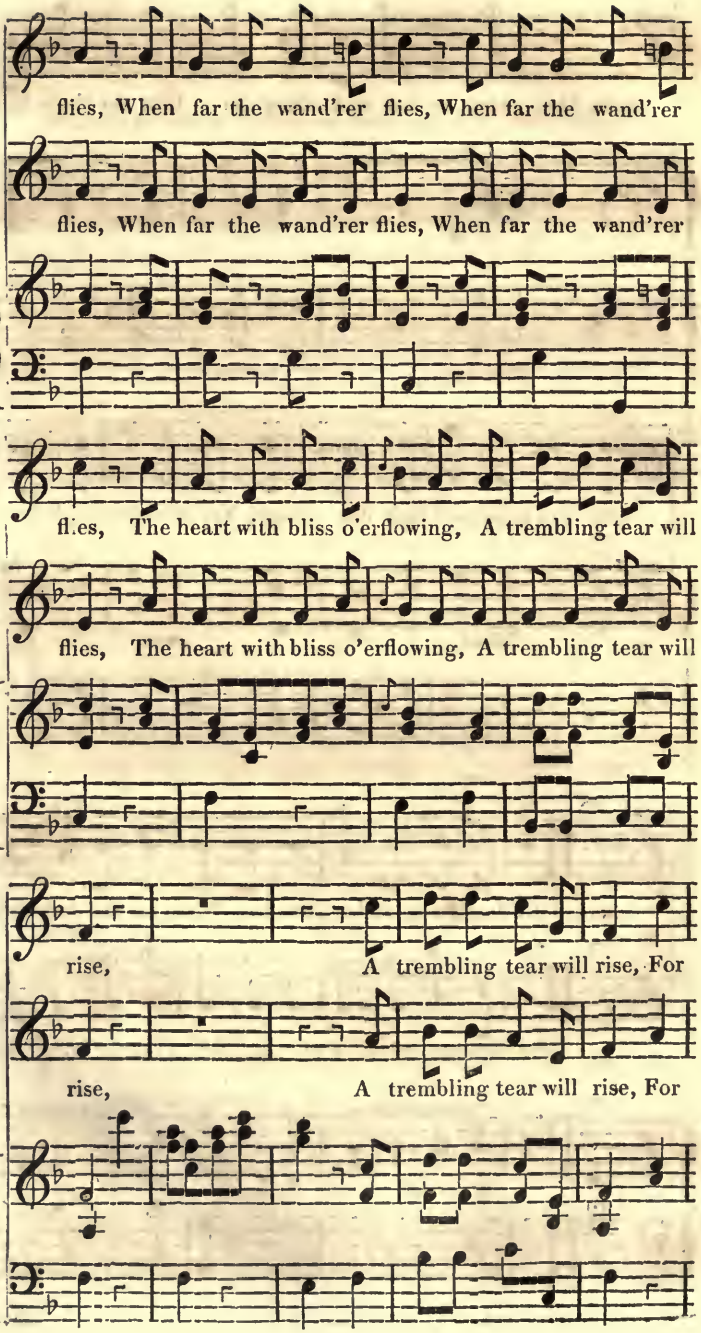

Sparkling in joy, like the spray of the fountain. Smile on, soon
time will a - wak - en Thy bo-som from peace to o'er-
whelm it in sadness; Thou'lt rise a-lone and for-saken, To

Young dreams, like the bright lotos* growing,
Arise from the stream, when the sun kisses ocean,
Bud in his beams, whilst the waters are glowing,
All warm with his smiles in their tremulous motion.
As the cold eve draws in darkness around it,
The flow'rs of the earth from the sunbeam must sever,
The lotos awakes from the bright spell that bound it,
And vanishes 'neath the dark waters for ever.
Smile on, for thy young day is dawning,
Bask while you may in joy's roseate light;
Too soon you'll relinquish your morning,
And sink in the cares of the world's gloomy night.

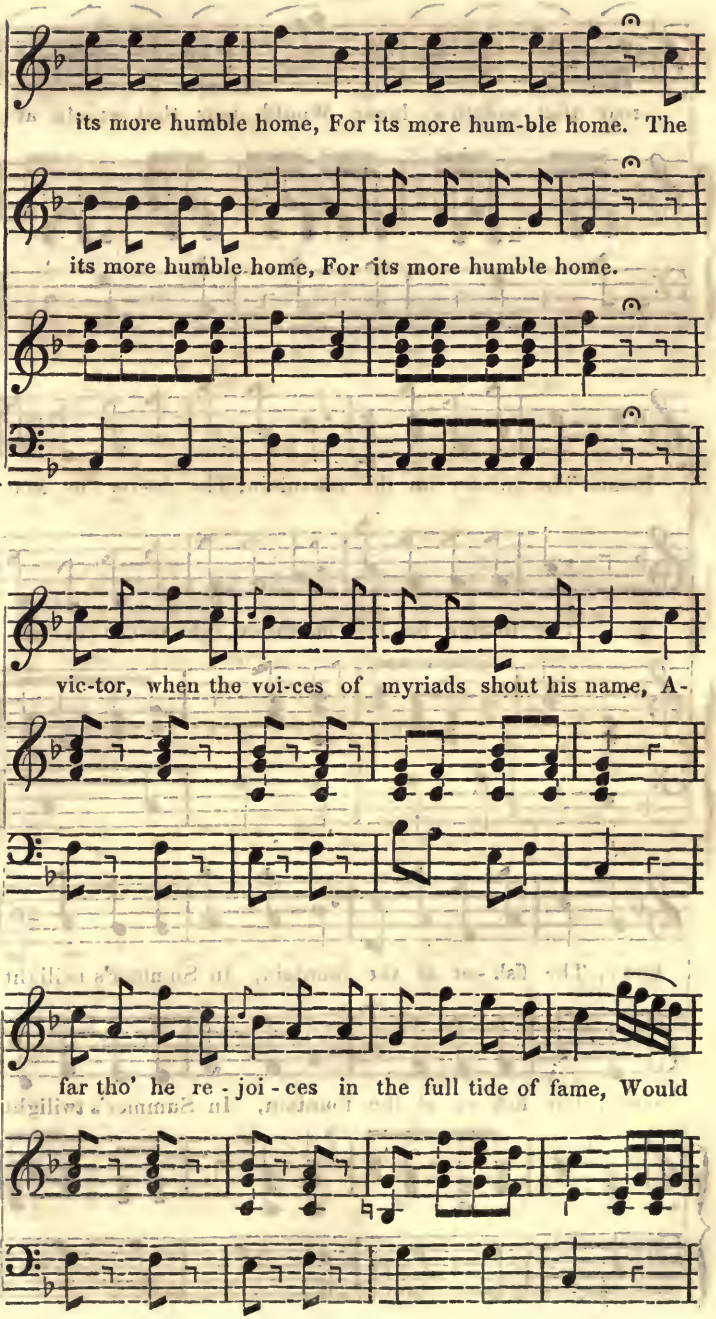
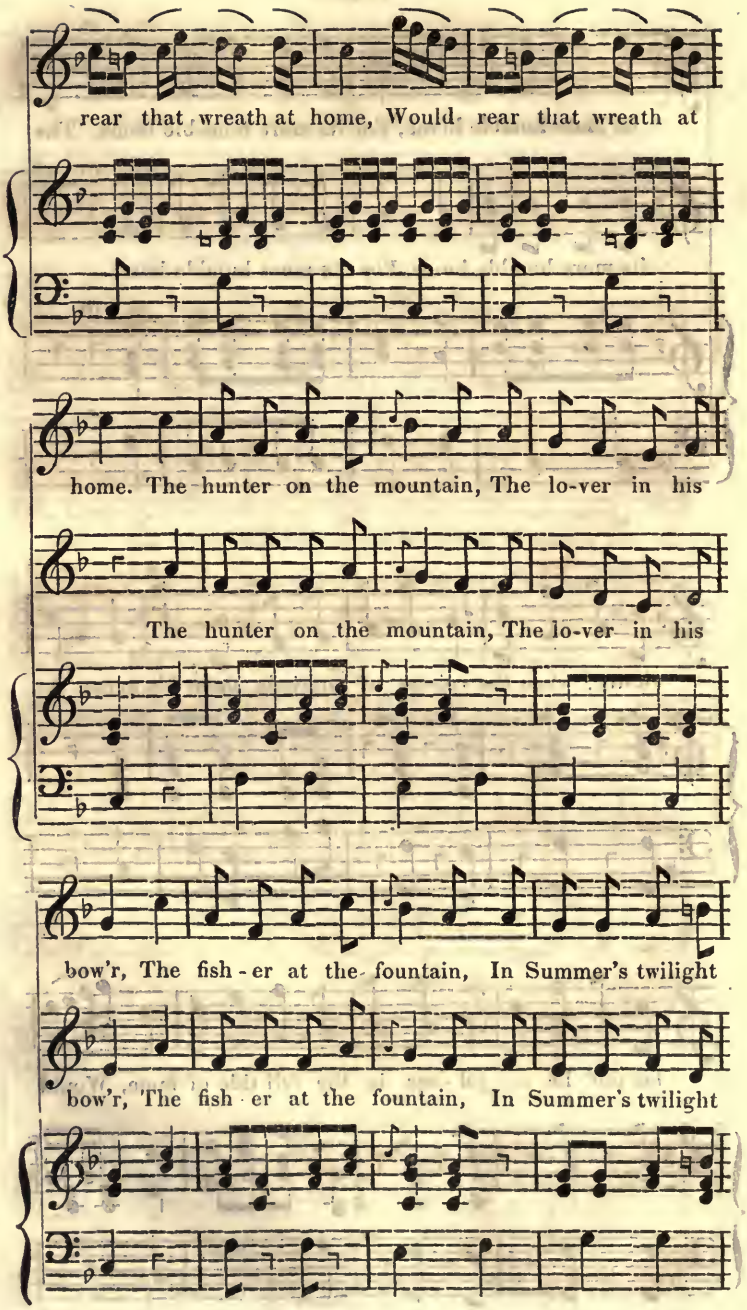
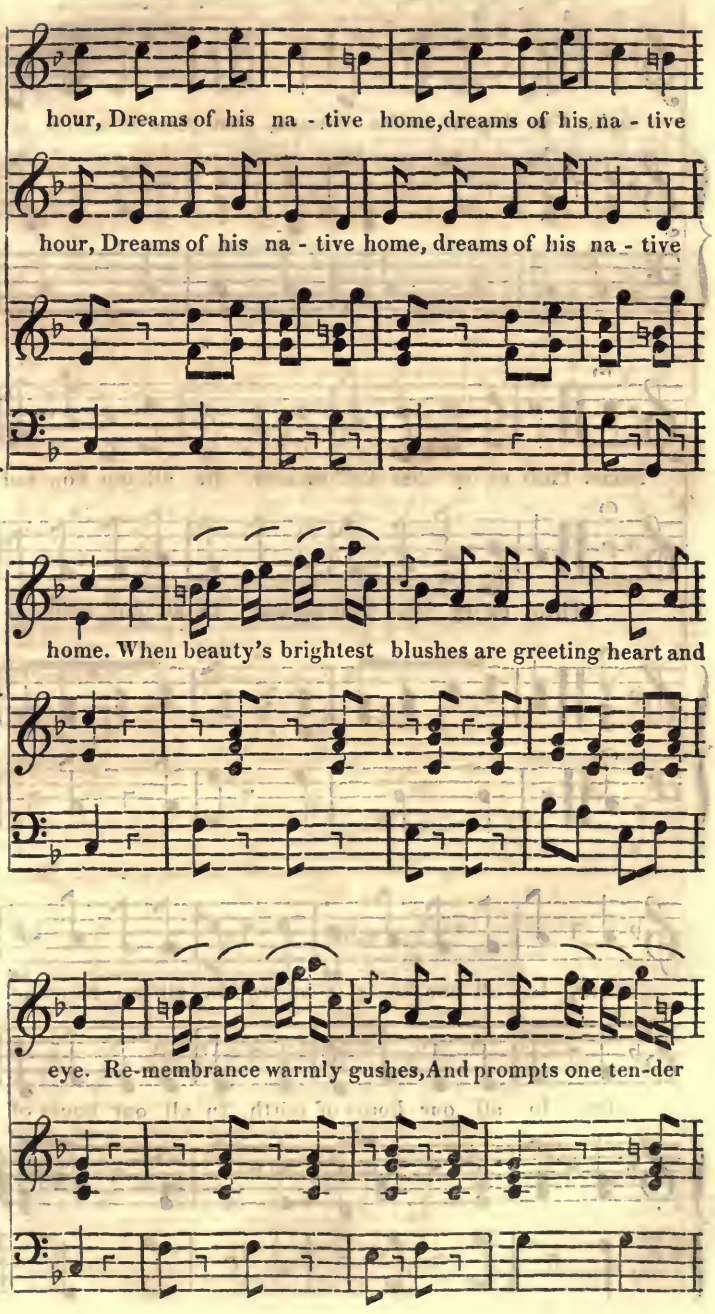
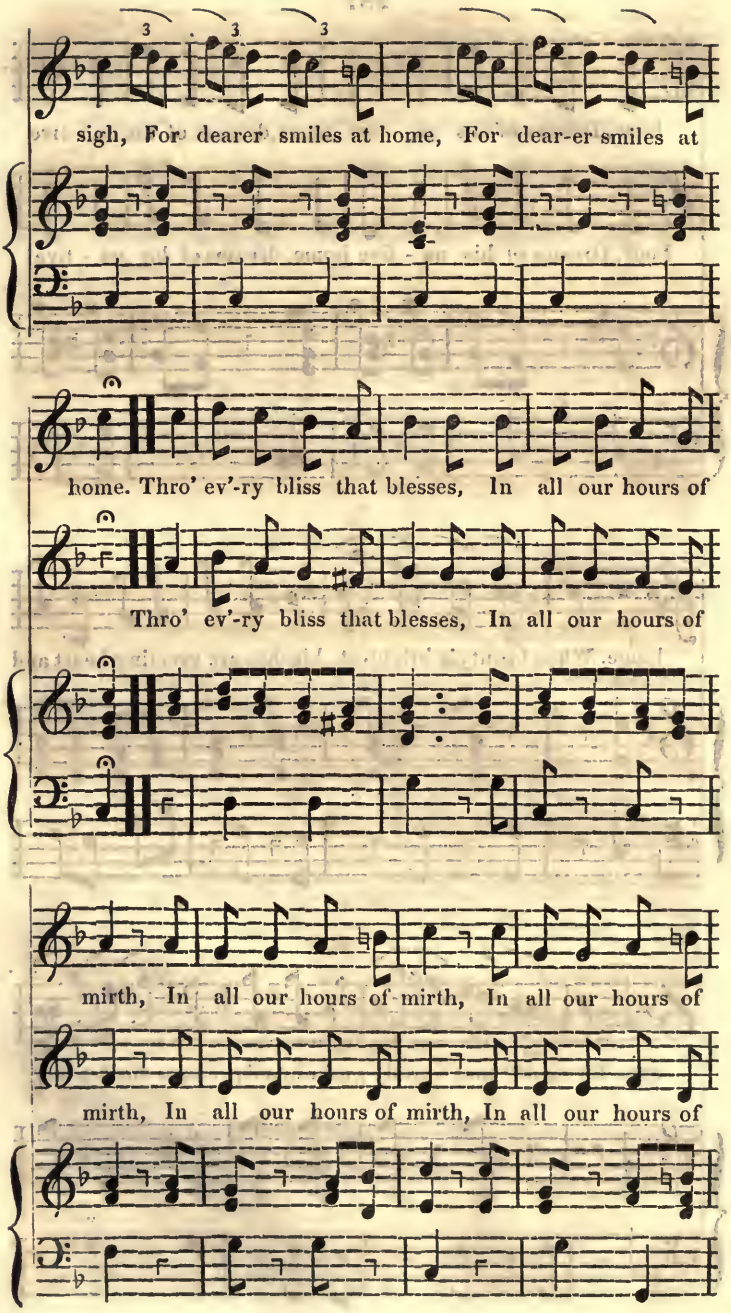
* An Egyptian flower, that rises above the stream at sunrise, and sinks at sunset.

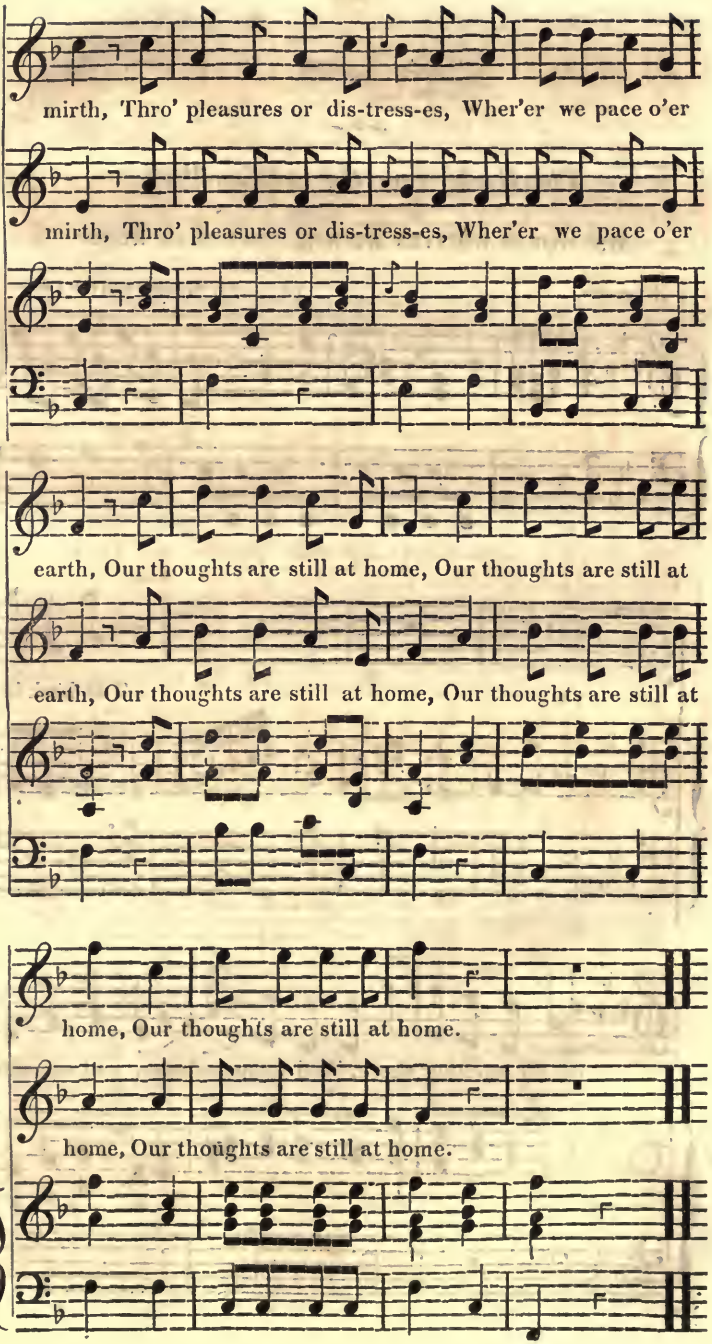
Our Thoughts are still at Home.

FROM WINTER'S OPERA OF THE ORACLE, ARRANGED AS A DUETT.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto.

ride, They sweep to war and slaughter O'er the deep blue
tide, Yet leave one sigh for home, Yet leave one sigh for
home. 'Mid foreign splendor glow-ing, When far the wand'rer
'Mid foreign splendor glowing, When far the wand'rer

flies, When far the wand'rer flies, When far the wand'rer
flies, When far the wand'rer flies, When far the wand'rer
flies, The heart with bliss o'erflowing, A trembling tear will
flies, The heart with bliss o'erflowing, A trembling tear will
rise, A trembling tear will rise, For
rise, A trembling tear will rise, For

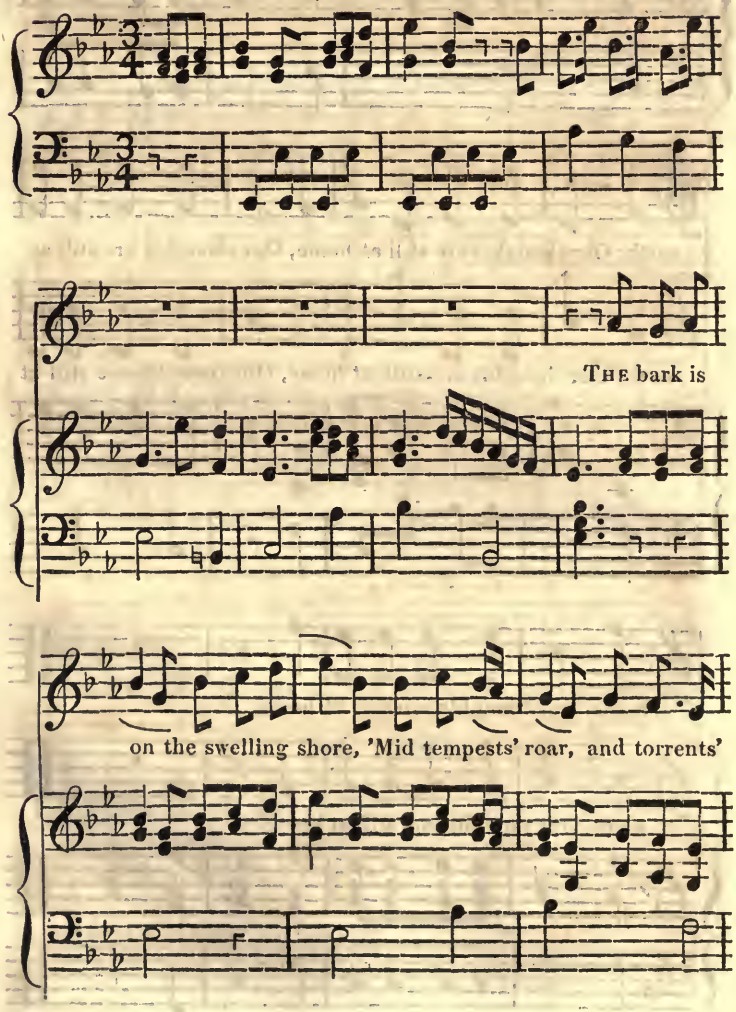
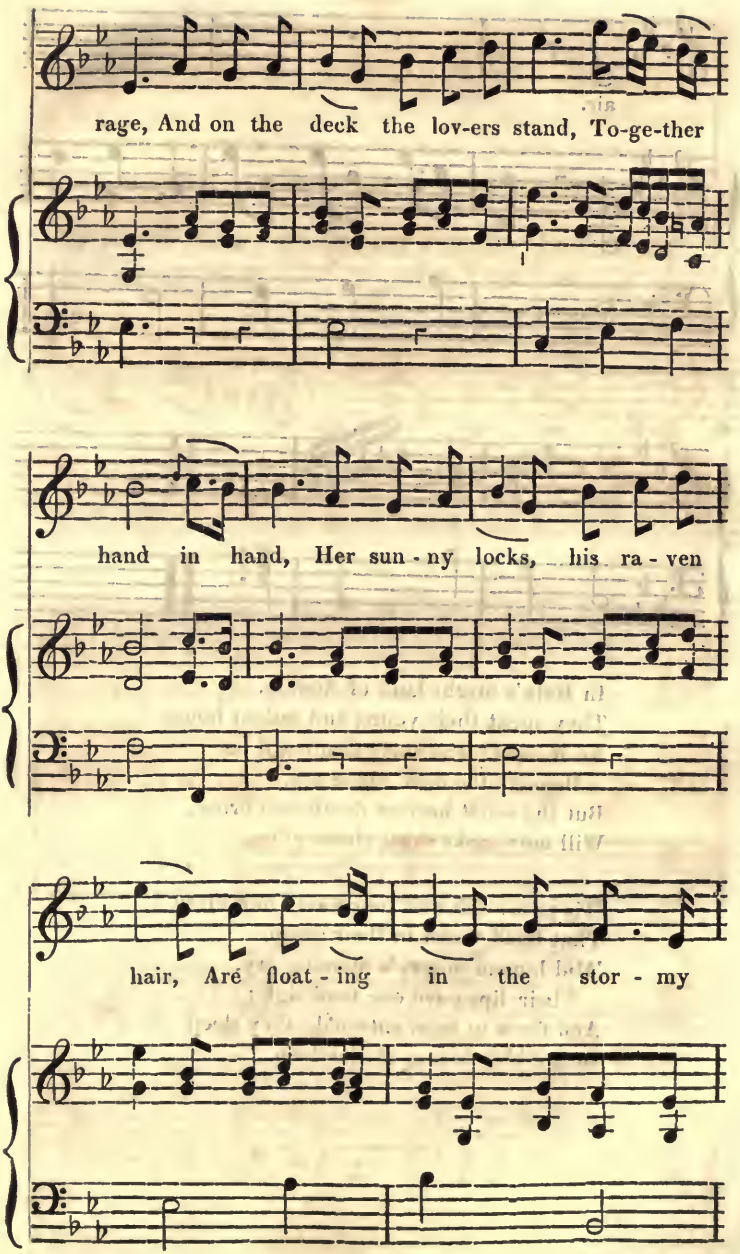
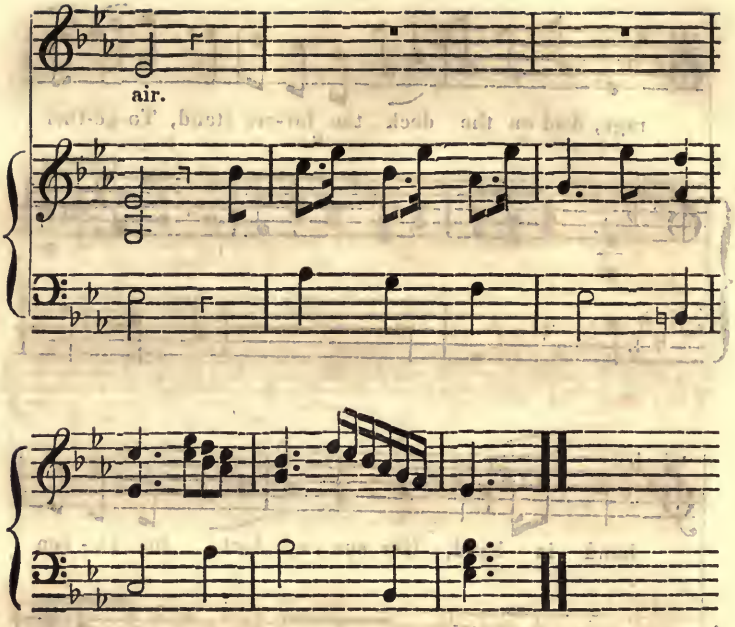

its more humble home, For its more hum-ble home. The
its more humble home, For its more humble home.
vic-tor, when the voi-ces of myriads shout his name, A-
far tho' he re - joi - ces in the full tide of fame, Would

rear that wreath at home, Would rear that wreath at
home. The hunter on the mountain, The lo-ver in his
The hunter on the mountain, The lo-ver in his
bow'r, The fish-er at the fountain, In Summer's twilight
bow'r, The fish-er at the fountain, In Summer's twilight

hour, Dreams of his na - tive home, dreams of his na - tive
hour, Dreams of his na - tive home, dreams of his na - tive
home. When beauty's brightest blushes are greeting heart and
eye. Re-membrance warmly gushes, And prompts one ten-der

sigh, For dearer smiles at home, For dear-er smiles at
home. Thro' ev'-ry bliss that blesses, In all our hours of
Thro' ev'-ry bliss that blesses, In all our hours of
mirth, In all our hours of mirth, In all our hours of
mirth, In all our hours of mirth, In all our hours of


mirth, Thro' pleasures or dis-tress-es, Wher'er we pace o'er
mirth, Thro' pleasures or dis-tress-es, Wher'er we pace o'er
earth, Our thoughts are still at home, Our thoughts are still at
earth, Our thoughts are still at home, Our thoughts are still at
home, Our thoughts are still at home.
home, Our thoughts are still at home.

No. XXIII.

The Bark is on the swelling Wave.

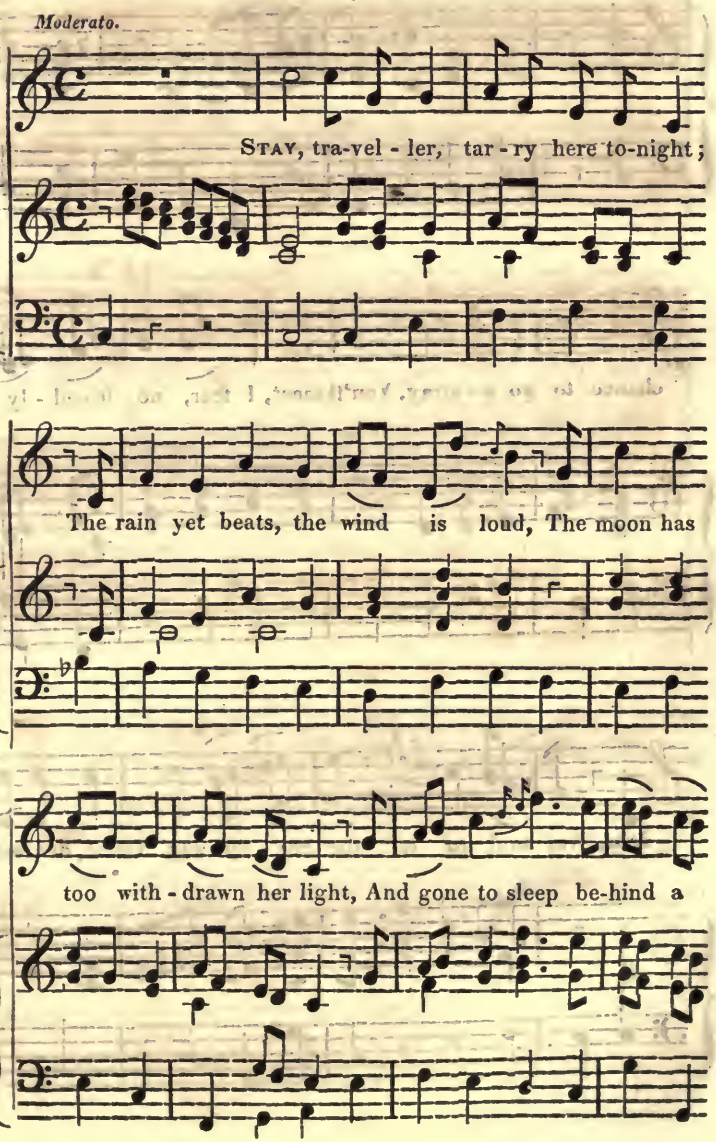
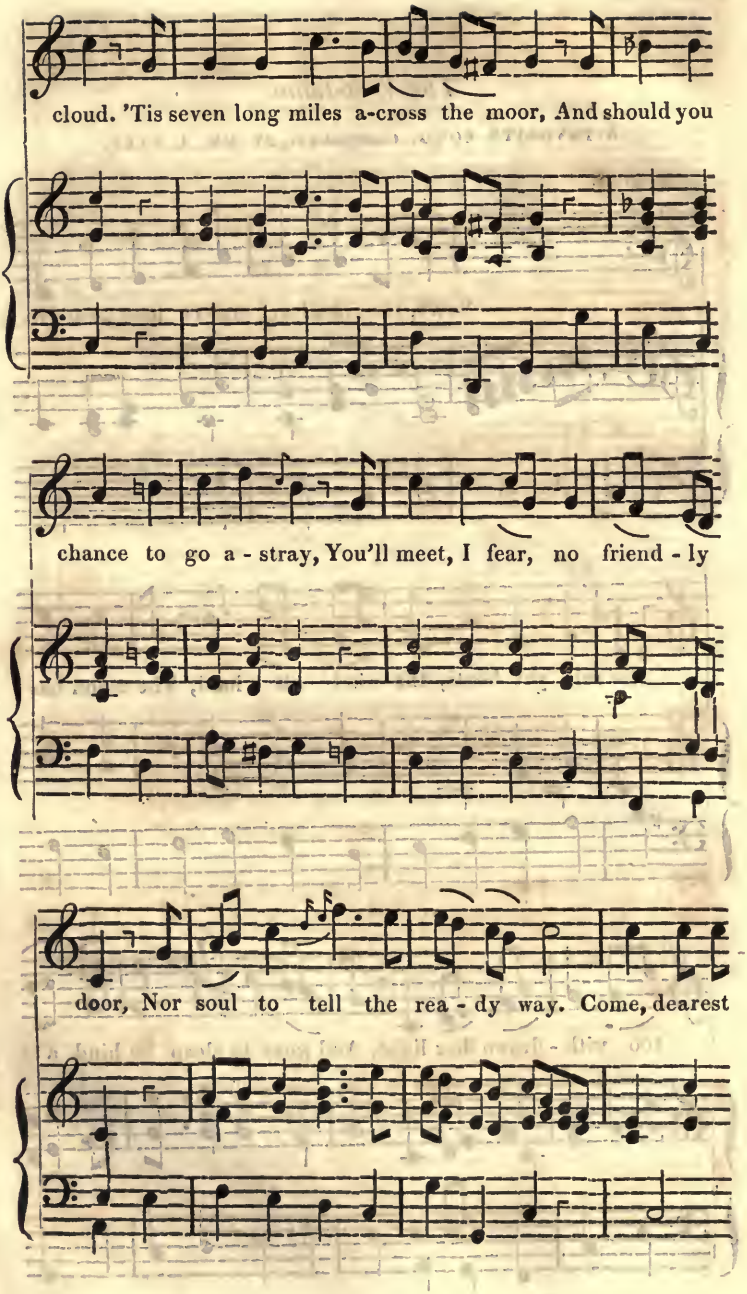
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

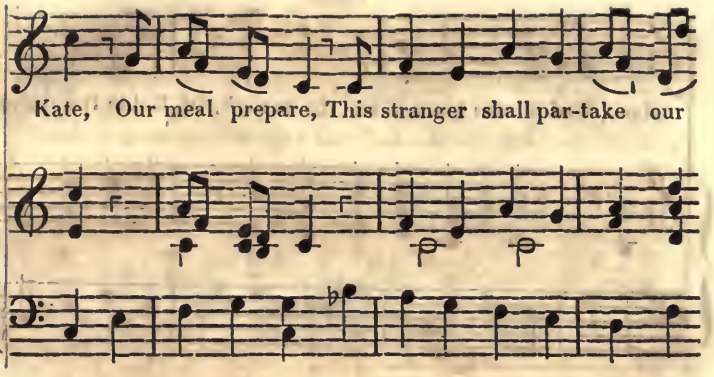
Allegretto. [Air—*St. Senanus and the Lady.*

rage, And on the deck the lov-ers stand, To-ge-ther
hand in hand, Her sun - ny locks, his ra - ven
hair, Are float - ing in the stor - my

In Italy's bright land of flowers,
They spent their young and ardent hours.
An instant! and their tomb will be
Beneath the dark, blue sea.
But the worst horrors death can bring,
Will only make them closer cling.

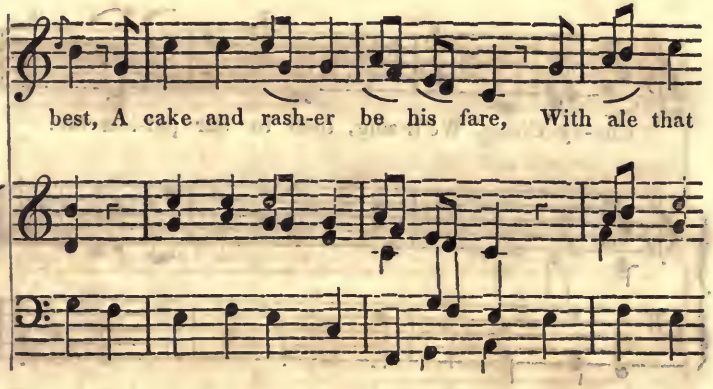
'Tis past! the welt'ring waves now clasp
That fated vessel in their grasp.
'Mid human misery's piercing cry,
Their lips gave one fond sigh;
And form in form entwin'd, they sleep
In the blue bosom of the deep.

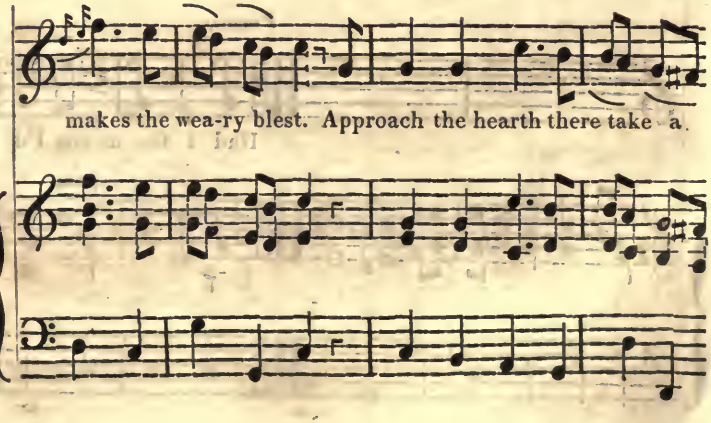
The Woodman.

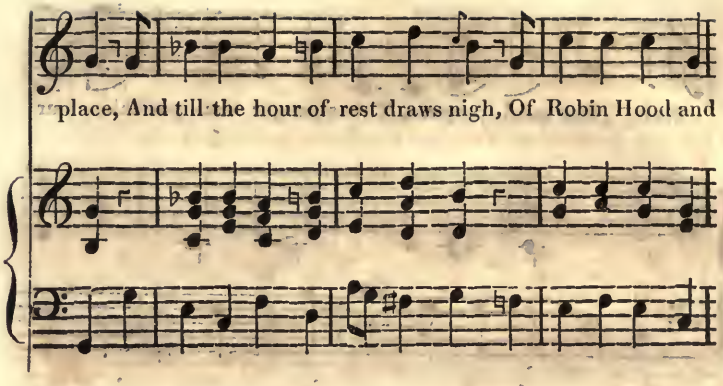
A FAVORITE SONG, COMPOSED BY MR. LINLEY.

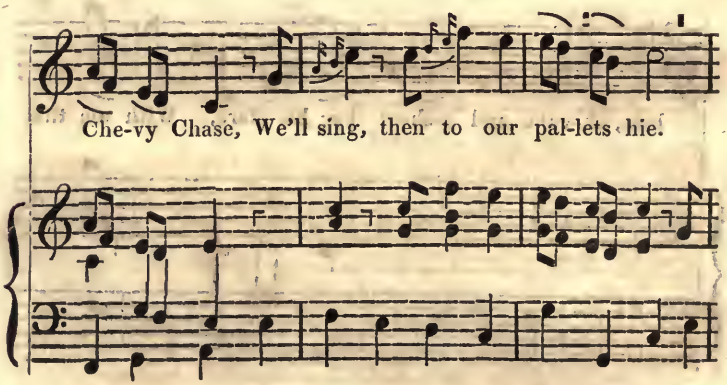


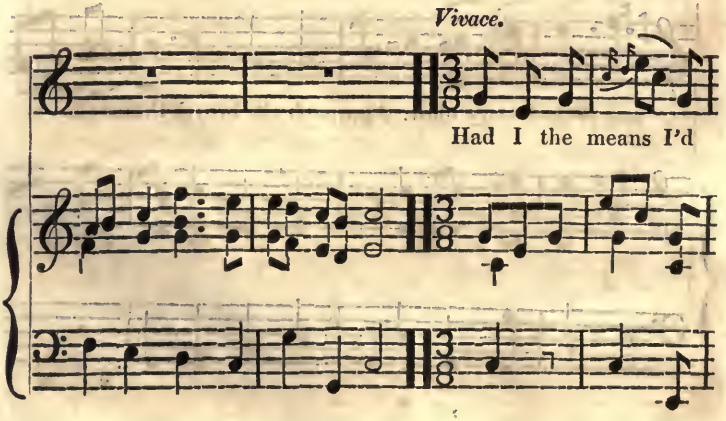
cloud. 'Tis seven long miles a-cross the moor, And should you
chance to go a - stray, You'll meet, I fear, no friend - ly
door, Nor soul to tell the rea - dy way. Come, dearest

Kate, Our meal prepare, This stranger shall par-take our

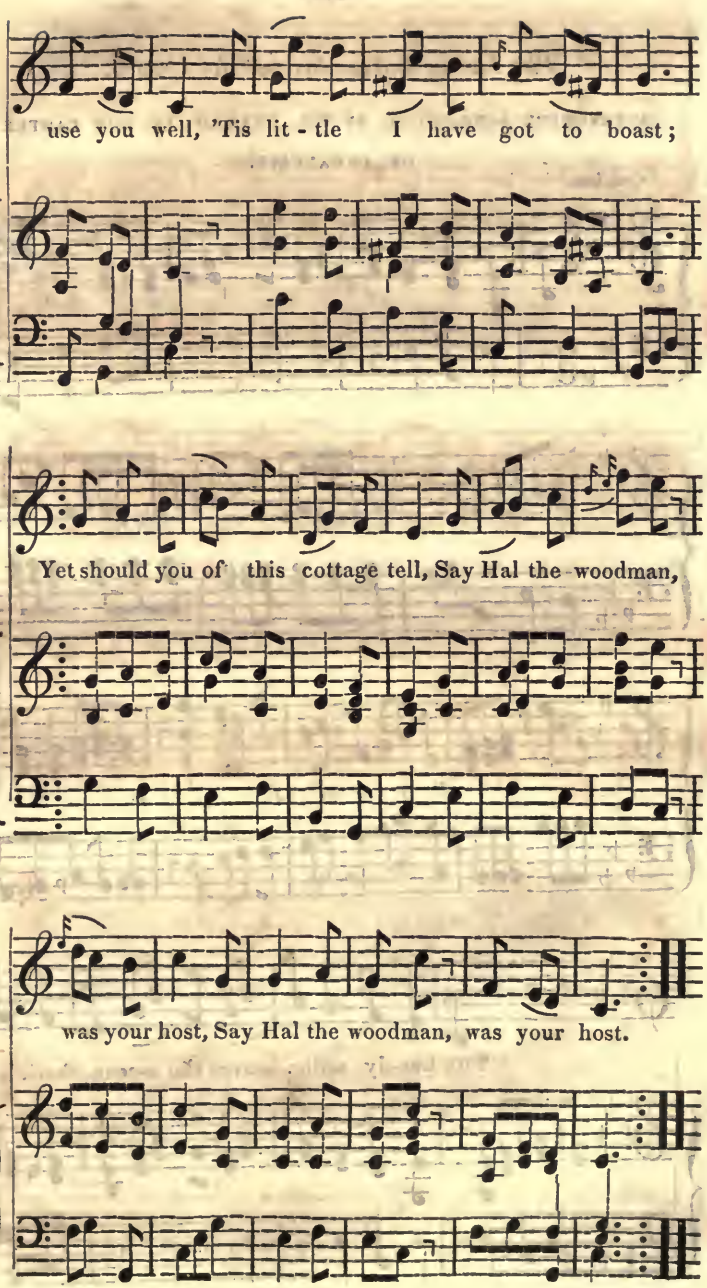

best, A cake and rash-er be his fare, With ale that


makes the wea-ry blest. Approach the hearth there take a


place, And till the hour of rest draws nigh, Of Robin Hood and

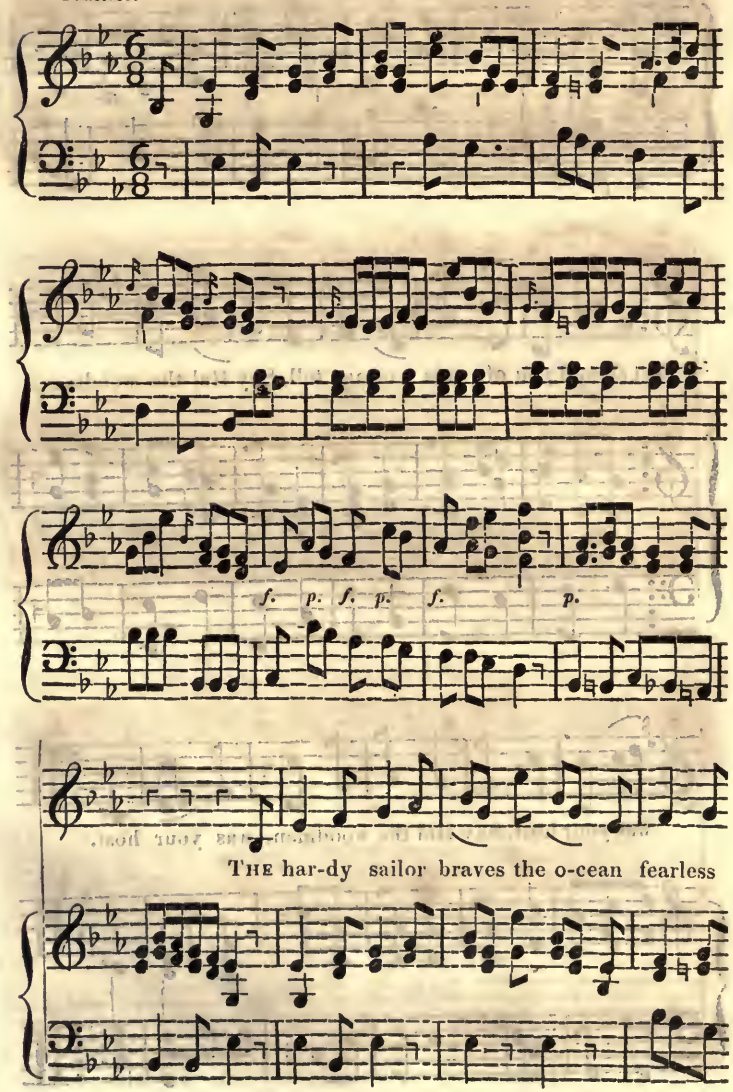
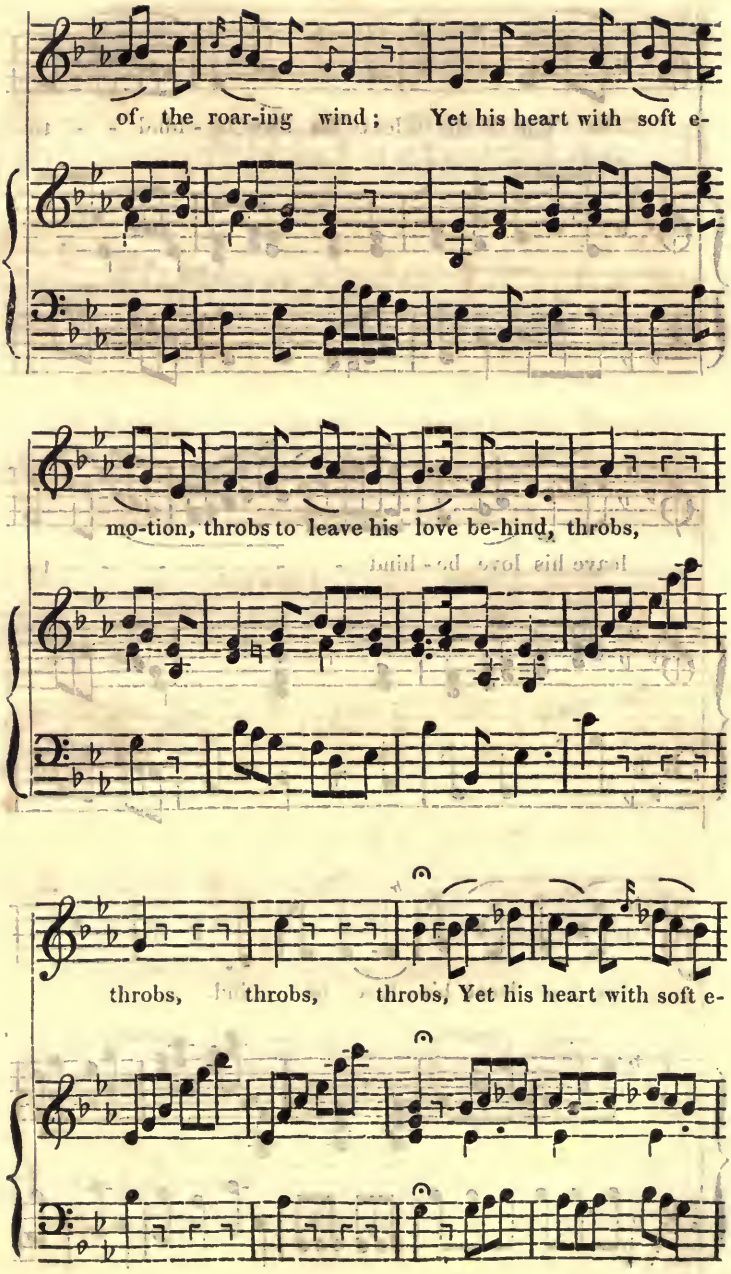
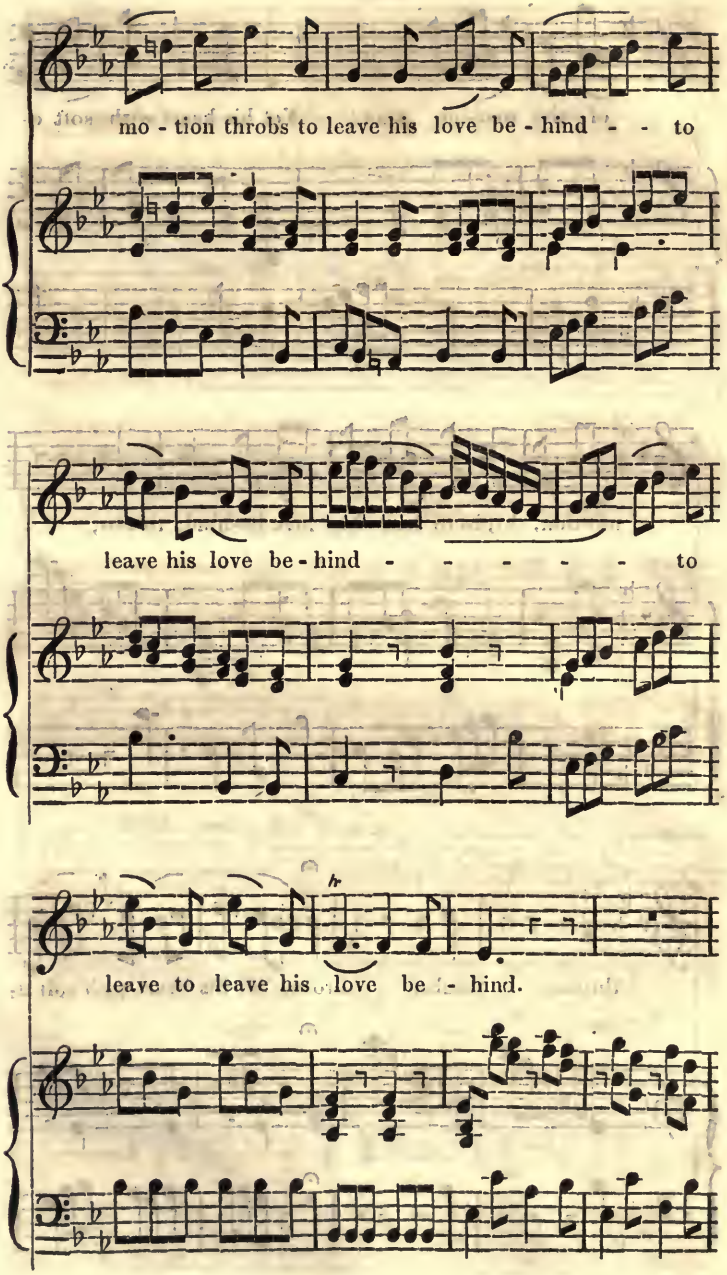
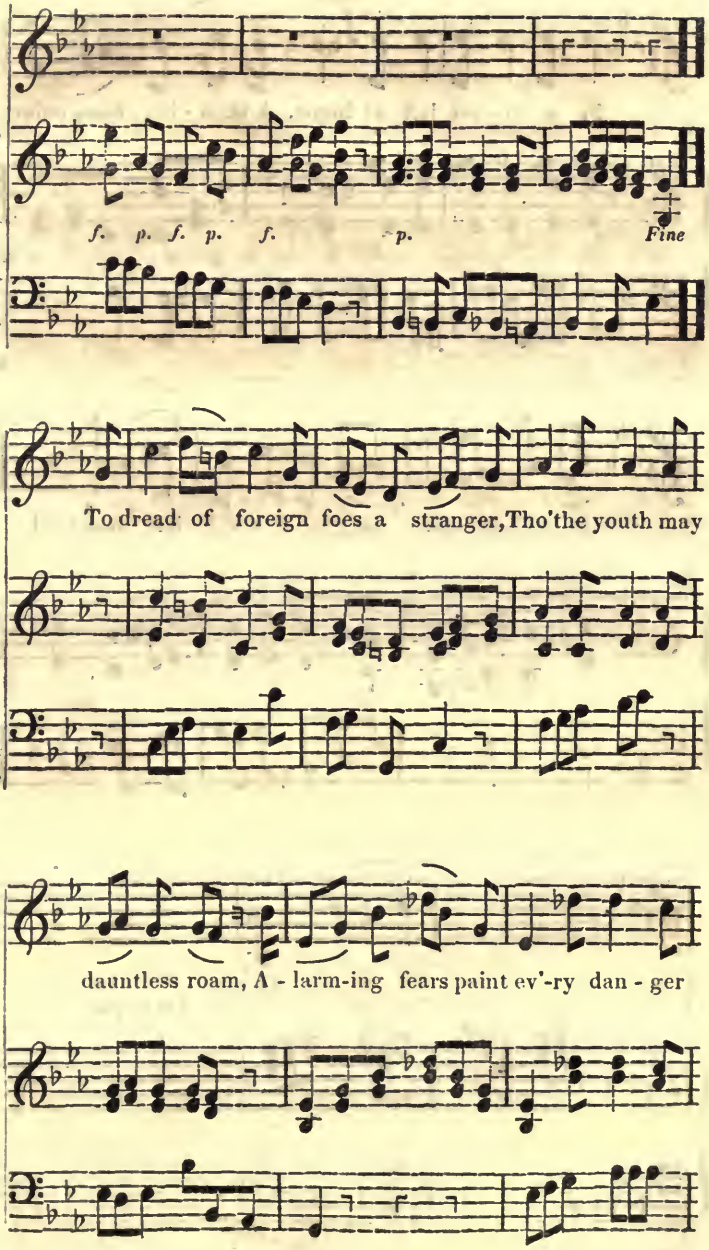
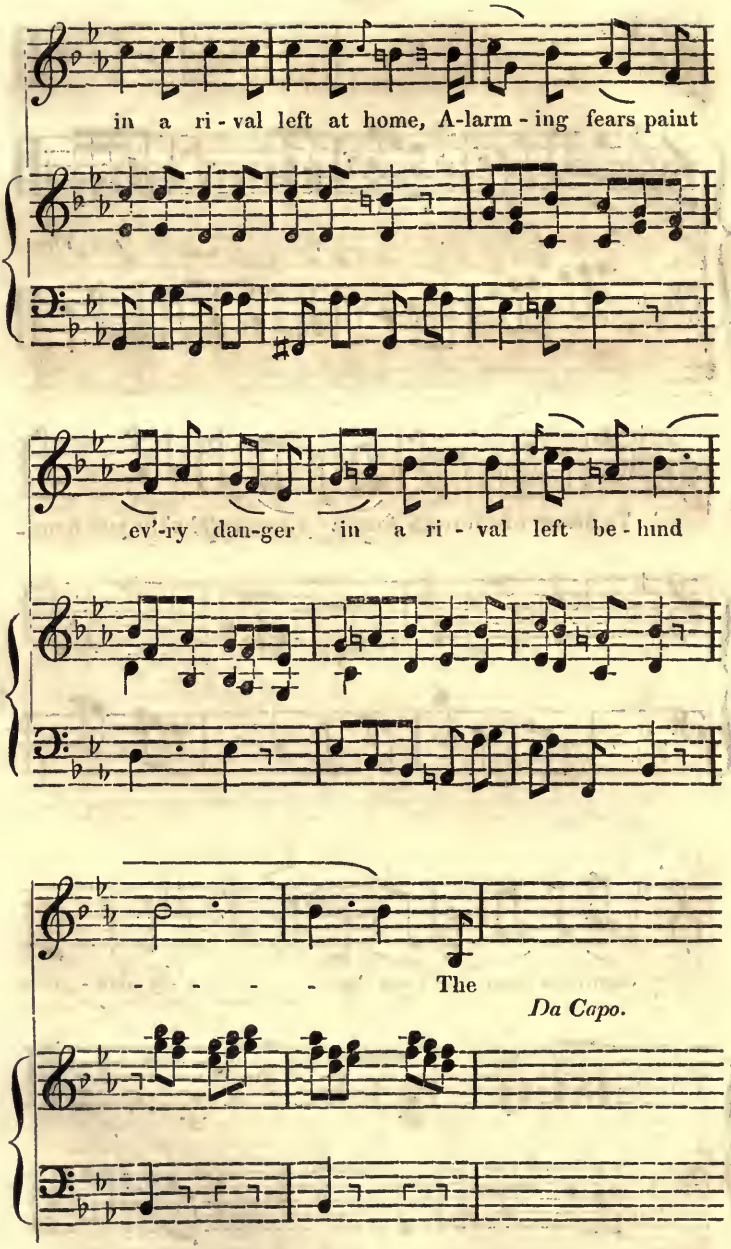

Che-vy Chase, We'll sing, then to our pal-lets hie.


Vivace.
Had I the means I'd


use you well, 'Tis lit - tle I have got to boast;
Yet should you of this cottage tell, Say Hal the woodman,
was your host, Say Hal the woodman, was your host.

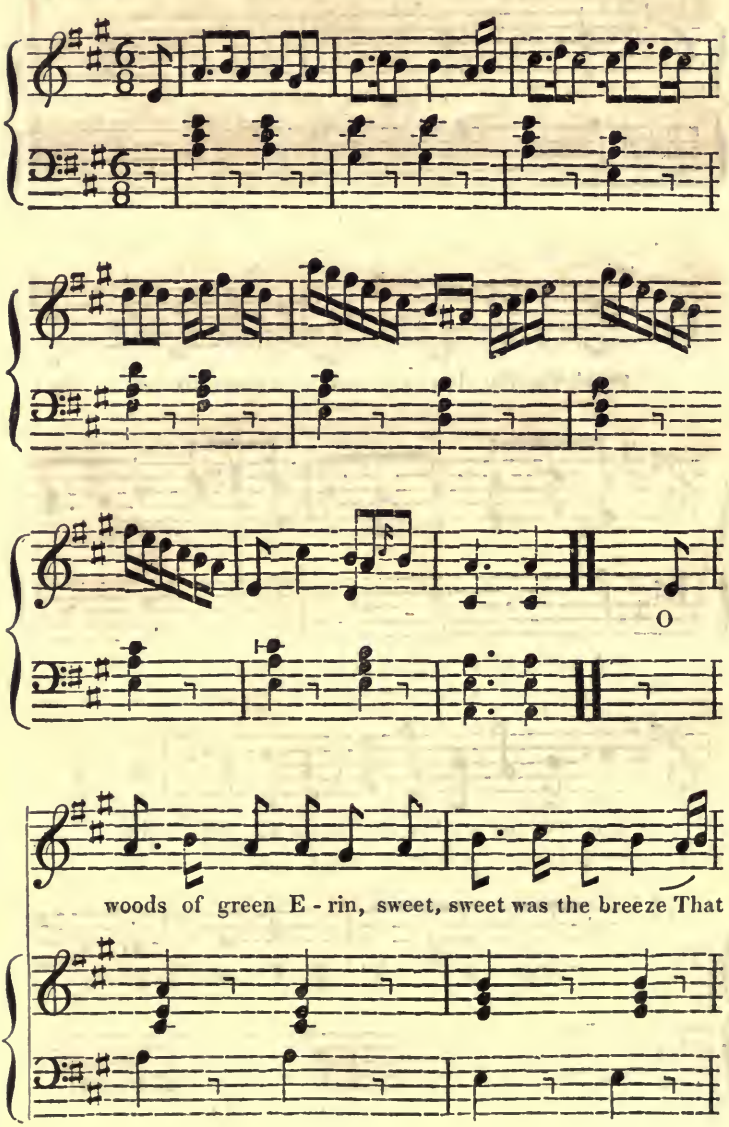
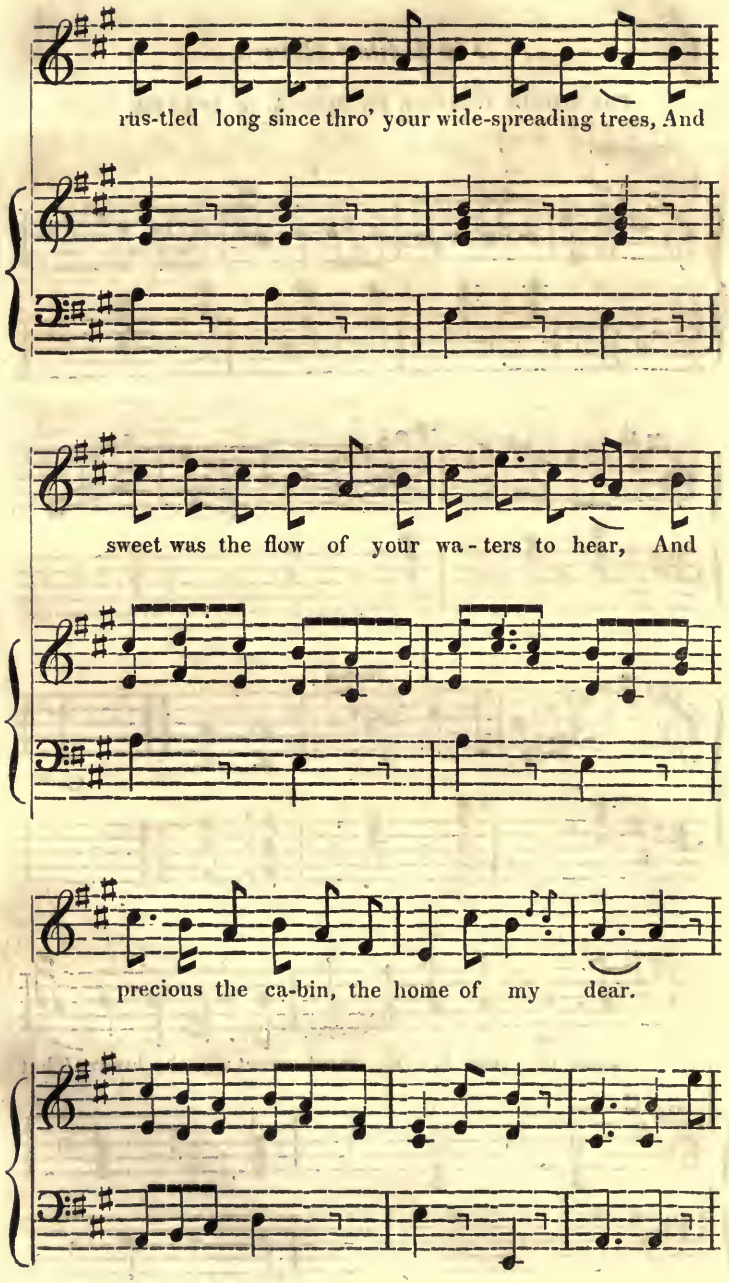
The hardy Sailor braves the Ocean.

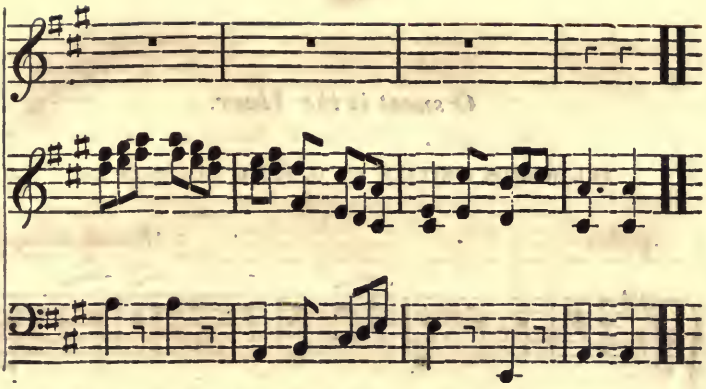
A FAVORITE SONG, SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM, IN THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

Grazioso.


of the roar-ing wind; Yet his heart with soft e-
mo-tion, throbs to leave his love be-hind, throbs,
throbs, throbs, throbs, Yet his heart with soft e-

mo - tion throbs to leave his love be - hind - - to
leave his love be - hind - - - - - to
leave to leave his love be - hind.

f. p. f. p. f. p. Fine
To dread of foreign foes a stranger, Tho' the youth may
dauntless roam, A - larm-ing fears paint ev'-ry dan - ger

in a ri - val left at home, A-larm - ing fears paint
ev'-ry dan-ger in a ri - val left be - hind
- - - - The
Da Capo.

The Exile's Return.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS A. M. PORTER.

Espressivo.

rus-tled long since thro' your wide-spreading trees, And
sweet was the flow of your wa-ters to hear, And
precious the ca-bin, the home of my dear.



For then thro' your groves, by your waters I walk'd,
And with Norah of love and of happiness talk'd,
While calm as the moonlight that silver'd your charms,
My child, softly sleeping, lay press'd in her arms.

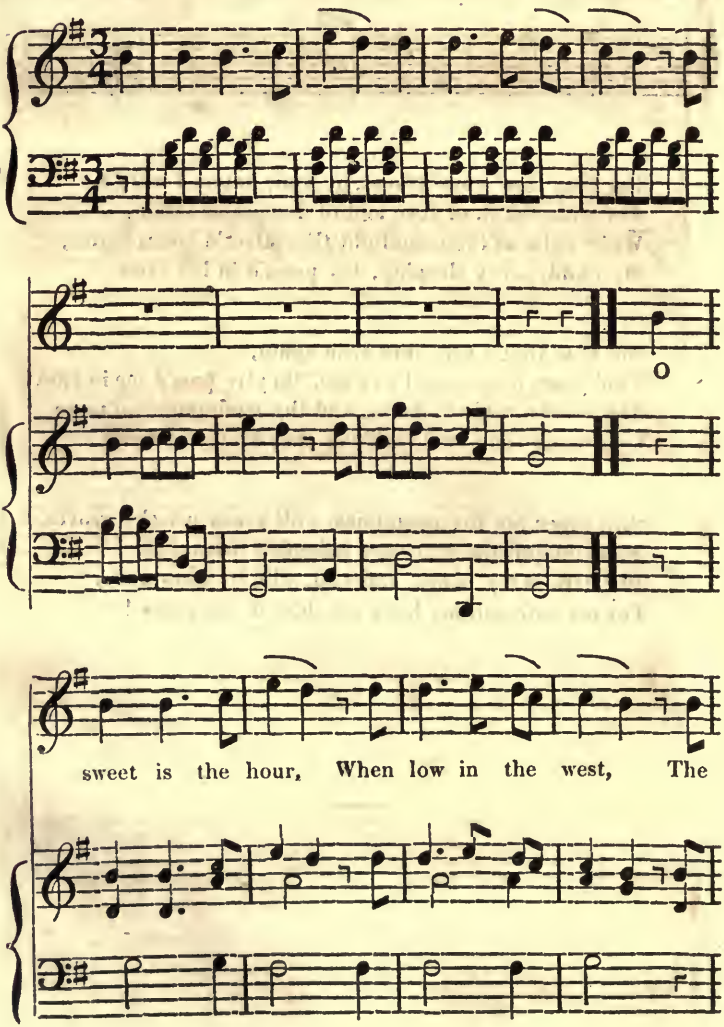
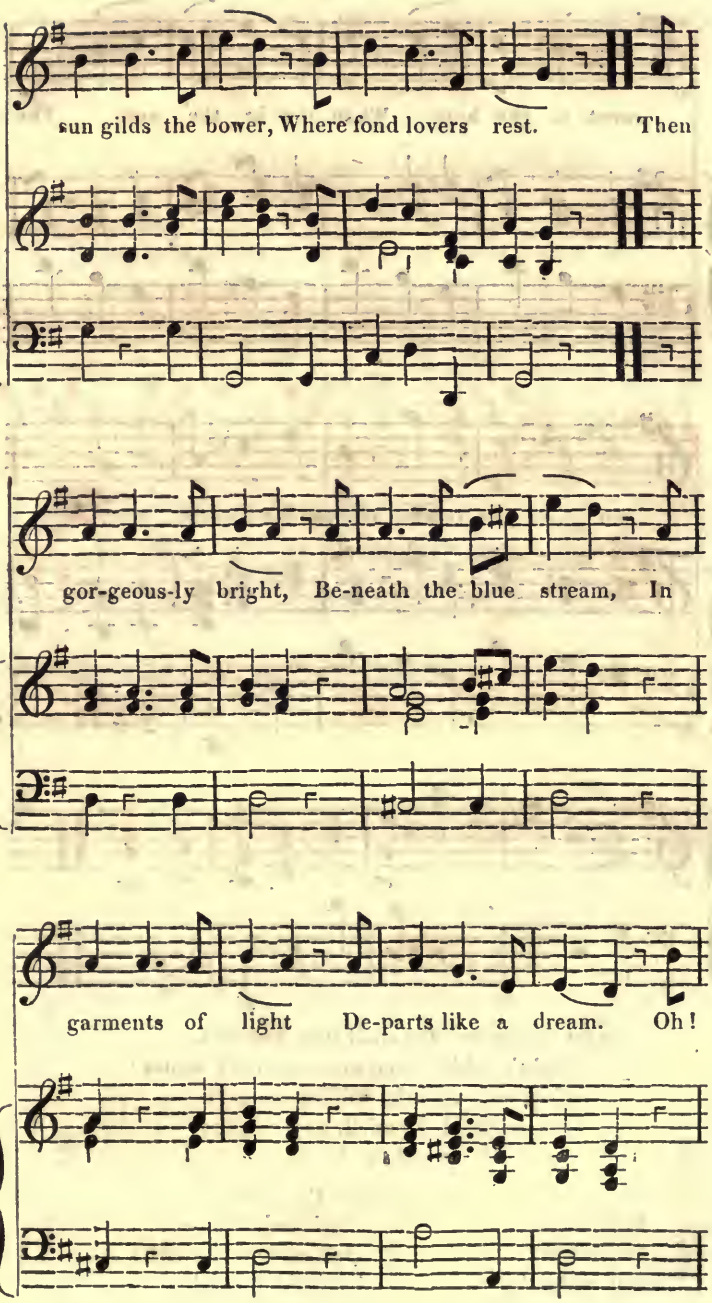
But now that I visit thee Erin again,
Tho' years have pass'd o'er me, they've pass'd me in vain;
Thy woods, and thy lakes, and thy mountains, no more
Can renew such fond thrills as they kindled before.

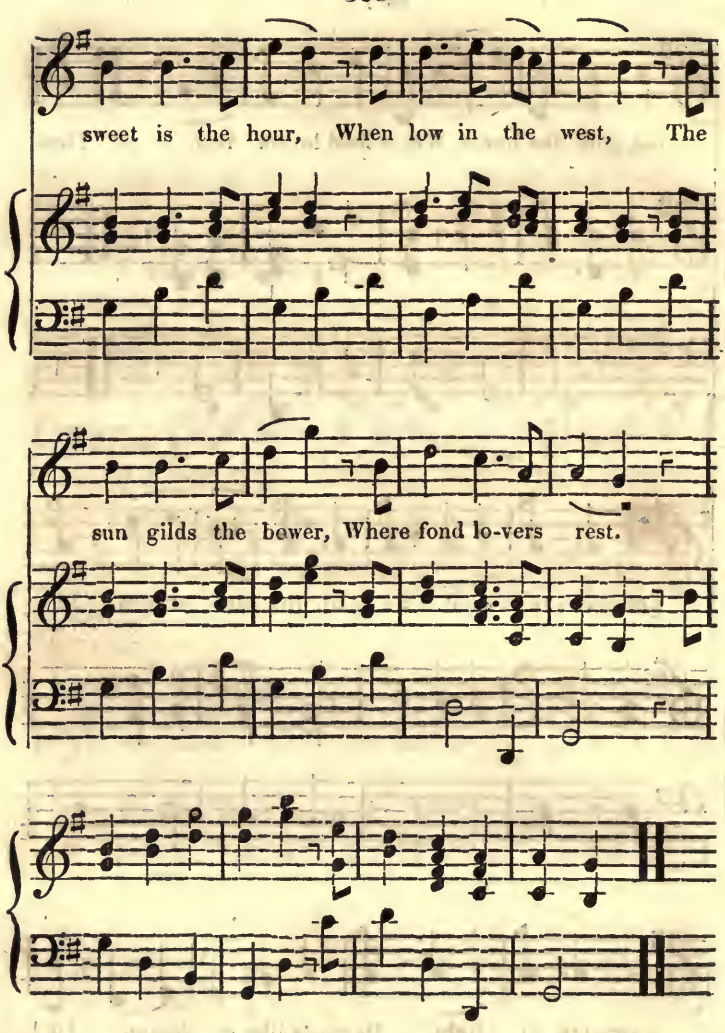
Still green are thy mountains, still green are thy groves,
Still tranquil the water my sad spirit loves;
But dark is my home, and wild, wild its trees wave,
For my wife and my baby are dust in the grave!

O sweet is the Hour.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY D. L, RICHARDSON Esq.

Affctuoso. [*Spanish Melody.*



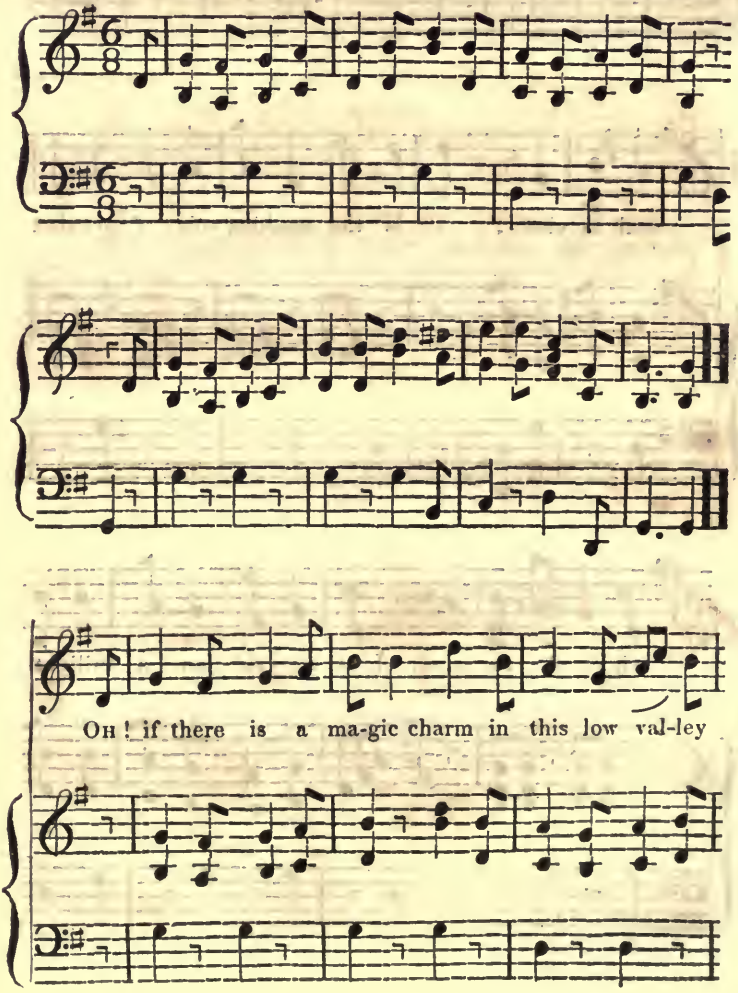
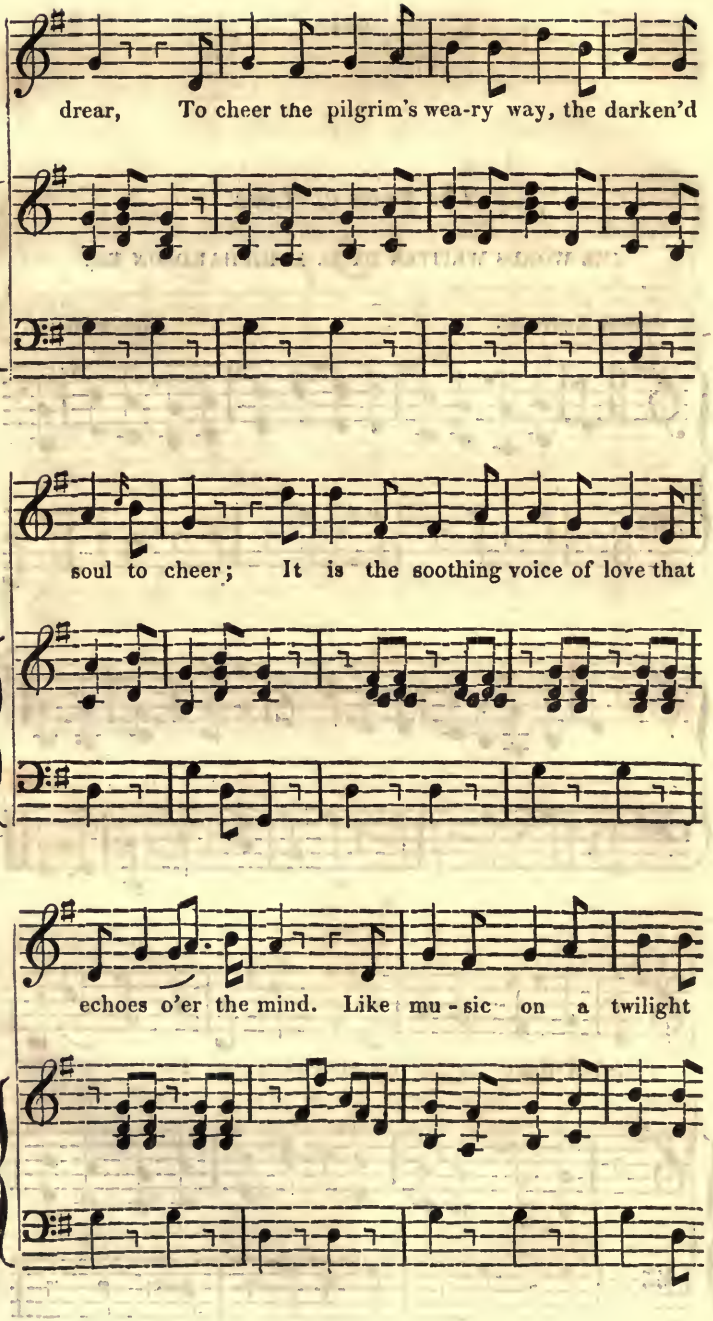
sun gilds the bower, Where fond lovers rest. Then
gor-geous-ly bright, Be-neath the blue stream, In
garments of light De-parts like a dream. Oh!

O sweet and serene the spell that beguiles,
When Night's sable queen more tenderly smiles:
The boldest are coy—the wildest are grave—
The sad feel a joy loud mirth never gave!
O! sweet is, &c.

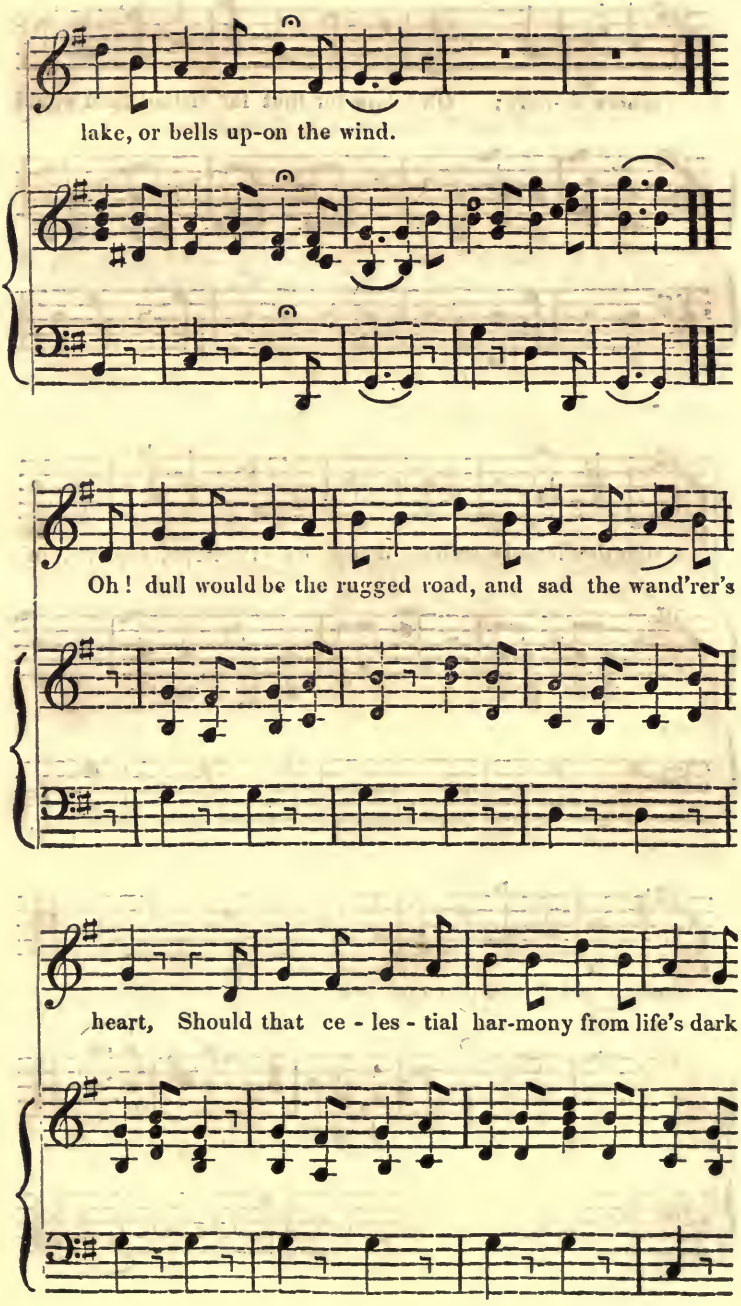
The spirits of love, to hallow the time,
From regions above, pour music sublime;—
Their harmonies cheer the dull gloom of night,
And wake the sweet tear of voiceless delight.

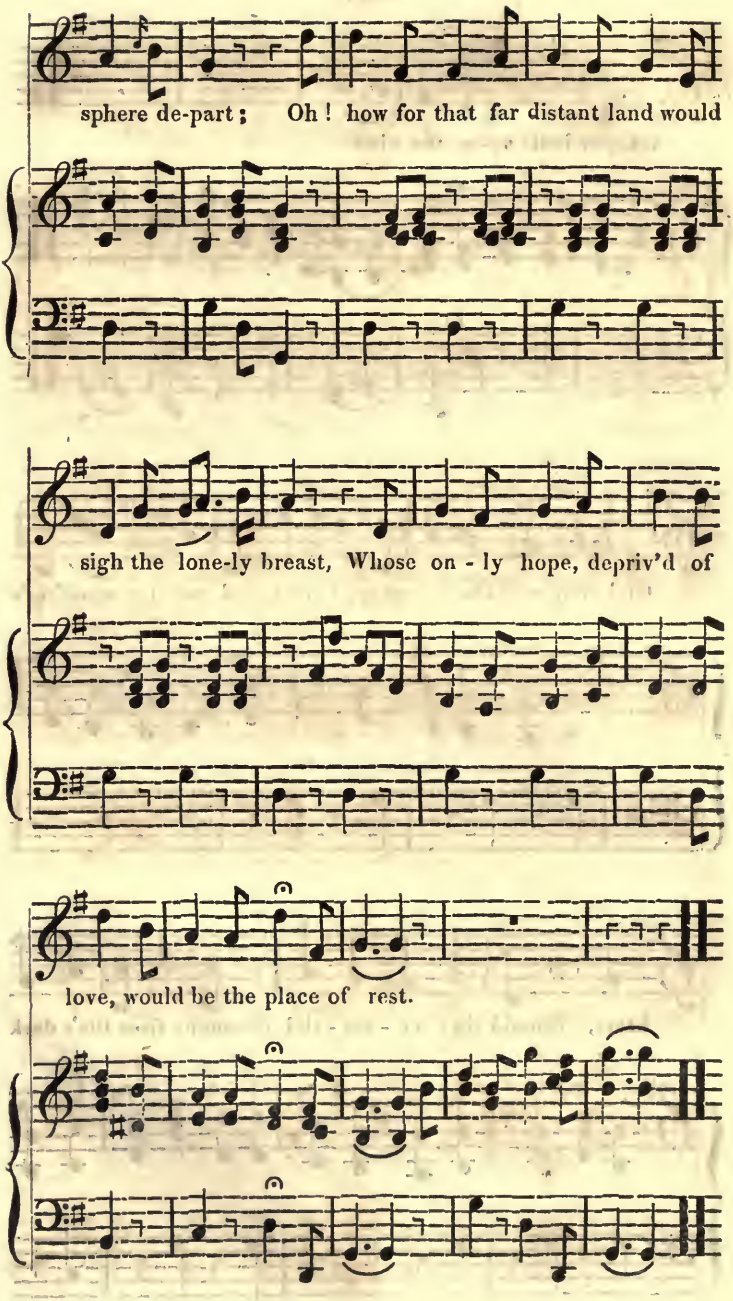
The Voice of Love.

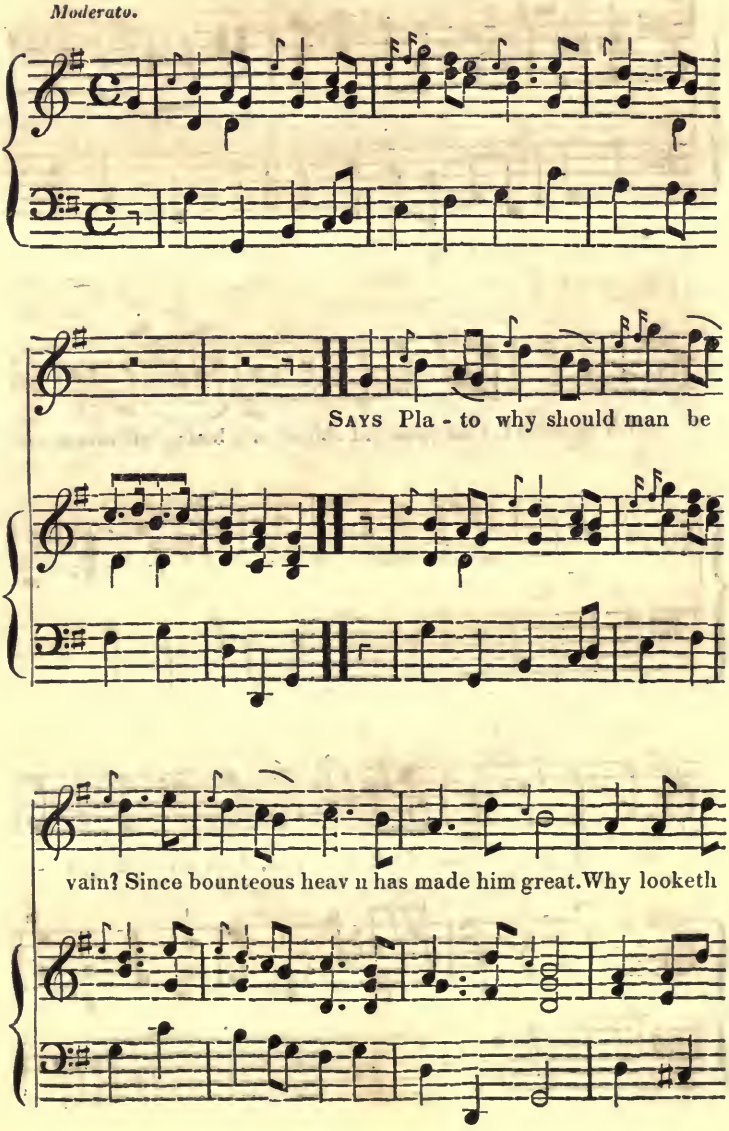
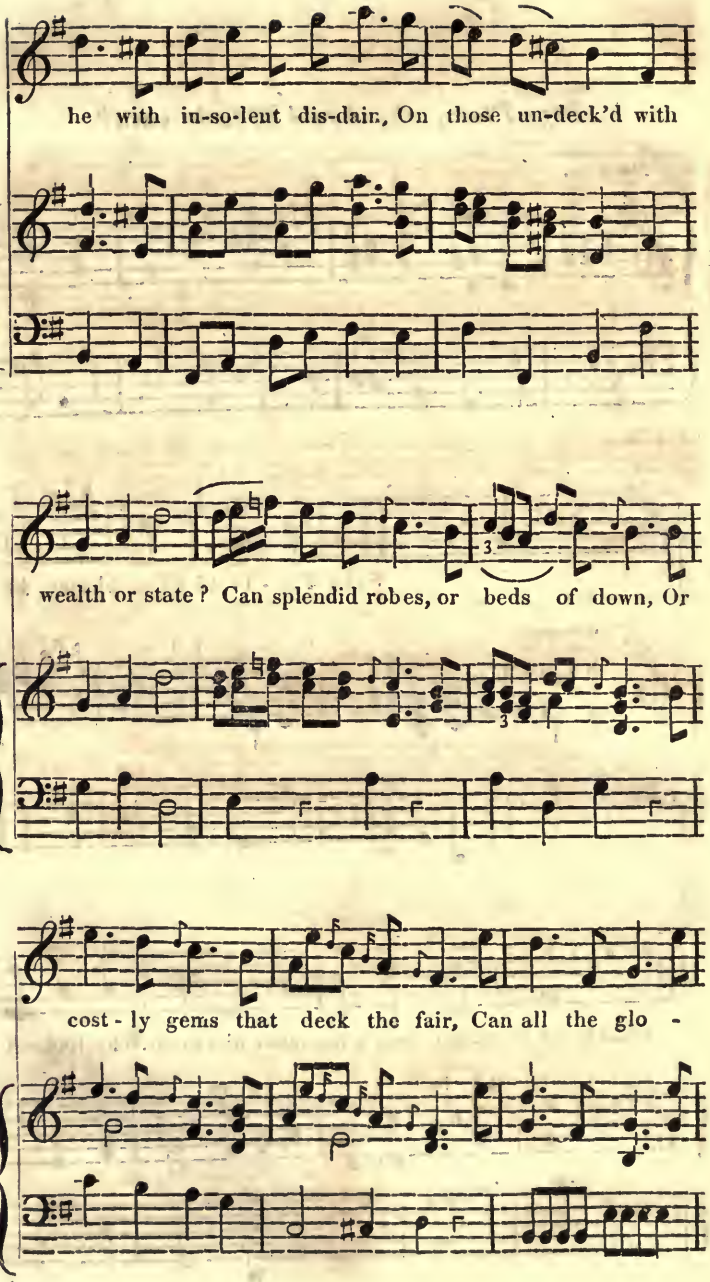
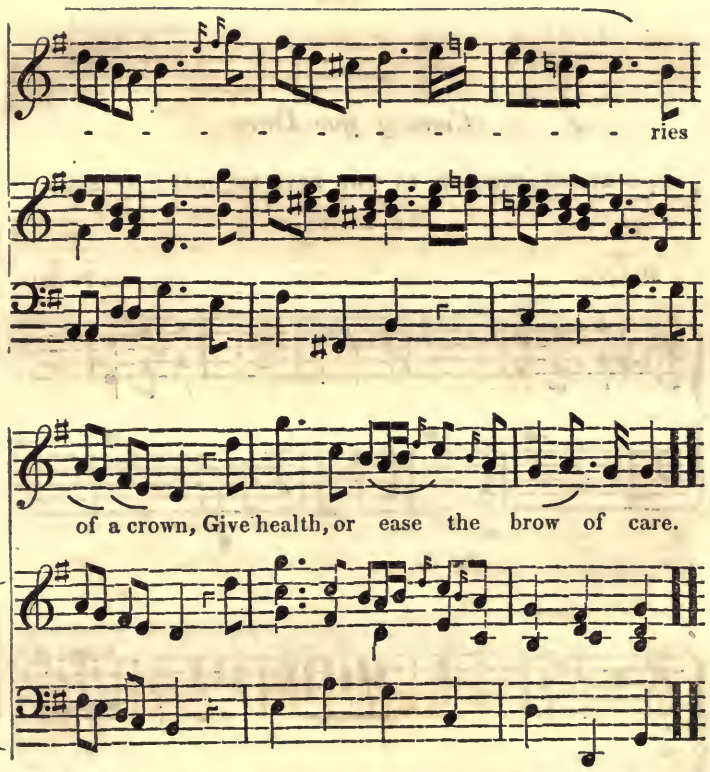
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY D. L. RICHARDSON Esq.

Andante Espressivo. [*Italian Melody.*



drear, To cheer the pilgrim's wea-ry way, the darken'd
soul to cheer; It is the soothing voice of love that
echoes o'er the mind. Like mu-sic on a twilight

lake, or bells up-on the wind.
Oh! dull would be the rugged road, and sad the wand'rer's
heart, Should that ce - les - tial har-mony from life's dark


sphere de-part; Oh! how for that far distant land would
sigh the lone-ly breast, Whose on - ly hope, depriv'd of
love, would be the place of rest.

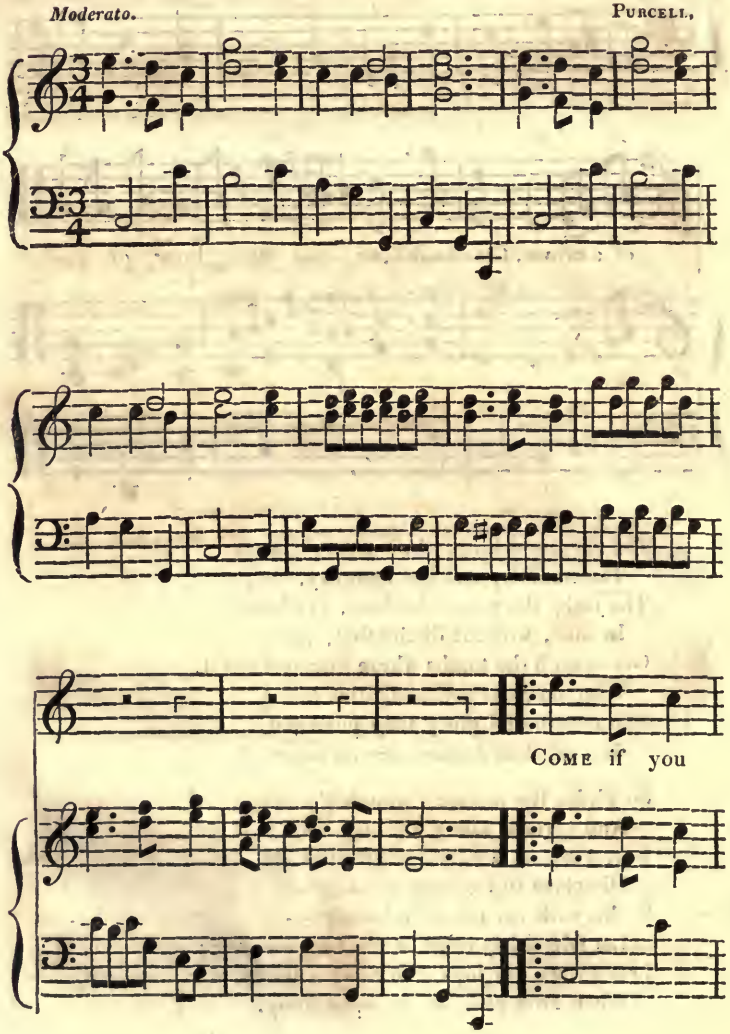
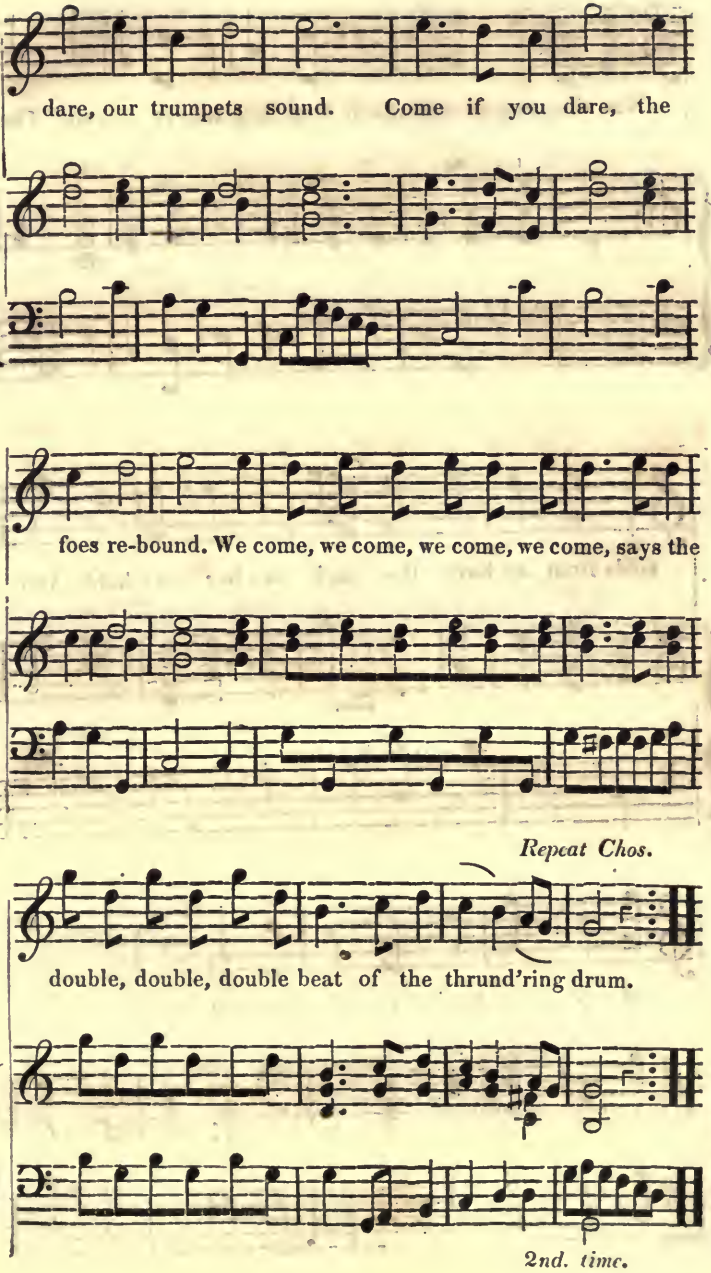
Says Plato, why should Man be vain?


he with in-so-lent dis-dain, On those un-deck'd with
wealth or state? Can splendid robes, or beds of down, Or
cost-ly gems that deck the fair, Can all the glo -

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty, die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie!
Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore:
The wealth and glory they possess'd,
And all their honors, are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train;
But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls;—
Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Lets crown our joys with flowing bowls,—
When Jove us calls, we must away.

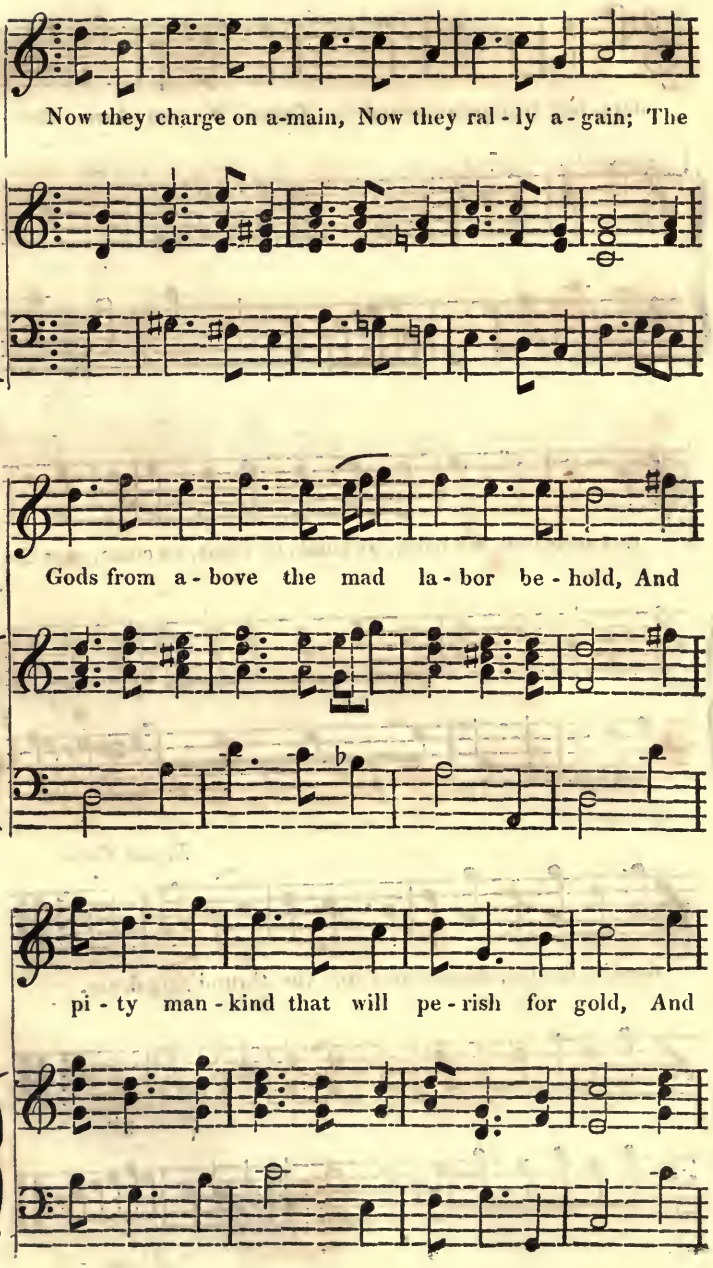
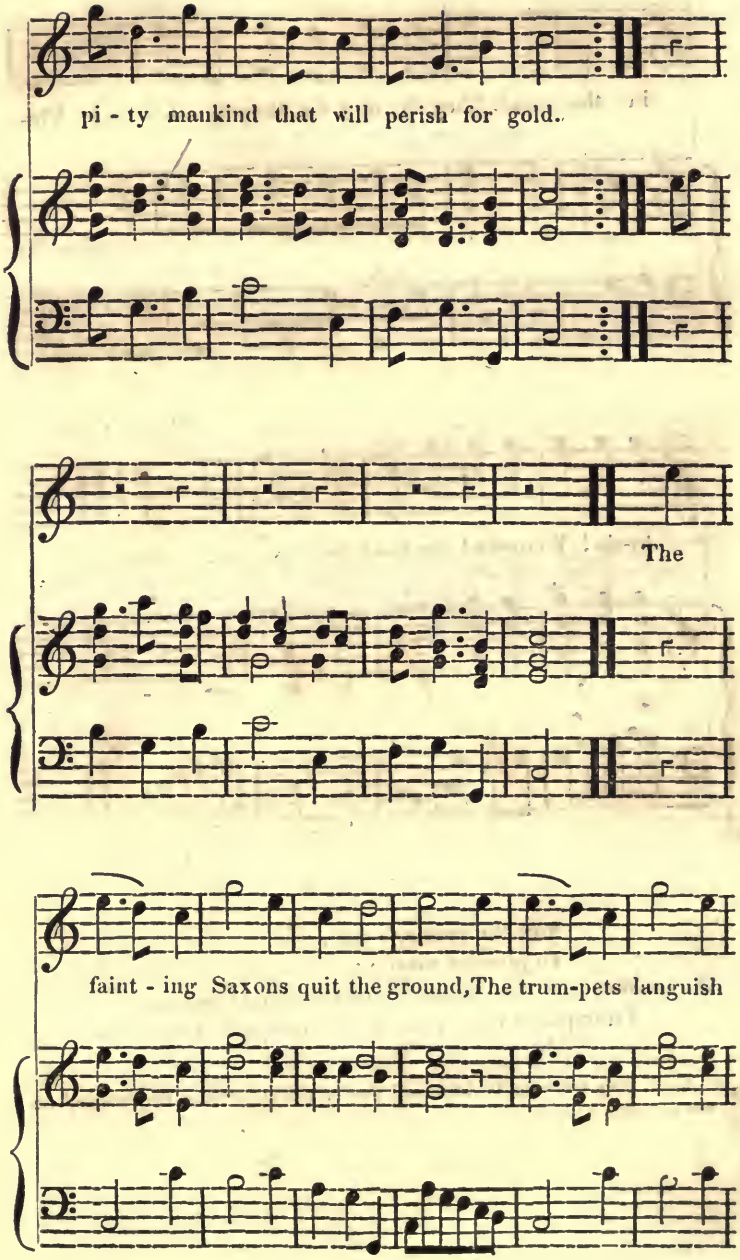
Come if you Dare.

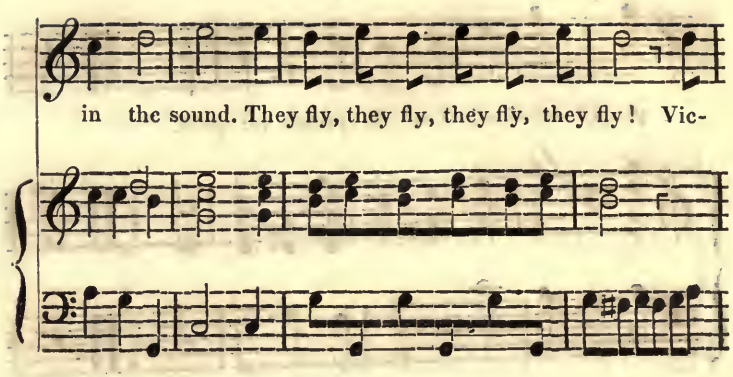
SUNG BY MR. THORNE, IN THE REVIVED OPERA OF ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

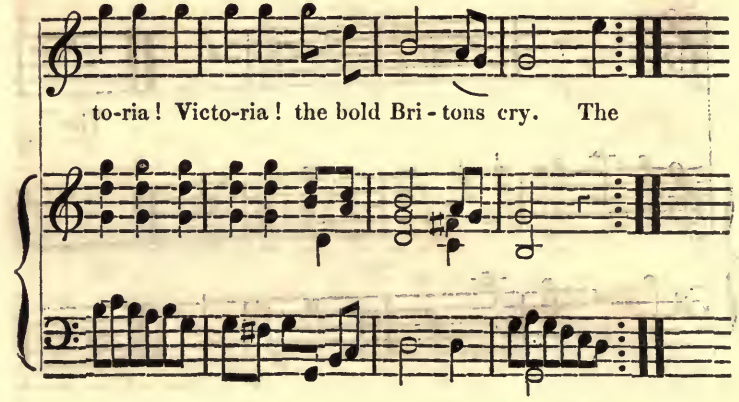
Moderato. PURCELL.



dare, our trumpets sound. Come if you dare, the
foes re-bound. We come, we come, we come, we come, says the
Repeat Chos.
double, double, double beat of the thrund'ring drum.
2nd. time.


Now they charge on a-main, Now they ral - ly a - gain; The
Gods from a - bove the mad la - bor be - hold, And
pi - ty man - kind that will pe - rish for gold, And

pi - ty mankind that will perish for gold.
The
faint - ing Saxons quit the ground, The trum-pets languish



Repeat Chos.

2nd. time.

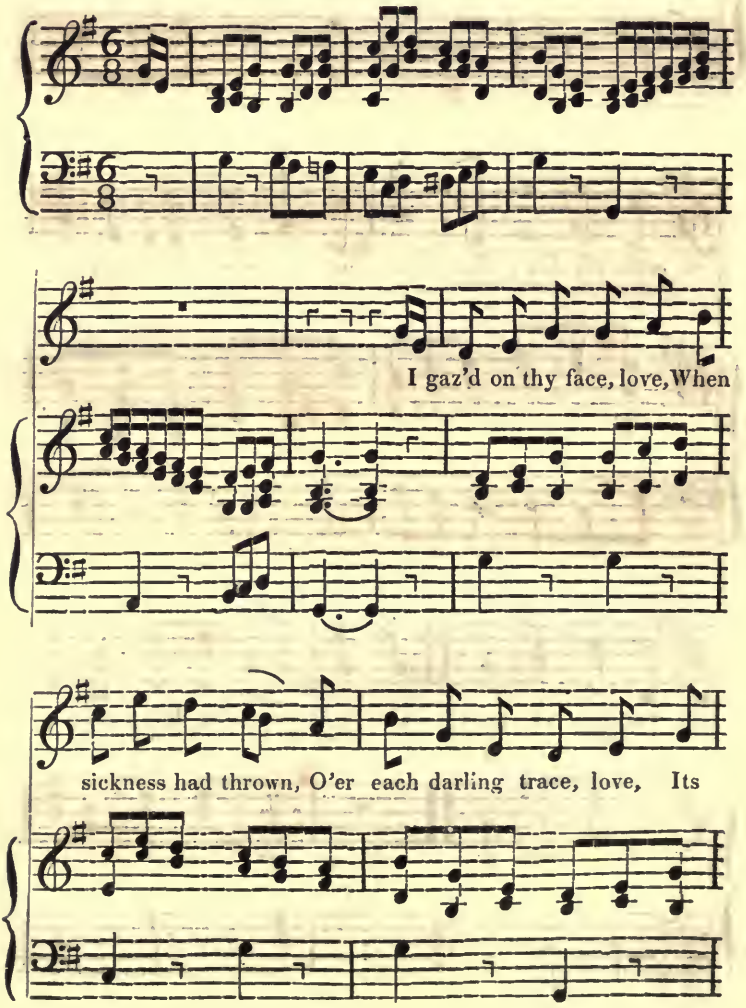
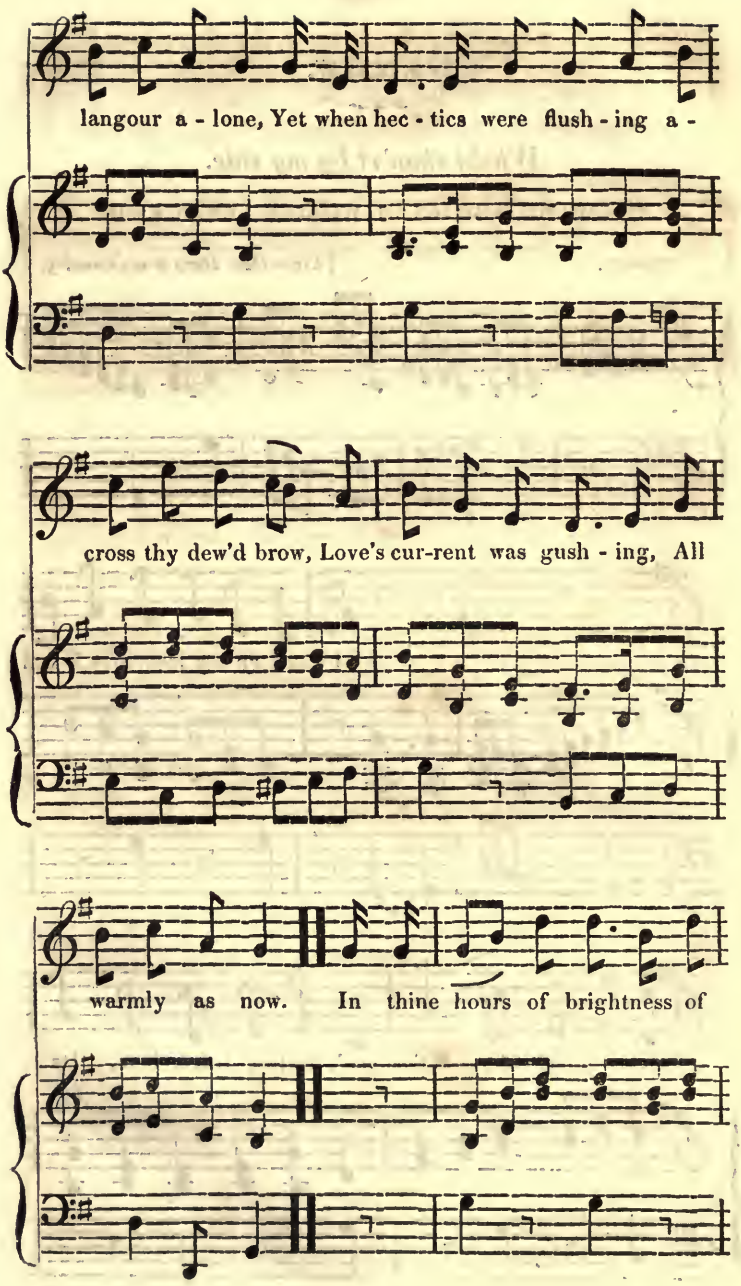
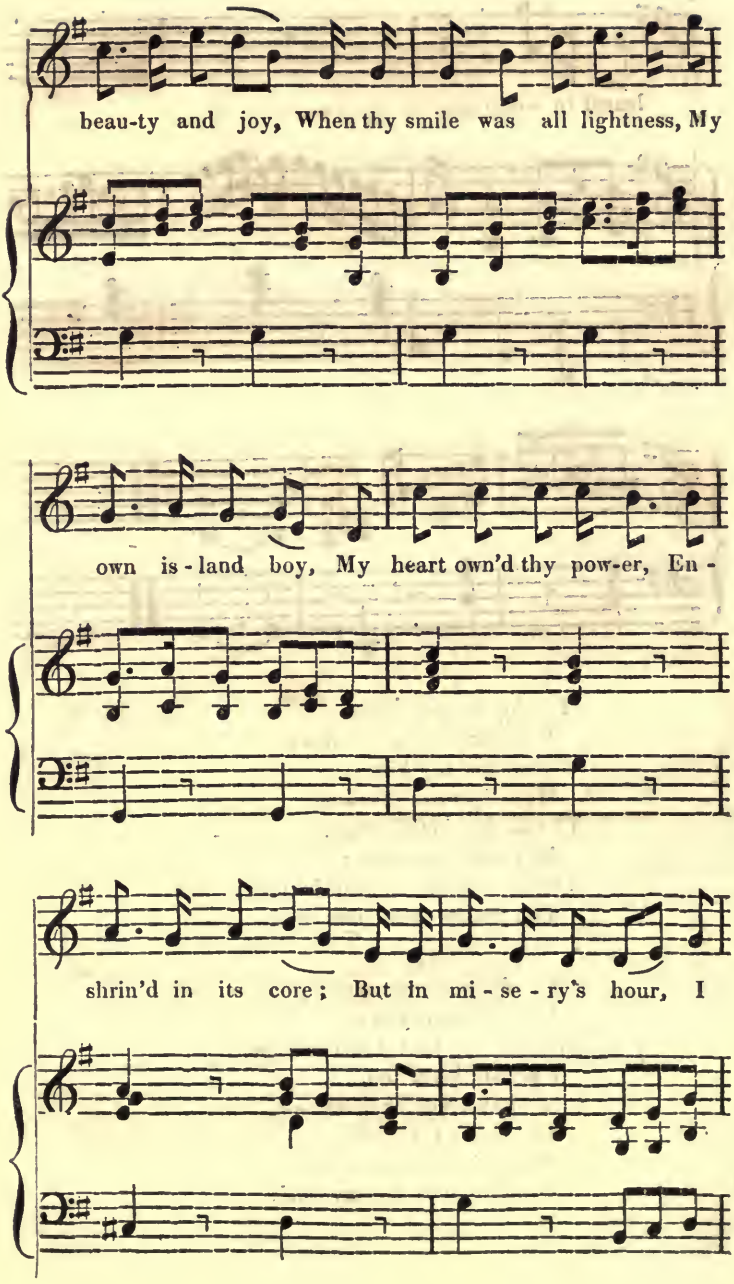
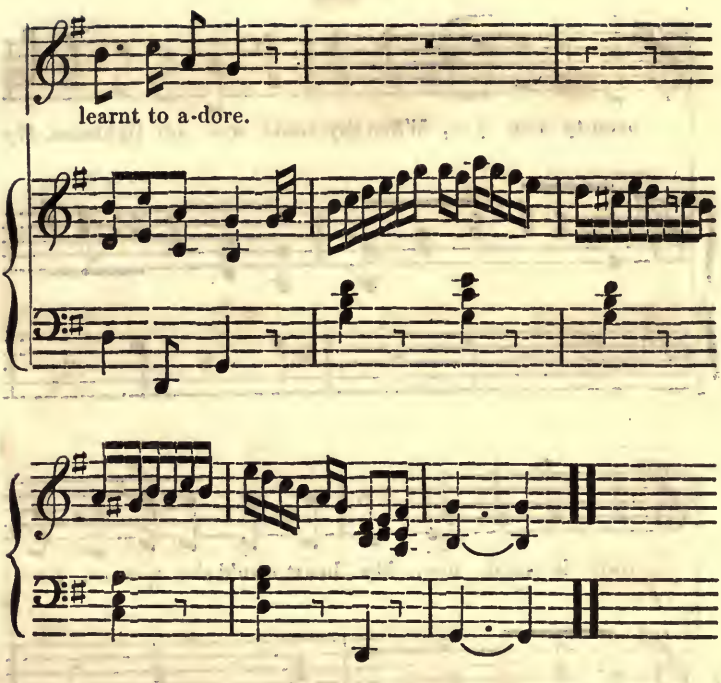
Now the victory's won,
To plunder we run;
We return to our lasses, like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of our vanquish'd invaders.

These lines are sung to the second part of the air—"Now they charge,' &c and repeated in chorus.

No. XXIV.

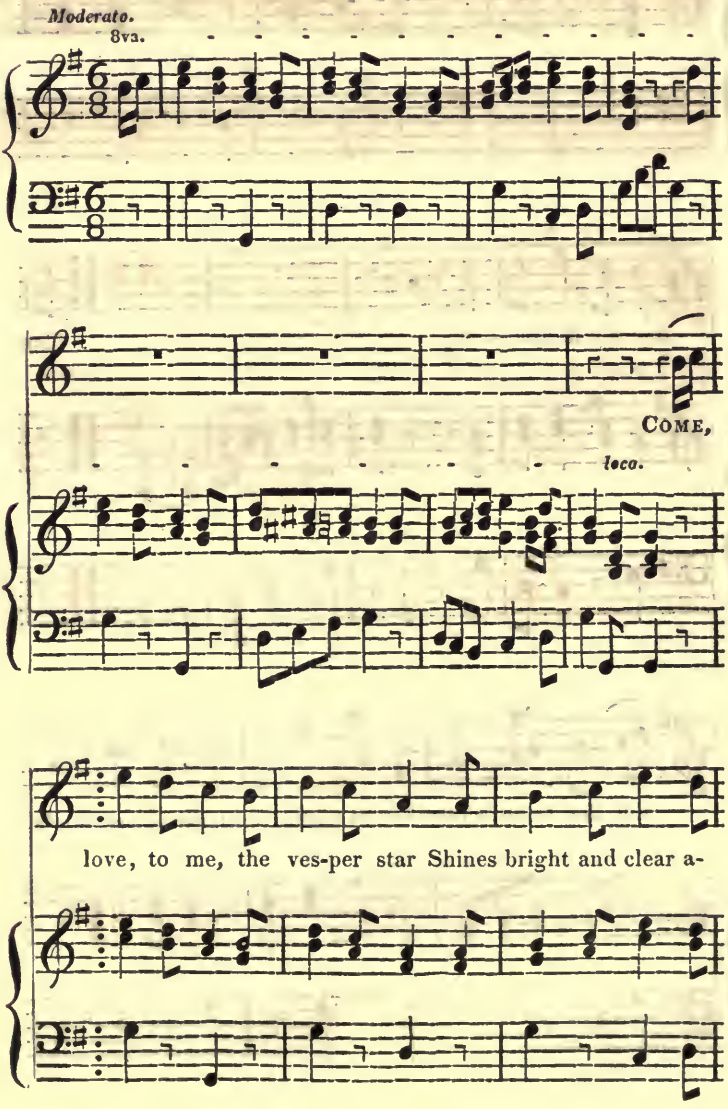
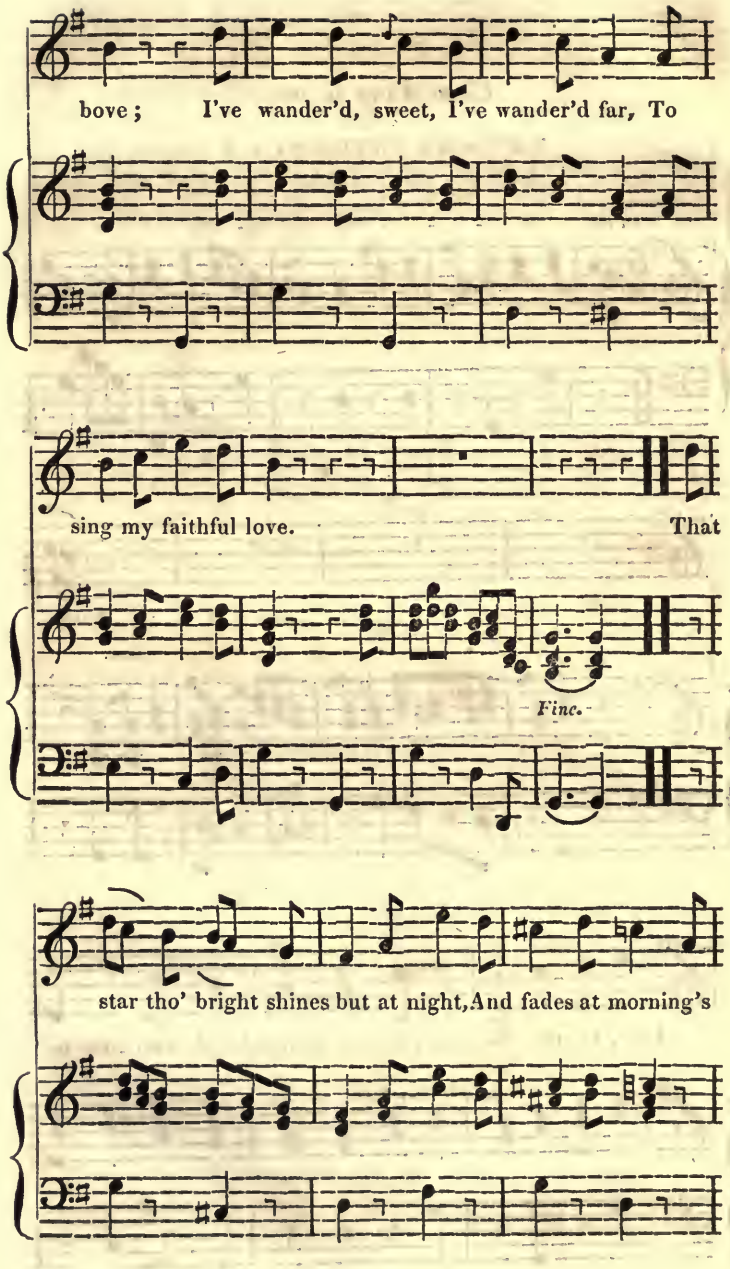
Whilst thou'rt by my side.

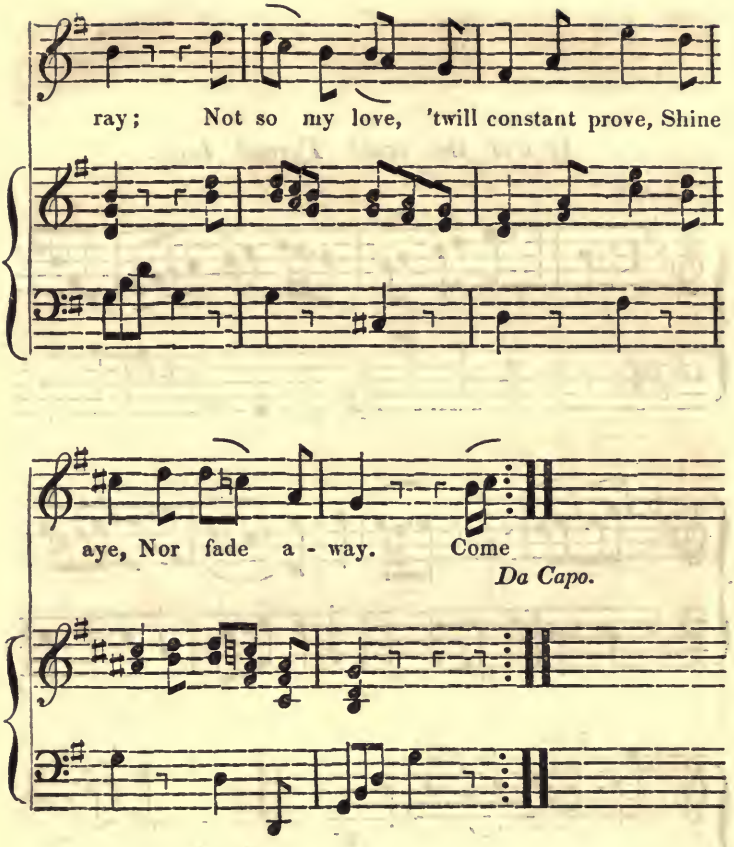
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto. [Air—*Dear Harp of my Country.*


langour a - lone, Yet when hec - tics were flush - ing a -
cross thy dew'd brow, Love's cur-rent was gush - ing, All
warmly as now. In thine hours of brightness of

beau-ty and joy, When thy smile was all lightness, My
own is-land boy, My heart own'd thy pow-er, En-
shrin'd in its core; But in mi-se-ry's hour, I

If I joy in thy blisses
When rapture's tide flows,
If dear are thy kisses,
More dear are thy woes.
The ill that befalls thee,
May call up a tear;
Yet the woe that enthrals thee,
But makes thee more dear.

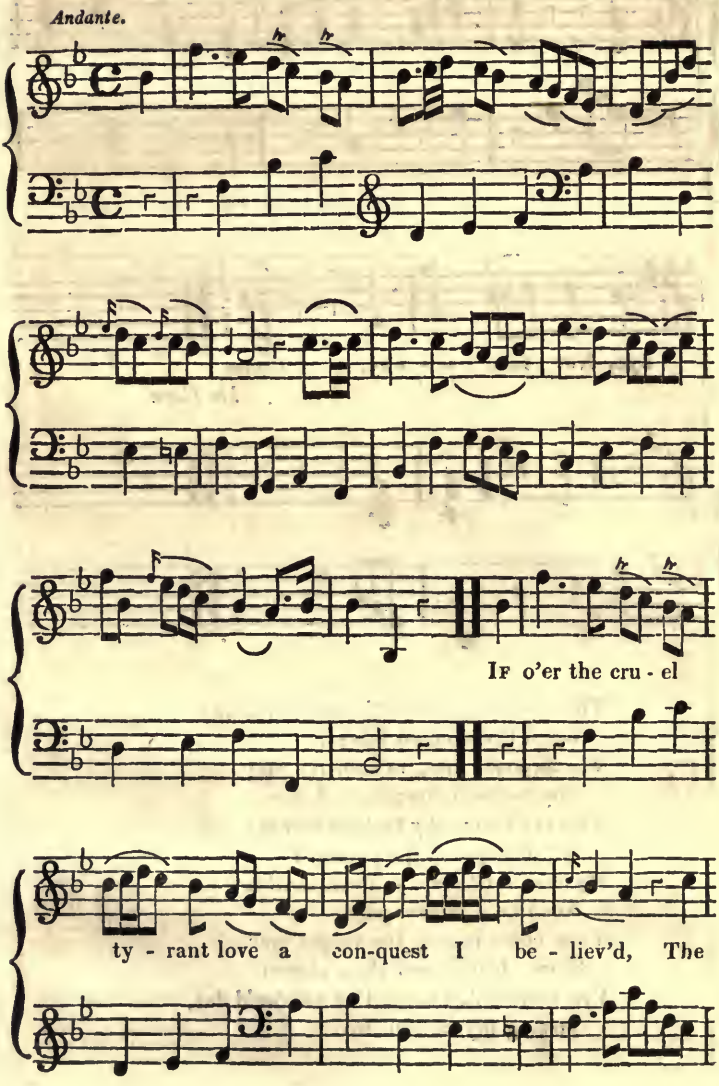
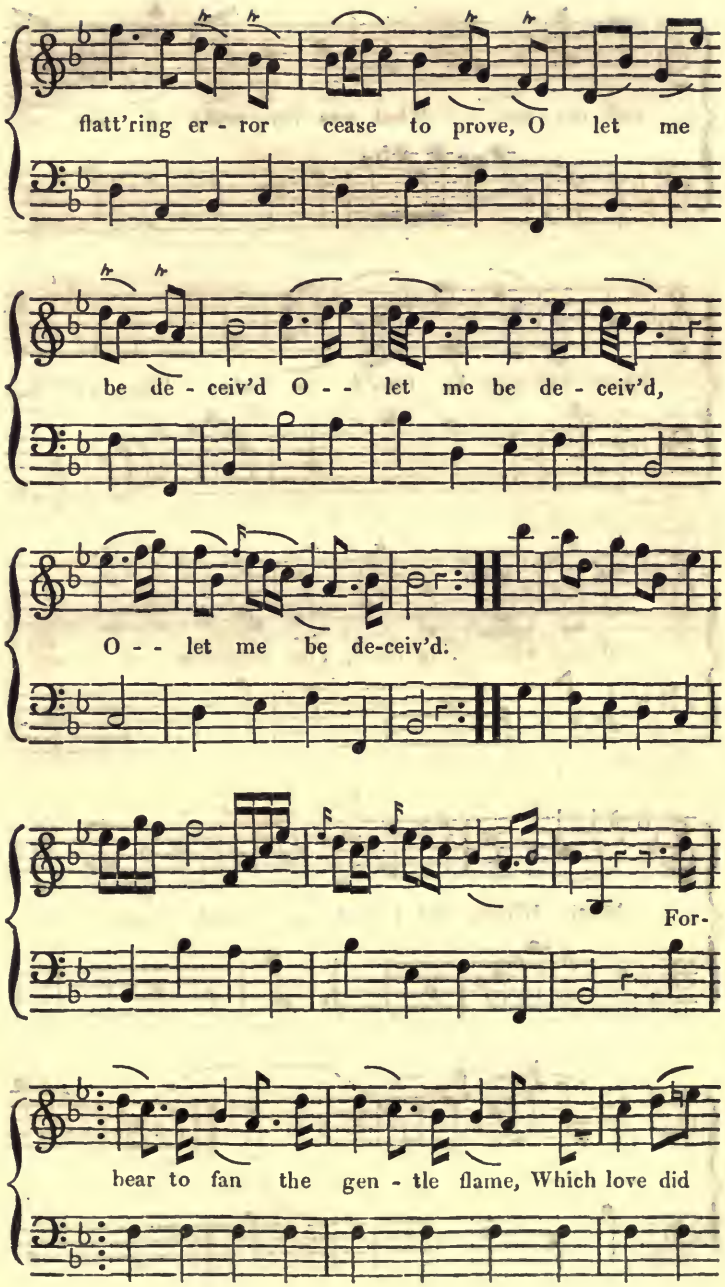
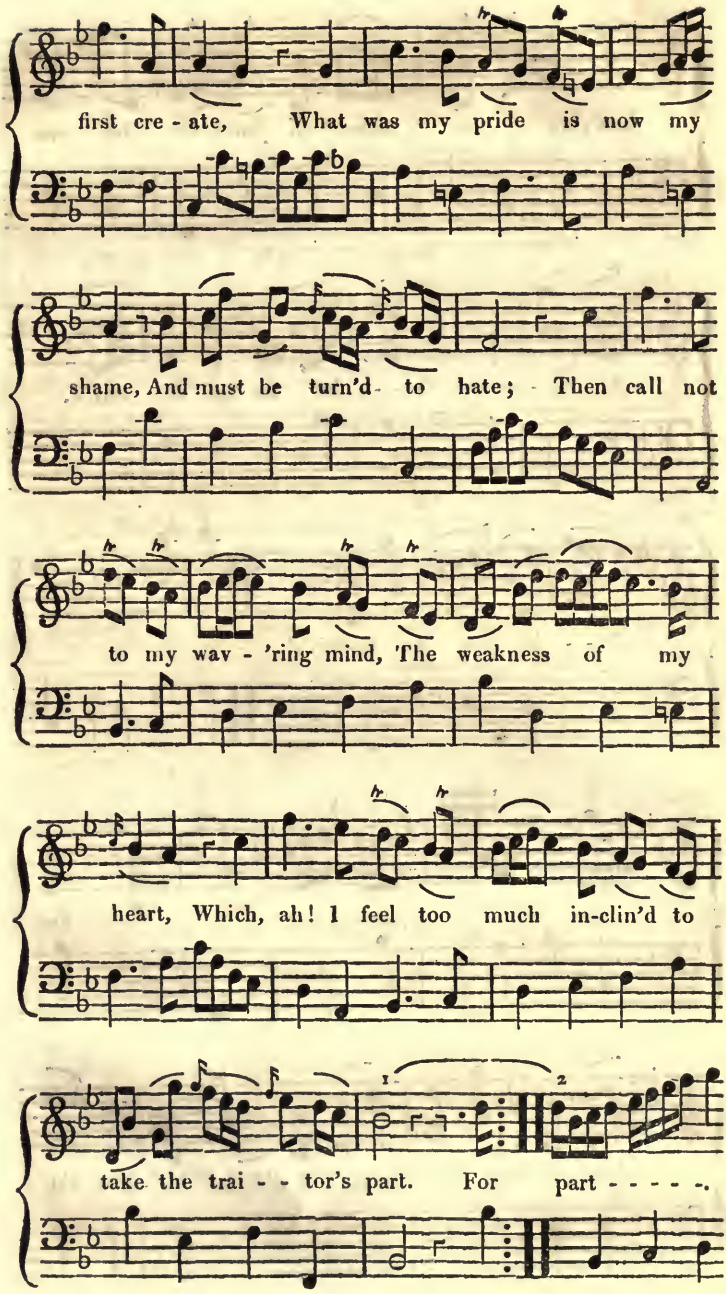
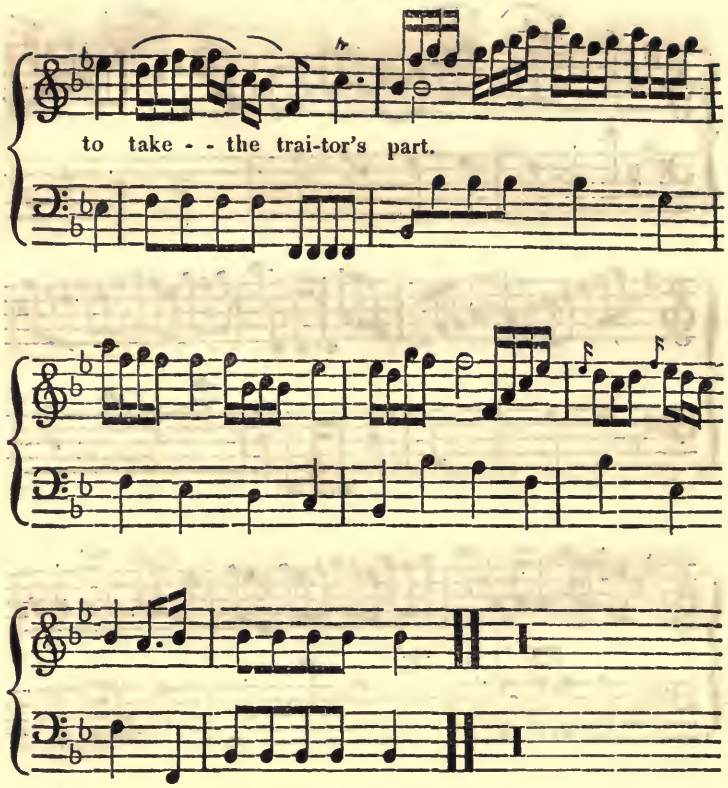
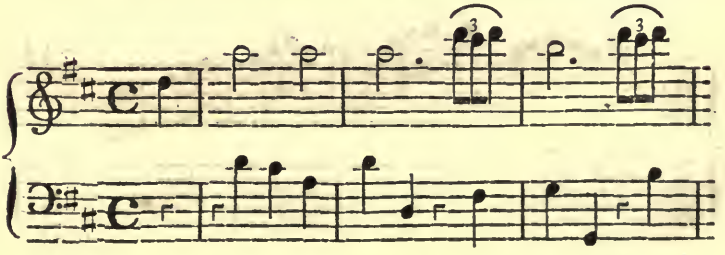
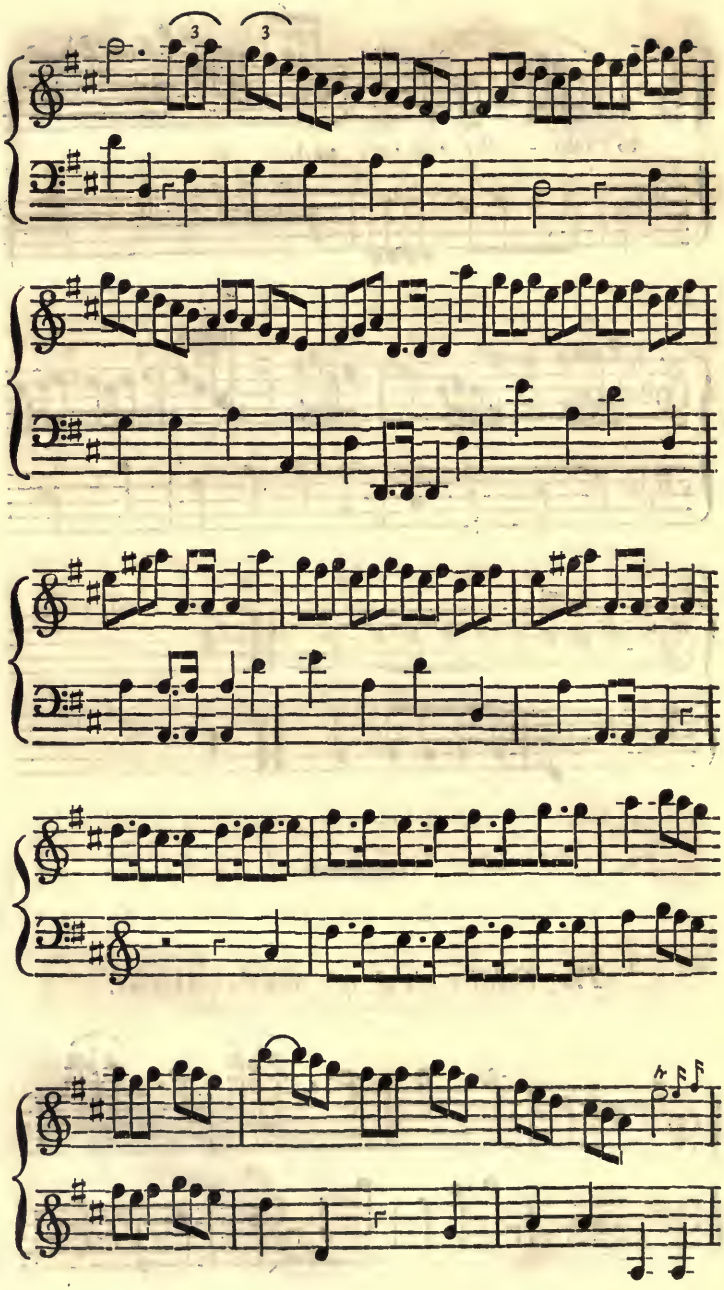
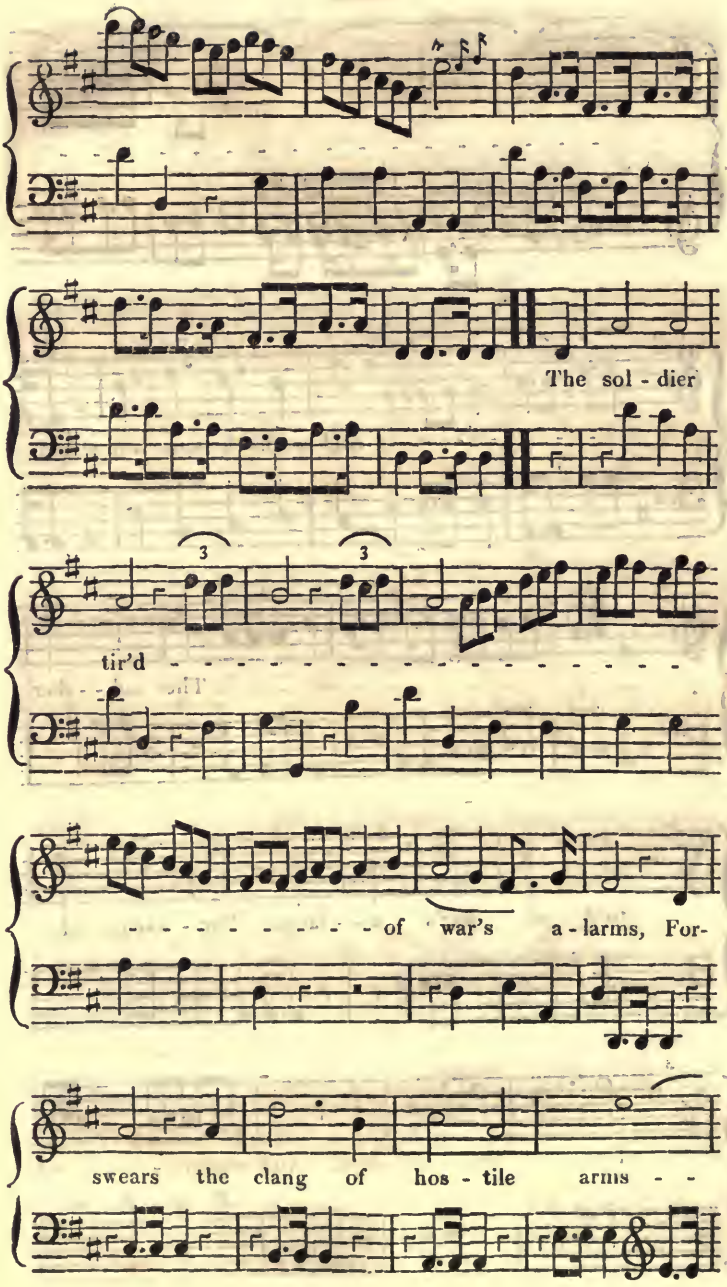
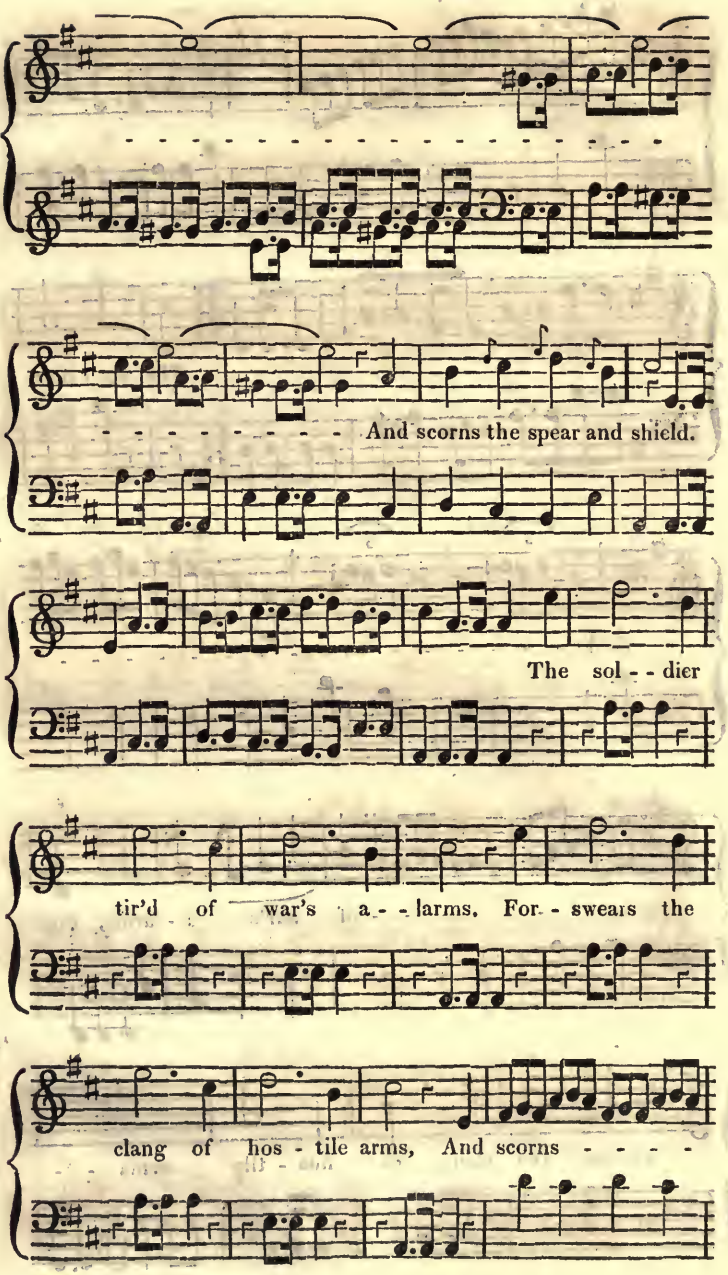
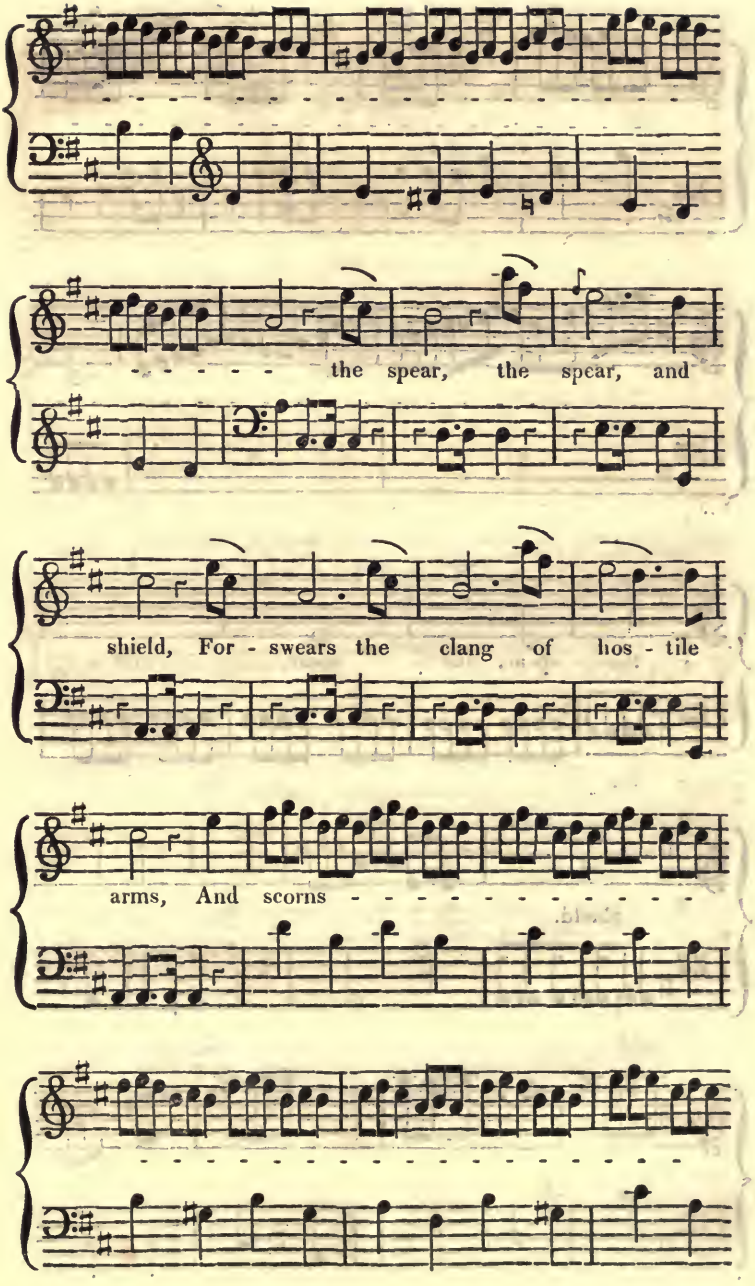
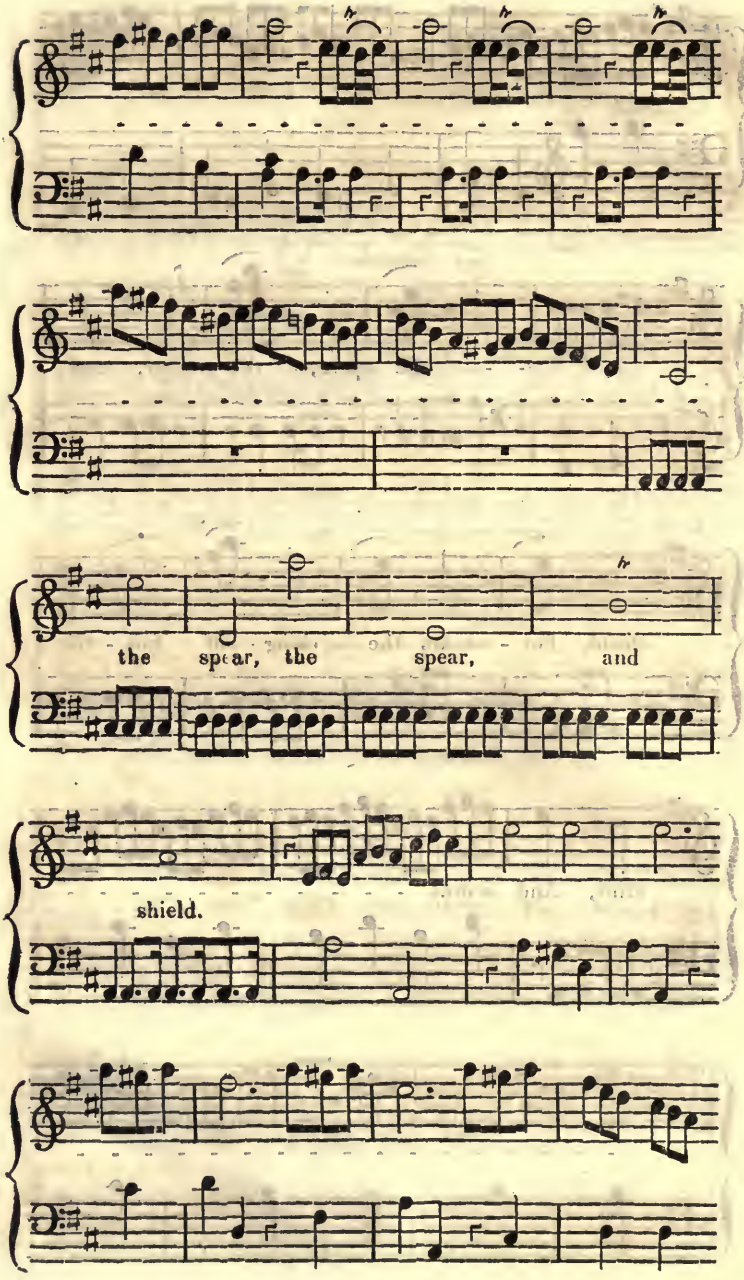
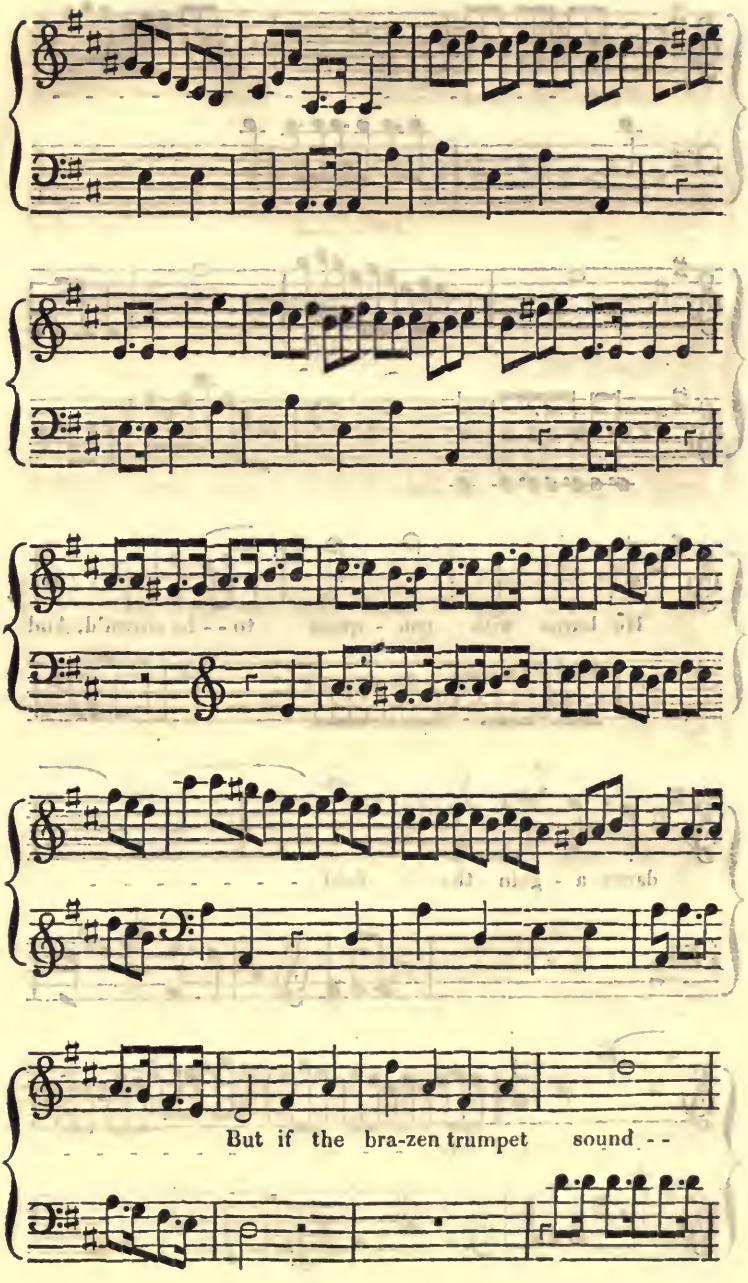
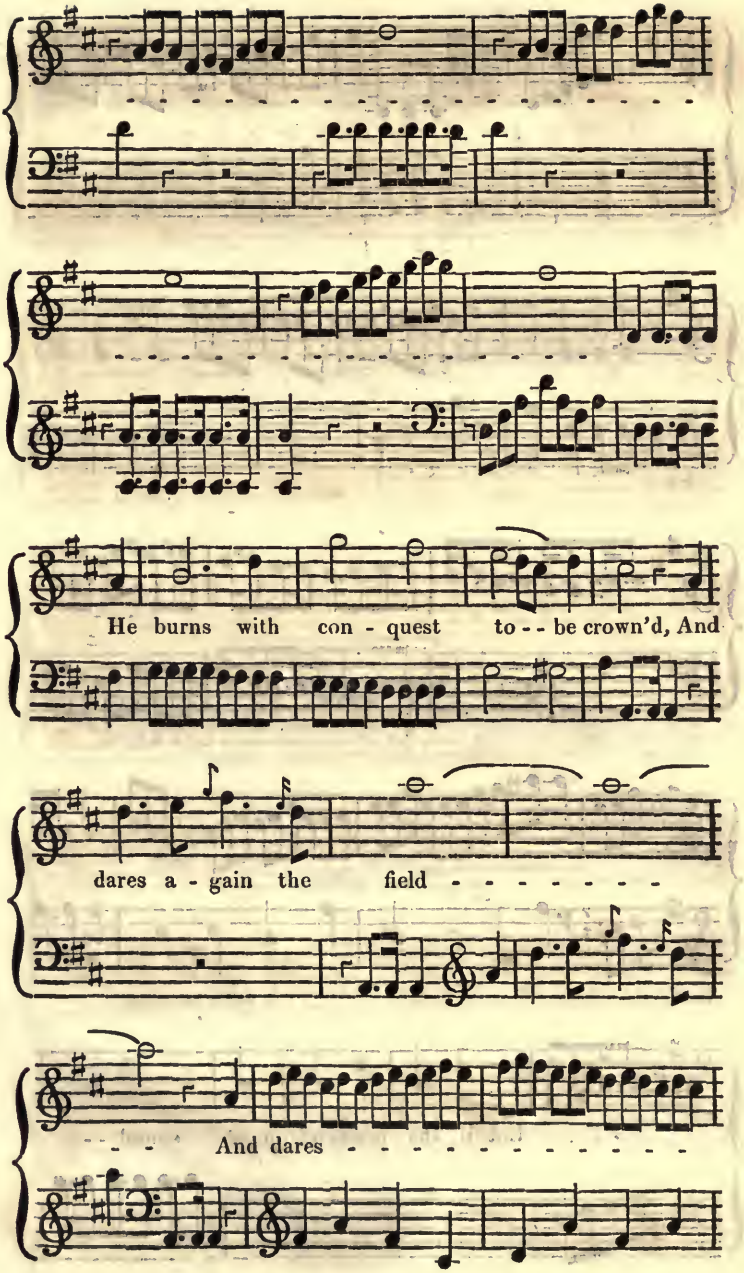
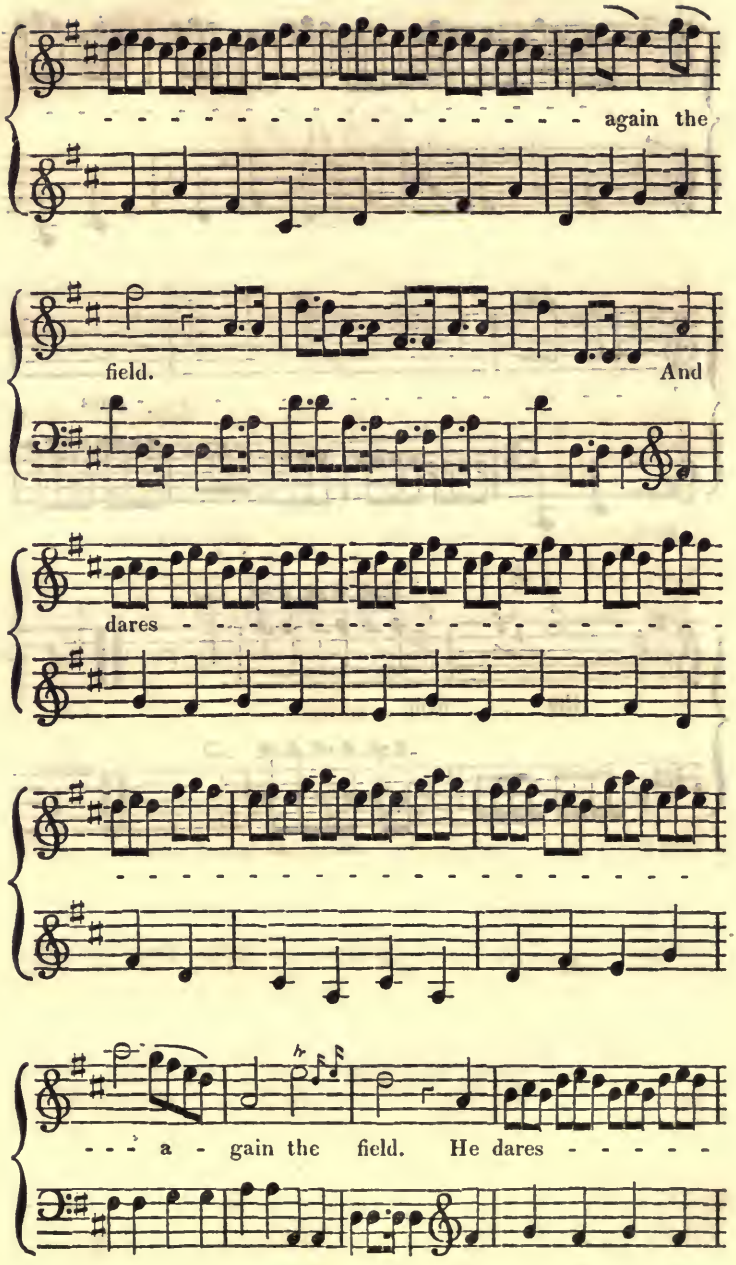
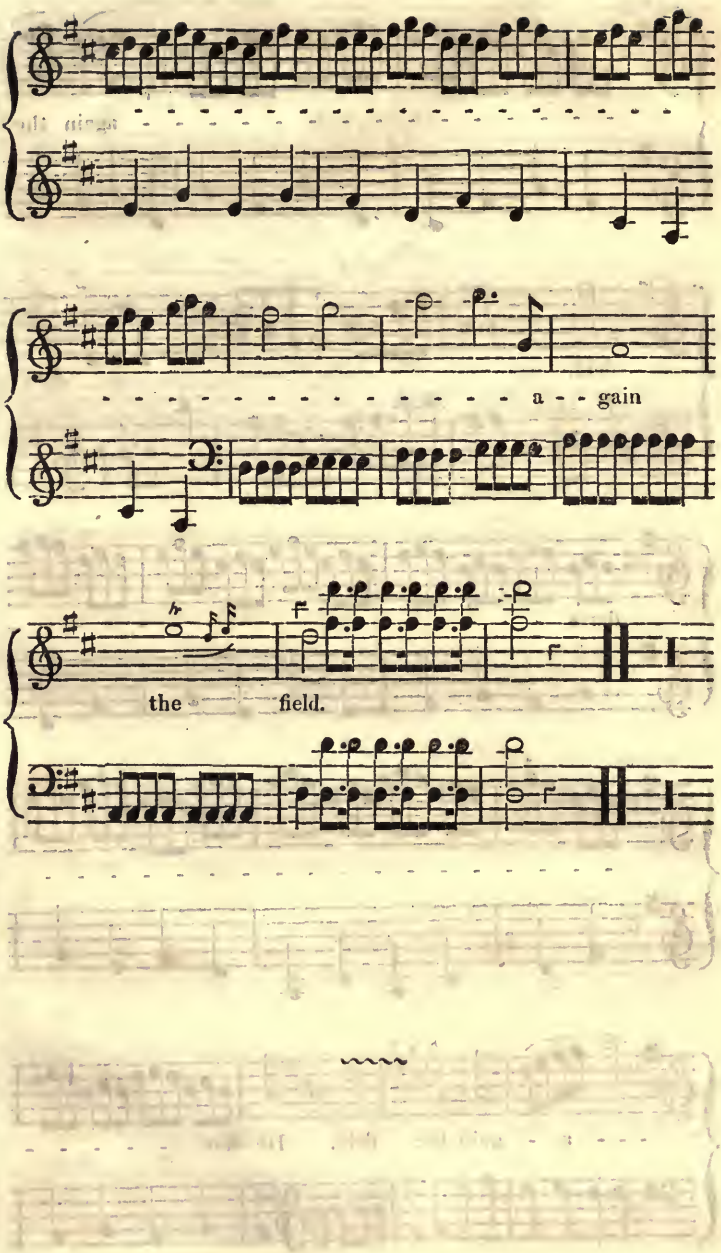
When danger annoys thee,
I sorrow with you;
In the storm that destroys thee,
I perish, love, too.
Come want, woe, and sorrow,
Thy cares I'll divide,
Nor fear the worst morrow,
Whilst thou'rt by my side.

Come Love to me.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY L. Z.

bove; I've wander'd, sweet, I've wander'd far, To
sing my faithful love. That
Fine.
star tho' bright shines but at night, And fades at morning's



The moon-queen gently sports her ray
Upon thy scented bower,
The Zephyrs kiss, in sportive play,
Thy perfume-breathing flower.
Another hour, thy fav'rive flower
Will droop and die;—alas!
My love for thee aye fresh shall be,
Nor like a flowret pass.
Then come to me, the vesper star
Shines bright and clear above;
I've wander'd, sweet, I've wander'd far,
To sing my faithful love.

If o'er the cruel Tyrant Love.

flatt'ring er - ror cease to prove, O let me
be de - ceiv'd O - - let me be de - ceiv'd,
O - - let me be de-ceiv'd.
For-
bear to fan the gen - tle flame, Which love did

first cre - ate, What was my pride is now my
shame, And must be turn'd to hate; Then call not
to my wav - 'ring mind, The weakness of my
heart, Which, ah! I feel too much in-clin'd to
take the trai - - tor's part. For part - - - - -.

The Soldier tir'd of War's Alarms.

The sol - dier
3
3
tir'd
of war's a - larms, For-
swears the clang of hos - tile arms - -

And scorns the spear and shield.
The sol - - dier
tir'd of war's a - - larms. For - swears the
clang of hos - tile arms, And scorns - - - -

the spear, the spear, and
shield, For - swears the clang of hos - tile
arms, And scorns

the spear, the spear, and
shield.

But if the bra-zen trumpet sound - -

He burns with con - quest to - - be crown'd, And
dares a - gain the field - - - - - - -
- - - And dares - - - - - - - - - - - -

again the
field.
And
dares
a - gain the field. He dares

a - - gain
the field.

INDEX.

Observations on Music v
Solfeggio vii
Exercise on thirds ix
Exercise on fourths xi
Exercise on fifths xii
Major, or whole-tone shake xviii
Minor, or half-tone shake xviii
The turn xix
Style xxi
Accompaniment xxvi

All the blue bonnets 13
Alva 115
All Venice looked gay at the bridal 148

Blow, blow, thou winter's wind 188
Breathe not again that dreadful sound 233

Could the voice that I loved 66
Comin thro' the Rye 201
Come, if you dare 316
Come, love, to me 325

Fair Clora 95
Forgive the muse that slumbered 141
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows 185

Gentle youth, ah! tell me why 45
Green grow the rashes, O! 100

Heroes, when with glory burning 56
Hark! I hear the ocean's 'whelming sweep 63
Helen 80
Had I a cave 155
Hushed be sorrow's sigh 261

In griefs and in dangers 122
I love to catch thy radiant smile 170
If those who live in shepherd's bower 230
In infancy our hopes and fears 268
If o'er the cruel tyrant Love 328
John Anderson, my jo, John 31
Jock o' Hazeldean 255

Let me wander not unseen 24
Let us haste to Kelvin grove 118
Last May, a braw wooer 138
Love in thine eyes 215

No flower that blows 76
No more shall I seek in the red field of danger 166

O! come to the tomb 92
Oh! never more 103
Oh! who has seen the miller's wife 100
O! Logie o' Buchan 125
On the dark lonely strand 182
Oh! when in days that are yet to rise 204
Oh! this is no my ain lassie 207
Oh! could I bid the days return 222
Oh! love is just like gaming 240

Oh! what ye wha that lo'es me 247
O! my luve's like the red, red rose 271
O! what a charming fellow 274
Our thoughts are still at home 282
O! sweet is the hour 306

Still in hopes to get the better 48
Sunshine on thy pathway 258
Some fairy spell around me plays 265
Smile on, for thy young day is dawning 277
Says Plato, why should man be vain 313

Turn, Amarillis 21
Together let us range the fields 33
The rose had been washed 128
The banks of the Yarrow 144
Though all may forget thee 151
The lover's lute 158
Take, oh! take, those lips away 161
The masquerade 191
The day returns when first we met 210
The rose that you gave me 226
The balmy odours of the morn 236
The bark is on the swelling wave 290
The woodman 293
The hardy sailor braves the ocean 298
The exile's return 303
The voice of love 309
The soldier tired 331

Under the greenwood tree 84

When my soul's delight 19

When time was entwining 51
When the dove left the ark 134
We, who wandering Arabs are 176
Where's the heart so cold 195
With thee, fair summer's joy appears 198
Waters of Elle 244
When forced from dear Hebe to go 251
Whilst thou 'rt by my side 321

Ye woods and ye mountains unknown 69
Ye streams, that round my prison creep 173

FINIS.

Dean & Munday, Printers,
Threadneedle-street

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 930 811 5

Univ
S